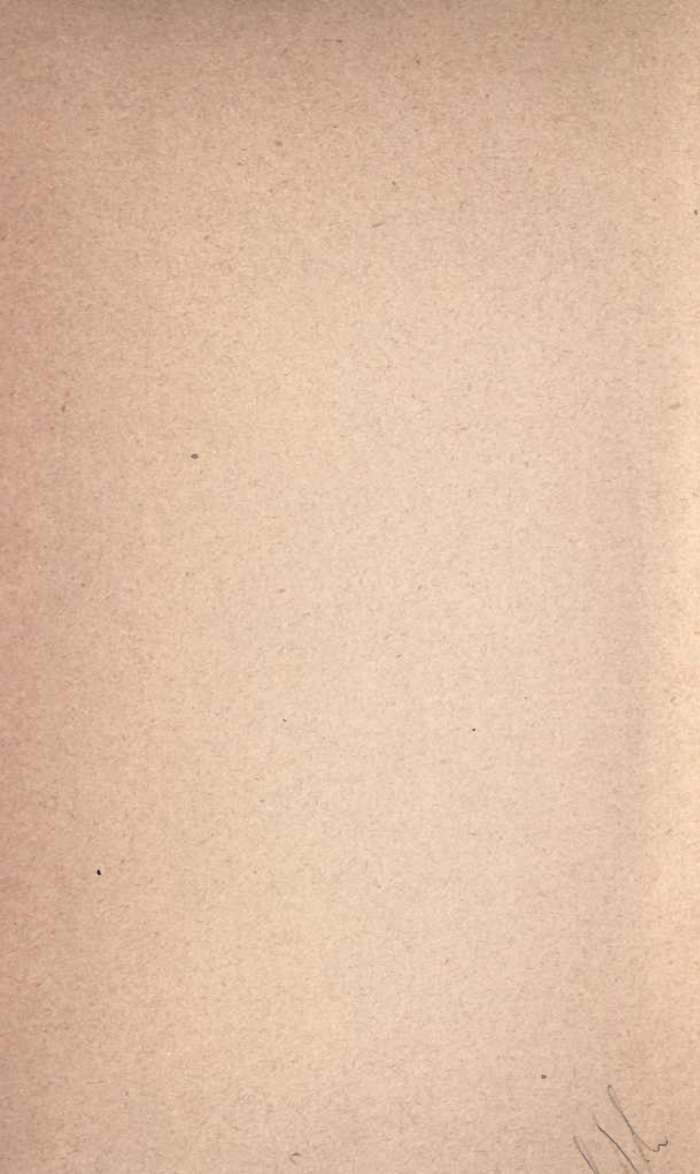




C. E. Donne.



DE QUINCEY'S ESSAYS.

OLDFATHER



THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

Born, 1785.

Died, 8th December, 1859.

ESSAYS

BY

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

INCLUDING

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER,

RICHARD BENTLEY,

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN,

JOHN PAUL RICHTER,

ETC. ETC.

With a Brief Memoir of the Author.

WARD, LOCK AND CO.,

LONDON: WARWICK HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.

NEW YORK: BOND STREET.

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THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THE ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, as Thomas De Quincey has been often styled, from the remarkable personal experiences detailed in the celebrated work printed in this volume bearing that title, was born at Greenhay, a suburb of Manchester, in 1785. Many of his writings are auto-biographical, but, in the minute account he has given of his adventures and suffering, fiction has been supposed by some,—we believe erroneously, to be mixed with fact. De Quincey's nature, in our view, was so eminently truthful, that we cannot assent to the belief urged in one notice of his life, that in his narrations of his adventures "fiction is supposed to be mixed with fact to such a degree as to render it impossible in many cases to discriminate between them." He was the fifth child of a merchant who spent much of his time in foreign lands, and who, dying in 1793, when Thomas De Quincey was seven years old, left to his family a fortune equal to about 1600*l.* a year. The childhood of the author was passed chiefly in rural seclusion, with three sisters for his playmates. The death of one of these when he was not yet three years of age caused him scarcely so much sorrow as a sad perplexity; it appalled him by its mystery, but he was solaced by a trust that she would return again, like the crocuses and roses. Once more, a few years later, the death

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of a second sister overwhelmed him with grief, and the sentiments of love and religion which it evoked were nursed by him in silent reverie, and deepened the naturally solemn tone of his mind. "If," he writes in one of his papers, "I should return thanks to Providence for all the separate blessings of my early situation, therefrom I should single out as worthy of special commemoration that I lived in rustic solitude; that my infant feelings were moulded by the gentlest of sisters, and not by horrid, pugilistic brothers; finally, that I and they were dutiful and loving members of a pure, holy, and magnificent Church." He was sent to various schools, and early distinguished himself by proficiency in Greek; at the grammar-school at Bath, where he studied from his twelfth to his fourteenth year, it was said of him, as will be seen in the "Confessions," that he could have harangued an Athenian mob. He was thence transferred, much to his chagrin, to a school at Winkfield, where he discontentedly remained for about a year. He entreated his guardian to send him to the university, but in vain, though the income arising from his patrimony would have been sufficient for his support there. Resolved, however, to be no longer numbered amongst schoolboys, he borrowed from a kind lady of rank ten guineas, ran away from school with a volume of Euripides in his pocket, and, by accident, directed his wanderings towards North Wales.

Thomas De Quincey was thus thrown wholly on his own resources, and how he fared will be read in his own words. After great privations, he found himself in London; and there he suffered for weeks the pangs of absolute hunger. His description of the agonies he endured, and his wanderings through the great city, the kindness he received from a "black-sheep" lawyer, the goodness he found in the heart of one who belonged to the class of unfortunate women; these experiences are written with a pathos and a power which win alike the sympathy of the charitable mind and the admiration of the literary critic.

At length an opening, the nature of which is not apparent, is made for reconciliation with his friends. He seems to have visited various parts of England and Ireland, and at the end of 1803 to have gone to Oxford. In the autumn of 1804, the first time he was in

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London after his entrance at the university, opium was suggested to him as an alleviator of rheumatic pains, from which he was acutely suffering. He took the lulling dose—and every reader of the “Confessions” will know the ecstatic manner in which he praises the wonder-working drug. “Divine enjoyment;” “keys of paradise;” these are what he won from laudanum. What he gained afterwards was an “Iliad of woes.”

In the year 1808, having left his college the year before, he took a cottage at Grassmere, among the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland, the same cottage which had been before occupied by Wordsworth. Here he remained, with occasional absences, for the long period of seven-and-twenty years. He formed one of the celebrated Lake group; among his friends being Wordsworth and Coleridge, at Grassmere, Southey at Keswick, and Professor Wilson at Emlery. But his most intimate friend was “Walking Stewart,” who was then living in London, after having walked over a great part of Asia, Europe, and America, besides having, in his pedestrian tours, seen nearly the whole of our own island. Of him De Quincey wrote, in one of his papers, a brief account.

In the pleasant quietude of his Westmoreland cottage, the study of German literature and philosophy principally occupied the attention of De Quincey; he made translations from Lessing and Richter, and was among the first of Englishmen to interpret Kant, Fichte, and Schelling. The aim of his studies for many years was the production of a work, to which he proposed giving the title of *De Emendatione Humani Intellectus*. This was the name given by Spinoza to an unfinished labour begun by him, but the Opium-Eater could not command the efforts to rear the superstructure, of which the foundations were laid, any more than the Jewish philosopher could accomplish his task.

Political economy subsequently engaged what he terms his period of imbecility. He welcomed the writings of Ricardo as the first profound utterances on the subjects of wealth and labour, and he was roused to an activity which resulted in his beginning “Prolegomena to all Future Systems of Political Economy.” But the arrangements for publishing were set aside; he failed to finish even the preface,

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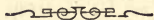
and this first appeared only in 1824, under the title of "The Templars' Dialogues." It is reputed to be one of the most thorough, although briefest, exhibitions of the Ricardian theory of value.

When thirty-five years of age he went to London, and, as a contributor to the *London Magazine*, became acquainted with Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham, Tom Hood, and other literary men. The "Confessions" were published in this magazine during the first year of his stay in London, and in the next they appeared in a volume. The high reputation which the recital of these extraordinary experiences then gained, has never been lost; and the artistic power displayed by their author must keep the "Confessions" amongst the treasures of literature for long ages. To *Blackwood's Magazine*, *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, *North British Review*, he sent auto-biographical sketches, reminiscences, essays, and discussions in history, philosophy, and criticism. Not all of these, by any means, will live, but it has been truly said of his writings, that they all show a wide range of learning and speculation, a delicate and subtle critical faculty, and a felicitous expression.

After alternating between the lakes and the metropolis, De Quincey went, in 1843, to reside at Lasswade, a village about twelve miles from Edinburgh. For his personal appearance, he had a fine intellectual head, but has been described as of unprepossessing figure, diminutive in stature, and awkward in movement, and with a skin shrivelled and parchment-like. During the latter years of his life he performed regular tasks of walking in the garden, and would occasionally absent himself for several days together from his home. He died in 1859, being seventy-four years of age.

We are at present without any sufficient review of De Quincey's life and works; a personal and literary inquiry which would amply repay investigation, and find a ready host of readers.

CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM-EATER.



FROM THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

I HERE present you, courteous reader, with the record of a remarkable period of my life; according to my application of it, I trust that it will prove, not merely an interesting record, but, in a considerable degree, useful and instructive. In *that* hope it is that I have drawn it up; and *that* must be my apology for breaking through that delicate and honourable reserve, which, for the most part, restrains us from the public exposure of our own errors and infirmities. Nothing, indeed, is more revolting to English feelings, than the spectacle of a human being obtruding on our notice his moral ulcers, or scars, and tearing away that "decent drapery" which time, or indulgence to human frailty, may have drawn over them: accordingly, the greater part of *our* confessions (that is, spontaneous and extra-judicial confessions) proceed from demireps, adventurers, or swindlers; and for any such acts of gratuitous self-humiliation from those who can be supposed in sympathy with the decent and self-respecting part of society, we must look to French literature, or to that part of the German which is tainted with the spurious and defective sensibility of the French. All this I feel so forcibly, and so nervously am I alive to reproach of this tendency, that I have for many months hesitated about the propriety of allowing this, or any part of my narrative, to come before the public eye, until after my death (when, for many reasons, the whole will be published): and it is not without an anxious review of the reasons for and against this step, that I have, at last, concluded on taking it.

Guilt and misery shrink, by a natural instinct, from public notice: they court privacy and solitude; and, even in the choice of a grave, will sometimes sequester themselves from the general population of the church-yard, as if declining to claim fellowship

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with the great family of man, and wishing (in the affecting language of Mr. Wordsworth)

—Humbly to express
A penitential loneliness.

It is well, upon the whole, and for the interest of us all, that it should be so; nor would I willingly, in my own person, manifest a disregard of such salutary feelings; nor in act or word do anything to weaken them. But, on the one hand, as my self-accusation does not amount to a confession of guilt, so, on the other, it is possible that, if it did, the benefit resulting to others, from the record of an experience purchased at so heavy a price, might compensate, by a vast over-balance, for any violence done to the feelings I have noticed, and justify a breach of the general rule. Infirmity and misery do not, of necessity, imply guilt. They approach, or recede from, the shades of that dark alliance, in proportion to the probable motives and prospects of the offender, and the palliations, known or secret, of the offence; in proportion as the temptations to it were potent from the first, and the resistance to it, in act or in effort, was earnest to the last. For my own part, without breach of truth or modesty, I may affirm, that my life has been, on the whole, the life of a philosopher: from my birth I was made an intellectual creature; and intellectual in the highest sense my pursuits and pleasures have been, even in my school-boy days. If opium-eating be a sensual pleasure, and if I am bound to confess that I have indulged in it to an excess, not yet *recorded** of any other man, it is no less true, that I have struggled against this fascinating enthrallment with a religious zeal, and have at length accomplished what I never yet heard attributed to any other man—have untwisted, almost to its final links, the accursed chain which fettered me. Such a self-conquest may reasonably be set off in counterbalance to any kind or degree of self-indulgence. Not to insist that, in my case, the self-conquest was unquestionable, the self-indulgence open to doubts of casuistry, according as that name shall be extended to acts aiming at the bare relief of pain, or shall be restricted to such as aim at the excitement of positive pleasure.

Guilt, therefore, I do not acknowledge; and, if I did, it is possible that I might still resolve on the present act of confession, in consideration of the service which I may thereby render to the whole class of opium-eaters. But who are they? Reader, I am sorry to say, a very numerous class indeed. Of this I became convinced, some years ago, by computing, at that time, the number of those in one small class of English society (the class of men distinguished for talent, or of eminent station) who were known to me, directly

* "Not yet *recorded*," I say: for there is one celebrated man of the present day, who if all be true which is reported of him, has greatly exceeded me in quantity.

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or indirectly, as opium-eaters; such, for instance, as the eloquent and benevolent —; the late Dean of —; Lord —; Mr. —, the philosopher; a late under-secretary of state (who described to me the sensation which first drove him to the use of opium, in the very same words as the Dean of —, namely, “that he felt as though rats were gnawing and abrading the coats of his stomach”); Mr. —; and many others, hardly less known, whom it would be tedious to mention. Now, if one class, comparatively so limited, could furnish so many scores of cases (and that within the knowledge of one single inquirer), it was a natural inference that the entire population of England would furnish a proportionable number. The soundness of this inference, however, I doubted, until some facts became known to me, which satisfied me that it was not incorrect. I will mention two: 1. Three respectable London druggists, in widely remote quarters of London, from whom I happened lately to be purchasing small quantities of opium, assured me that the number of *amateur* opium-eaters (as I may term them) was, at this time, immense; and that the difficulty of distinguishing these persons, to whom habit had rendered opium necessary, from such as were purchasing it with a view to suicide, occasioned them daily trouble and disputes. This evidence respected London only. But, 2 (which will possibly surprise the reader more), some years ago, on passing through Manchester, I was informed by several cotton manufacturers, that their work-people were rapidly getting into the practice of opium-eating; so much so, that on a Saturday afternoon the counters of the druggists were strewed with pills of one, two, or three grains, in preparation for the known demand of the evening. The immediate occasion of this practice was the lowness of wages, which, at that time, would not allow them to indulge in ale or spirits; and, wages rising, it may be thought that this practice would cease: but, as I do not readily believe that any man, having once tasted the divine luxuries of opium, will afterwards descend to the gross and mortal enjoyments of alcohol, I take it for granted

That those eat now who never ate before;
And those who always ate now eat the more.

Indeed, the fascinating powers of opium are admitted, even by medical writers who are its greatest enemies: thus, for instance, Awsiter, apothecary to Greenwich Hospital, in his “Essay on the Effects of Opium” (published in the year 1763), when attempting to explain why Mead had not been sufficiently explicit on the properties, counter-agents, &c., of this drug, expresses himself in the following mysterious terms (*φοροτία συνετοίσι*): “Perhaps he thought the subject of too delicate a nature to be made common; and as many people might then indiscriminately use it, it would take from that necessary fear and caution, which should prevent their experiencing the extensive power of this drug: *for there are many properties in it, if universally known, that would habit-*

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uate the use, and make it more in request with us than the Turks themselves; the result of which knowledge," he adds, "must prove a general misfortune." In the necessity of this conclusion I do not altogether concur; but upon that point I shall have occasion to speak at the close of my Confessions, where I shall present the reader with the *moral* of my narrative.

PRELIMINARY CONFESSIONS.

THESE preliminary confessions, or introductory narrative of the youthful adventures which laid the foundation of the writer's habit of opium-eating in after life, it has been judged proper to premise, for three several reasons :

1. As forstalling that question, and giving it a satisfactory answer, which else would painfully obtrude itself in the course of the Opium Confessions—"How came any reasonable being to subject himself to such a yoke of misery, voluntarily to incur a captivity so servile, and knowingly to fetter himself with such a seven-fold chain?—" a question which, if not somewhere plausibly resolved, could hardly fail, by the indignation which it would be apt to raise as against an act of wanton folly, to interfere with that degree of sympathy which is necessary in any case to an author's purposes.

2. As furnishing a key to some parts of that tremendous scenery which afterwards peopled the dreams of the opium-eater.

3. As creating some previous interest of a personal sort in the confessing subject, apart from the matter of the confessions, which cannot fail to render the confessions themselves more interesting. If a man "whose talk is of oxen" should become an opium-eater, the probability is, that (if he is not too dull to dream at all) he will dream about oxen : whereas, in the case before him, the reader will find that the opium-eater boasteth himself to be a philosopher ; and accordingly, that the phantasmagoria of *his* dreams (waking or sleeping, day dreams or night dreams) is suitable to one who, in that character,

Humani nihil a se alienum putat.

For amongst the conditions which he deems indispensable to the sustaining of any claim to the title of philosopher, is not merely the possession of a superb intellect in its *analytic* functions (in which part of the pretension, however, England can for some generations show but few claimants ; at least, he is not aware of any known candidate for this honour who can be styled emphatically a *subtle thinker*, with the exception of *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, and, in a narrower department of thought, with the recent illustrious excep-

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tion* of *David Ricardo*),—but also on such a constitution of the *moral* faculties as shall give him an inner eye and power of intuition for the vision and mysteries of human nature: that constitution of faculties, in short, which (amongst all the generations of men that from the beginning of time have deployed into life, as it were, upon this planet) our English poets have possessed in the highest degree—and Scottish† professors in the lowest.

I have often been asked how I first came to be a regular opium-eater; and have suffered, very unjustly, in the opinion of my acquaintance, from being reputed to have brought upon myself all the sufferings which I shall have to record, by a long course of indulgence in this practice, purely for the sake of creating an artificial state of pleasurable excitement. This, however, is a misrepresentation of my case. True it is, that for nearly ten years I did occasionally take opium, for the sake of the exquisite pleasure it gave me; but, so long as I took it with this view, I was effectually protected from all material bad consequences, by the necessity of interposing long intervals between the several acts of indulgence, in order to renew the pleasurable sensations. It was not for the purpose of creating pleasure, but of mitigating pain, in the severest degree, that I first began to use opium as an article of daily diet. In the twenty-eighth year of my age, a most painful affection of the stomach, which I had first experienced about ten years before, attacked me with great strength. This affection had originally been caused by the extremities of hunger, suffered in my boyish days. During the season of hope and redundant happiness which succeeded (that is, from eighteen to twenty-four) it had slumbered: for the three following years it had revived at intervals; and now, under unfavourable circumstances, from depression of spirit, it attacked me with violence that yielded to no remedies but opium. As the youthful sufferings which first produced this derangement of the stomach were interesting in themselves and in the circumstances that attended them, I shall here briefly retrace them.

My father died when I was about seven years old, and left me to the care of four guardians. I was sent to various schools, great and

* A third exception might perhaps have been added: and my reason for not adding that exception is chiefly because it was only in his juvenile efforts that the writer whom I allude to expressly addressed himself to philosophical themes; his riper powers have been dedicated (on very excusable and very intelligible grounds, under the present direction of the popular mind in England) to criticism and the fine arts. This reason apart, however, I doubt whether he is not rather to be considered an acute thinker than a subtle one. It is, besides, a great drawback on his mastery over philosophical subjects, that he has obviously not had the advantage of a regular scholastic education: he has not read Plato in his youth (which most likely was only his misfortune), but neither has he read Kant in his manhood (which is his fault).

† I disclaim any allusion to existing professors, of whom, indeed, I know only one.

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small ; and was very early distinguished for my classical attainments, especially for my knowledge of Greek. At thirteen I wrote Greek with ease ; and at fifteen my command of that language was so great, that I not only composed Greek verses in lyric metres, but would converse in Greek fluently, and without embarrassment—an accomplishment which I have not since met with in any scholar of my times, and which, in my case, was owing to the practice of daily reading off the newspapers into the best Greek I could furnish *extempore* ; for the necessity of ransacking my memory and invention for all sorts and combinations of periphrastic expressions, as equivalents for modern ideas, images, relations of things, &c., gave me a compass of diction which would never have been called out by a dull translation of moral essays, &c. “That boy,” said one of my masters, pointing the attention of a stranger to me, “that boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one.” He who honoured me with this eulogy was a scholar, “and a ripe and good one,” and, of all my tutors, was the only one whom I loved or revered. Unfortunately for me (and, as I afterwards learned, to this worthy man’s great indignation), I was transferred to the care, first of a blockhead, who was in a perpetual panic lest I should expose his ignorance ; and, finally, to that of a respectable scholar, at the head of a great school on an ancient foundation. This man had been appointed to his situation by — College, Oxford ; and was a sound, well-built scholar, but (like most men whom I have known from that college) coarse, clumsy, and inelegant. A miserable contrast he presented, in my eyes, to the Etonian brilliancy of my favourite master ; and, besides, he could not disguise from my hourly notice the poverty and meagreness of his understanding. It is a bad thing for a boy to be, and know himself, far beyond his tutors, whether in knowledge or in power of mind. This was the case, so far as regarded knowledge at least, not with myself only ; for the two boys who jointly with myself composed the first form were better Grecians than the head-master, though not more elegant scholars, nor at all more accustomed to sacrifice to the graces. When I first entered, I remember that we read Sophocles ; and it was a constant matter of triumph to us, the learned triumvirate of the first form, to see our “Archididasculus” (as he loved to be called) conning our lesson before we went up, and laying a regular train, with lexicon and grammar, for blowing up and blasting (as it were) any difficulties he found in the choruses ; whilst *we* never condescended to open our books, until the moment of going up, and were generally employed in writing epigrams upon his wig, or some such important matter. My two class-fellows were poor, and dependent, for their future prospects at the university, on the recommendation of the head-master ; but I, who had a small patrimonial property, the income of which was sufficient to support me at college, wished to be sent thither immediately. I made earnest representations on the subject to my guardians, but all to no purpose. One, who was more reasonable, and had more know-

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ledge of the world than the rest, lived at a distance; two of the other three resigned all their authority into the hands of the fourth; and this fourth, with whom I had to negotiate, was a worthy man, in his way, but haughty, obstinate, and intolerant of all opposition to his will. After a certain number of letters and personal interviews, I found that I had nothing to hope for, not even a compromise of the matter, from my guardian; unconditional submission was what he demanded; and I prepared myself, therefore, for other measures. Summer was now coming on with hasty steps, and my seventeenth birthday was fast approaching; after which day I had sworn within myself that I would no longer be numbered amongst school-boys. Money being what I chiefly wanted, I wrote to a woman of high rank, who, though young herself, had known me from a child, and had latterly treated me with great distinction, requesting that she would "lend" me five guineas. For upwards of a week no answer came; and I was beginning to despond, when, at length, a servant put into my hands a double letter, with a coronet on the seal. The letter was kind and obliging; the fair writer was on the sea-coast, and in that way the delay had arisen; she enclosed double of what I had asked, and good-naturedly hinted, that if I should *never* repay her, it would not absolutely ruin her. Now, then, I was prepared for my scheme; ten guineas, added to about two that I had remaining from my pocket-money, seemed to me sufficient for an indefinite length of time; and at that happy age, if no *definite* boundary can be assigned to one's power, the spirit of hope and pleasure makes it virtually infinite.

It is a just remark of Dr. Johnson's (and, what cannot often be said of his remarks, it is a very feeling one) that we never do anything consciously for the last time (of things, that is, which we have long been in the habit of doing), without sadness of heart. This truth I felt deeply when I came to leave —, a place which I did not love, and where I had not been happy. On the evening before I left — for ever, I grieved when the ancient and lofty school-room resounded with the evening service, performed for the last time in my hearing; and at night, when the muster-roll of names was called over, and mine (as usual) was called first, I stepped forward, and passing the head-master, who was standing by, I bowed to him, and looking earnestly in his face, thinking to myself, "He is old and infirm, and in this world I shall not see him again." I was right; I never *did* see him again, nor ever shall. He looked at me complacently, smiled good-naturedly, returned my salutation (or rather my valediction), and we parted (though he knew it not) for ever. I could not reverence him intellectually; but he had been uniformly kind to me, and had allowed me many indulgences; and I grieved at the thought of the mortification I should inflict upon him.

The morning came, which was to launch me into the world, and from which my whole succeeding life has, in many important points,

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taken its colouring. I lodged in the head-master's house, and had been allowed, from my first entrance, the indulgence of a private room, which I used both as a sleeping room and as a study. At half after three I rose, and gazed with deep emotion at the ancient towers of —, "drest in earliest light," and beginning to crimson with the radiant lustre of a cloudless July morning. I was firm and immovable in my purpose, but yet agitated by anticipation of uncertain danger and troubles; and if I could have foreseen the hurricane, and perfect hail-storm of affliction, which soon fell upon me, well might I have been agitated. To this agitation the deep peace of the morning presented an affecting contrast, and in some degree a medicine. The silence was more profound than that of midnight: and to me the silence of a summer morning is more touching than all other silence, because, the light being broad and strong, as that of noon-day at other seasons of the year, it seems to differ from perfect day chiefly because man is not yet abroad; and thus, the peace of nature, and of the innocent creatures of God, seems to be secure and deep, only so long as the presence of man, and his restless and unquiet spirit, are not there to trouble its sanctity. I dressed myself, took my hat and gloves, and lingered a little in the room. For the last year and a half this room had been my "pensive citadel:" here I had read and studied through all the hours of night; and, though true it was, that for the latter part of this time, I, who was framed for love and gentle affections, had lost my gaiety and happiness, during the strife and fever of contention with my guardian, yet, on the other hand, as a boy so passionately fond of books, and dedicated to intellectual pursuits, I could not fail to have enjoyed many happy hours in the midst of general dejection. I wept as I looked round on the chair, hearth, writing-table, and other familiar objects, knowing too certainly that I looked upon them for the last time. Whilst I write this, it is eighteen years ago; and yet, at this moment, I see distinctly, as if it were but yesterday, the lineaments and expressions of the object on which I fixed my parting gaze: it was a picture of the lovely —, which hung over the mantel-piece; the eyes and mouth of which were so beautiful, and the whole countenance so radiant with benignity and divine tranquillity, that I had a thousand times laid down my pen, or my book, to gather consolation from it, as a devotee from his patron saint. Whilst I was yet gazing upon it, the deep tones of — clock proclaimed that it was four o'clock. I went up to the picture, kissed it, and then gently walked out, and closed the door for ever!

So blended and intertwined in this life are occasions of laughter and of tears, that I cannot yet recall, without smiling, an incident which occurred at that time, and which had nearly put a stop to the immediate execution of my plan. I had a trunk of immense weight; for, besides my clothes, it contained nearly all my library. The difficulty was to get this removed to a carrier's: my room was at an

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aërial elevation in the house, and (what was worse) the staircase which communicated with this angle of the building was accessible only by a gallery, which passed the head-master's chamber-door. I was a favourite with all the servants; and knowing that any of them would screen me, and act confidentially, I communicated my embarrassment to a groom of the head-master's. The groom swore he would do anything I wished; and, when the time arrived, went upstairs to bring the trunk down. This I feared was beyond the strength of any one man: however, the groom was a man

Of Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies;

and had a back as spacious as Salisbury Plains. Accordingly he persisted in bringing down the trunk alone, whilst I stood waiting at the foot of the last flight, in anxiety for the event. For some time I heard him descending with slow and firm steps; but, unfortunately, from his trepidation, as he drew near the dangerous quarter, within a few steps of the gallery, his foot slipped; and the mighty burden, falling from his shoulders, gained such increase of impetus at each step of the descent, that, on reaching the bottom, it trundled, or rather leaped, right across, with the noise of twenty devils, against the very bed-room door of the Archididascalus. My first thought was, that all was lost; and that my only chance for executing a retreat was to sacrifice my baggage. However, on reflection, I determined to abide the issue. The groom was in the utmost alarm, both on his own account and on mine: but, in spite of this, so irresistibly had the sense of the ludicrous, in this unhappy *contre-temps*, taken possession of his fancy, that he sang out a long, loud, and canorous peal of laughter, that might have wakened the Seven Sleepers. At the sound of this resonant merriment, within the very ears of insulted authority, I could not forbear joining in it; subdued to this, not so much by the unhappy *étourderie* of the trunk, as by the effect it had upon the groom. We both expected, as a matter of course, that Dr. — would sally out of his room; for, in general, if but a mouse stirred, he sprang out like a mastiff from his kennel. Strange to stay, however, on this occasion, when the noise of laughter had ceased, no sound, or rustling even, was to be heard in the bed-room. Dr. — had a painful complaint, which sometimes keeping him awake, made him sleep, perhaps, when it did come, the deeper. Gathering courage from the silence, the groom hoisted his burden again, and accomplished the remainder of his descent without accident. I waited until I saw the trunk placed on a wheelbarrow, and on its road to the carrier's: then, "with Providence my guide," I set off on foot, carrying a small parcel, with some articles of dress under my arm: a favourite English poet in one pocket; and a small 12mo. volume, containing about nine plays of Euripides, in the other.

It had been my intention, originally, to proceed to Westmoreland,

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both from the love I bore to that county, and on other personal accounts. Accident, however, gave a different direction to my wanderings, and I bent my steps towards North Wales.

After wandering about for some time in Denbighshire, Merionethshire, and Caernarvonshire, I took lodgings in a small neat house in B—. Here I might have stayed with great comfort for many weeks; for provisions were cheap at B—, from the scarcity of other markets for the surplus products of a wide agricultural district. An accident, however, in which, perhaps, no offence was designed, drove me out to wander again. I know not whether my reader may have remarked, but I have often remarked, that the proudest class of people in England (or, at any rate, the class whose pride is most apparent) are the families of bishops. Noblemen, and their children, carry about with them, in their very titles, a sufficient notification of their rank. Nay, their very names (and this applies also to the children of many untitled houses) are often, to the English ear, adequate exponents of high birth, or descent. Sackville, Manners, Fitzroy, Paulet, Cavendish, and scores of others, tell their own tale. Such persons, therefore, find everywhere a due sense of their claims already established, except among those who are ignorant of the world, by virtue of their own obscurity; "Not to know *them* argues one's self unknown." Their manners take a suitable tone and colouring; and, for once that they find it necessary to impress a sense of their consequence upon others, they meet with a thousand occasions for moderating and tempering this sense by acts of courteous condescension. With the families of bishops it is otherwise; with them it is all up-hill work to make known their pretensions; for the proportion of the episcopal bench taken from noble families is not at any time very large; and the succession to these dignities is so rapid, that the public ear seldom has time to become familiar with them, unless where they are connected with some literary reputation. Hence it is that the children of bishops carry about with them an austere and repulsive air, indicative of claims not generally acknowledged,—a sort of *noli me tangere* manner, nervously apprehensive of too familiar approach, and shrinking with the sensitiveness of a gouty man, from all contact with the *δι πολλοί*. Doubtless, a powerful understanding, or unusual goodness of nature, will reserve a man from such weakness; but, in general, the truth of my representation will be acknowledged; pride, if not of deeper root in such families, appears, at least, more upon the surface of their manners. This spirit of manners naturally communicates itself to their domestics, and other dependants. Now, my landlady had been a lady's maid, or a nurse, in the family of the Bishop of —; and had but lately married away and "settled" (as such people express it) for life. In a little town like B—, merely to have lived in the bishop's family conferred some distinction; and my good landlady had rather more than her share of the pride I have noticed on that score. What "my lord" said, and what "my lord" did,—how useful he was in

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parliament, and how indispensable at Oxford,—formed the daily burden of her talk. All this I bore very well; for I was too good-natured to laugh in anybody's face, and I could make an ample allowance for the garrulity of an old servant. Of necessity, however, I must have appeared in her eyes very inadequately impressed with the bishop's importance; and, perhaps, to punish me for my indifference, or, possibly, by accident, she one day repeated to me a conversation in which I was indirectly a party concerned. She had been to the palace to pay her respects to the family, and, dinner being over, was summoned into the dining-room. In giving an account of her household economy, she happened to mention that she had let her apartments. Thereupon, the good bishop (it seemed) had taken occasion to caution her as to her selection of inmates; "for," said he, "you must recollect, Betty, that this place is in the high road to the Head; so that multitudes of Irish swindlers, running away from their debts into England, and of English swindlers, running away from their debts to the Isle of Man, are likely to take this place in their route." This advice was certainly not without reasonable grounds, but rather fitted to be stored up for Mrs. Betty's private meditations, than specially reported to me. What followed, however, was somewhat worse:—"O, my lord," answered my landlady (according to her own representation of the matter), "I really don't think this young gentleman is a swindler; because —." "You don't *think* me a swindler?" said I, interrupting her, in a tumult of indignation; "for the future, I shall spare you the trouble of thinking about it." And without delay I prepared for my departure. Some concessions the good woman seemed disposed to make; but a harsh and contemptuous expression, which I fear that I applied to the learned dignitary himself, roused *her* indignation in turn; and reconciliation then became impossible. I was, indeed, greatly irritated at the bishop's having suggested any grounds of suspicion, however remotely, against a person whom he had never seen; and I thought of letting him know my mind in Greek; which, at the same time that it would furnish some presumption that I was no swindler, would also (I hoped) compel the bishop to reply in the same language; in which case, I doubted not to make it appear, that if I was not so rich as his lordship, I was a far better Grecian. Calmer thoughts, however, drove this boyish design out of my mind: for I considered that the bishop was in the right to counsel an old servant; that he could not have designed that his advice should be reported to me; and that the same coarseness of mind which had led Mrs. Betty to repeat the advice at all might have coloured it in a way more agreeable to her own style of thinking than to the actual expressions of the worthy bishop.

I left the lodging the very same hour; and this turned out a very unfortunate occurrence for me, because, living henceforward at inns, I was drained of my money very rapidly. In a fortnight I was reduced to short allowance; that is, I could allow myself only one meal a day. From the keen appetite produced by constant exercise

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and mountain air, acting on a youthful stomach, I soon began to suffer greatly on this slender regimen; for the single meal which I could venture to order was coffee or tea. Even this, however, was at length withdrawn; and, afterwards, so long as I remained in Wales, I subsisted either on blackberries, hips, haws, &c., or on the casual hospitalities which I now and then received, in return for such little services as I had an opportunity of rendering. Sometimes I wrote letters of business for cottagers who happened to have relatives in Liverpool or London; more often I wrote love-letters to their sweethearts for young women who had lived as servants in Shrewsbury, or other towns on the English border. On all such occasions I gave great satisfaction to my humble friends, and was generally treated with hospitality; and once, in particular, near the village of Llan-y-styndwr (or some such name), in a sequestered part of Merionethshire, I was entertained for upwards of three days by a family of young people, with an affectionate and fraternal kindness that left an impression upon my heart not yet impaired. The family consisted, at that time, of four sisters and three brothers, all grown up, and remarkable for elegance and delicacy of manners. So much beauty, and so much native good breeding and refinement, I do not remember to have seen before or since in any cottage, except once or twice in Westmoreland and Devonshire. They spoke English; an accomplishment not often met with in so many members of one family, especially in villages remote from the high road. Here I wrote, on my first introduction, a letter about prize-money, for one of the brothers, who had served on board an English man-of-war; and, more privately, two love-letters for two of the sisters. They were both interesting looking girls, and one of uncommon loveliness. In the midst of their confusion and blushes, whilst dictating, or rather giving me general instructions, it did not require any great penetration to discover that what they wished was that their letters should be as kind as was consistent with proper maidenly pride. I contrived so to temper my expressions as to reconcile the gratification of both feelings; and they were much pleased with the way in which I had expressed their thoughts, as (in their simplicity) they were astonished at my having so readily discovered them. The reception one meets with from the women of a family generally determines the tenor of one's whole entertainment. In this case I had discharged my confidential duties as secretary so much to the general satisfaction, perhaps also amusing them with my conversation, that I was pressed to stay with a cordiality which I had little inclination to resist. I slept with the brothers, the only unoccupied bed standing in the apartment of the young women; but in all other points they treated me with a respect not usually paid to purses as light as mine; as if my scholarship were sufficient evidence that I was of "gentle blood." Thus I lived with them for three days, and great part of a fourth; and from the undiminished kindness which they continued to show me, I believe I might have stayed with them up to this time, if their power had corresponded with their wishes.

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On the last morning, however, I perceived upon their countenances, as they sate at breakfast, the expression of some unpleasant communication which was at hand; and soon after, one of the brothers explained to me, that their parents had gone, the day before my arrival, to an annual meeting of Methodists, held at Caernarvon, and were that day expected to return; "and if they should not be so civil as they ought to be," he begged, on the part of all the young people, that I would not take it amiss. The parents returned with churlish faces, and "*Dym Sassenach*" (*no English*) in answer to all my addresses. I saw how matters stood; and so, taking an affectionate leave of my kind and interesting young hosts, I went my way. For, though they spoke warmly to their parents in my behalf, and often excused the manner of the old people, by saying it was "only their way," yet I easily understood that my talent for writing love-letters would do as little to recommend me with two grave sexagenarian Welsh Methodists as my Greek Sapphics or Alcaics; and what had been hospitality, when offered to me with the gracious courtesy of my young friends, would become charity, when connected with the harsh demeanour of these old people. Certainly, Mr. Shelley is right in his notions about old age; unless powerfully counteracted by all sorts of opposite agencies, it is a miserable corrupter and blighter to the genial charities of the human heart.

Soon after this, I contrived, by means which I must omit for want of room, to transfer myself to London. And now began the latter and fiercer stage of my long sufferings; without using a disproportionate expression, I might say, of my agony. For I now suffered, for upwards of sixteen weeks, the physical anguish of hunger in various degrees of intensity; but as bitter, perhaps, as ever any human being can have suffered who has survived it. I would not needlessly harass my reader's feelings by a detail of all that I endured; for extremities such as these, under any circumstances of heaviest misconduct or guilt, cannot be contemplated, even in description, without a rueful pity that is painful to the natural goodness of the human heart. Let it suffice, at least on this occasion, to say, that a few fragments of bread from the breakfast-table of one individual (who supposed me to be ill, but did not know of my being in utter want), and these at uncertain intervals, constituted my whole support. During the former part of my sufferings (that is, generally in Wales, and always for the first two months in London), I was houseless, and very seldom slept under a roof. To this constant exposure to the open air I ascribe it mainly, that I did not sink under my torments. Latterly, however, when cold and more inclement weather came on, and when, from the length of my sufferings, I had begun to sink into a more languishing condition, it was, no doubt, fortunate for me, that the same person to whose breakfast-table I had access allowed me to sleep in a large, unoccupied house, of which he was tenant. Unoccupied, I call it, for there was no household or establishment in

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it ; nor any furniture, indeed, except a table and a few chairs. But I found, on taking possession of my new quarters, that the house already contained one single inmate, a poor, friendless child, apparently ten years old ; but she seemed hunger-bitten ; and sufferings of that sort often make children look older than they are. From this forlorn child I learned, that she had slept and lived there alone, for some time before I came ; and great joy the poor creature expressed, when she found that I was in future to be her companion through the hours of darkness. The house was large ; and, from the want of furniture, the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the spacious staircase and hall ; and, amidst the real fleshly ills of cold, and, I fear, hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more (it appeared) from the self-created one of ghosts. I promised her protection against all ghosts whatsoever ; but, alas ! I could offer her no other assistance. We lay upon the floor, with a bundle of cursed law papers for a pillow, but with no other covering than a sort of large horseman's cloak ; afterwards, however, we discovered, in a garret, an old sofa-cover, a small piece of rug, and some fragments of other articles, which added a little to our warmth. The poor child crept close to me for warmth, and for security against her ghostly enemies. When I was not more than usually ill, I took her into my arms, so that, in general, she was tolerably warm, and often slept when I could not ; for, during the last two months of my sufferings, I slept much in the daytime, and was apt to fall into transient dozings at all hours. But my sleep distressed me more than my watching ; for, beside the tumultuousness of my dreams (which were only not so awful as those which I shall have to describe hereafter as produced by opium), my sleep was never more than what is called *dog-sleep* ; so that I could hear myself moaning, and was, often, as it seemed to me awakened suddenly by my own voice ; and, about this time, a hideous sensation began to haunt me as soon as I fell into a slumber, which has since returned upon me, at different periods of my life, namely, a sort of twitching (I know not where, but apparently about the region of the stomach), which compelled me violently to throw out my feet for the sake of relieving it. This sensation coming on as soon as I began to sleep, and the effort to relieve it constantly awaking me, at length I slept only from exhaustion ; and, from increasing weakness (as I said before), I was constantly falling asleep, and constantly awaking. Meantime, the master of the house sometimes came in upon us suddenly, and very early ; sometimes not till ten o'clock ; sometimes not at all. He was in constant fear of bailiffs ; improving on the plan of Cromwell, every night he slept in a different quarter of London ; and I observed that he never failed to examine, through a private window, the appearance of those who knocked at the door, before he would allow it to be opened. He breakfasted alone ; indeed, his tea equipage would hardly have admitted of his hazarding an invitation to a second person, any more than the quantity of esculent *material*, which, for the most

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part, was little more than a roll, or a few biscuits, which he had bought on his road from the place where he had slept. Or, if he had asked a party, as I once learnedly and facetiously observed to him, the several members of it stood in the relation to each other (not *sate* in any relation whatever) of succession, as the metaphysicians have it, and not of coexistence; in the relation of parts of time, and not of the parts of space. During his breakfast, I generally contrived a reason for lounging in; and, with an air of as much indifference as I could assume, took up such fragments as he had left,—sometimes, indeed, there were none at all. In doing this, I committed no robbery, except upon the man himself, who was thus obliged (I believe), now and then, to send out at noon for an extra biscuit; for, as to the poor child, *she* was never admitted into his study (if I may give that name to his chief depository of parchments, law writings, &c.); that room was to her the Blue-beard room of the house, being regularly locked on his departure to dinner, about six o'clock, which usually was his final departure for the night. Whether this child was an illegitimate daughter of Mr. —, or only a servant, I could not ascertain; she did not herself know; but certainly she was treated altogether as a menial servant. No sooner did Mr. — make his appearance, than she went below stairs, brushed his shoes, coat, &c.; and, except when she was summoned to run an errand, she never emerged from the dismal Tartarus of the kitchens, to the upper air, until my welcome knock at night called up her little trembling footsteps to the front door. Of her life during the daytime, however, I knew little but what I gathered from her own account at night; for, as soon as the hours of business commenced, I saw that my absence would be acceptable; and, in general, therefore, I went off and sate in the parks, or elsewhere, until night-fall.

But who, and what, meantime, was the master of the house, himself? Reader, he was one of those anomalous practitioners in lower departments of the law, who, — what shall I say? — who, on prudential reasons, or from necessity, deny themselves all the indulgence in the luxury of too delicate a conscience (a periphrasis which might be abridged considerably, but *that* I leave to the reader's taste); in many walks of life, a conscience is a more expensive incumbrance than a wife or a carriage; and just as people talk of "laying down" their carriages, so I suppose my friend, Mr. —, had "laid down" his conscience for a time; meaning, doubtless, to resume it as soon as he could afford it. The inner economy of such a man's daily life would present a most strange picture, if I could allow myself to amuse the reader at his expense. Even with my limited opportunities for observing what went on, I saw many scenes of London intrigues, and complex chicanery, "cycle and epicycle, orb in orb," at which I sometimes smile to this day, and at which I smiled then, in spite of my misery. My situation, however, at that time, gave me little experience, in my own person, of any qualities in Mr. —'s character but such

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as did him honour; and of his whole strange composition, I must forget everything but that towards me he was obliging, and, to the extent of his power generous.

That power was not, indeed, very extensive. However, in common with the rats, I sate rent free; and as Dr. Johnson has recorded that he never but once in his life had as much wall-fruit as he could eat, so let me be grateful that, on that single occasion, I had as large a choice of apartments in a London mansion as I could possibly desire. Except the Blue-beard room, which the poor child believed to be haunted, all others, from the attics to the cellars, were at our service. "The world was before us," and we pitched our tent for the night in any spot we chose. This house I have already described as a large one. It stands in a conspicuous situation, and in a well-known part of London. Many of my readers will have passed it, I doubt not, within a few hours of reading this. For myself, I never fail to visit it when business draws me to London. About ten o'clock this very night, August 15, 1821, being my birth-day, I turned aside from my evening walk, down Oxford-street, purposely to take a glance at it. It is now occupied by a respectable family, and, by the lights in the front drawing-room, I observed a domestic party, assembled, perhaps, at tea, and apparently cheerful and gay:—marvellous contrast, in my eyes, to the darkness, cold, silence, and desolation, of that same house eighteen years ago, when its nightly occupants were one famishing scholar and a neglected child. Her, by the by, in after years, I vainly endeavoured to trace. Apart from her situation, she was not what would be called an interesting child. She was neither pretty or quick in understanding, nor remarkably pleasing in manners. But, thank God! even in those years I needed not the embellishments of novel accessories to conciliate my affections. Plain human nature, in its humblest and most homely apparel, was enough for me; and I loved the child because she was my partner in wretchedness. If she is now living, she is probably a mother, with children of her own; but, as I have said, I never could trace her.

This I regret; but another person there was, at that time, whom I have since sought to trace, with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow at my failure. This person was a young woman, and one of the unhappy class who subsist upon the wages of prostitution. I feel no shame, nor have any reason to feel it, in avowing, that I was then on familiar and friendly terms with many women in that unfortunate condition. The reader needs neither smile at this avowal, nor frown; for, not to remind my classical readers of the old Latin proverb, "*Sine Cerere*," &c., it may well be supposed that in the existing state of my purse my connection with such women could not have been an impure one. But the truth is, that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape. On the contrary, from my very earliest youth, it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Socratico*, with all human beings,—

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man, woman, and child,—that chance might fling in my way: a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher: for a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor liminary creature calling himself a man of the world, and filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a catholic creature, and as standing in an equal relation to high and low, to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent. Being myself, at that time, of necessity, a peripatetic, or a walker of the streets, I naturally fell in, more frequently, with those female peripatetics, who are technically called street-walkers. Many of these women had occasionally taken my part against watchmen who wished to drive me off the steps of houses where I was sitting. But one amongst them,—the one on whose account I have at all introduced this subject,—yet no! let me not class thee, oh noble-minded Ann —, with that order of women;—let me find, if it be possible, some gentler name to designate the condition of her to whose bounty and compassion—ministering to my necessities when all the world had forsaken me—I owe it that I am at this time alive. For many weeks, I had walked, at nights, with this poor friendless girl, up and down Oxford-street, or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticoes. She could not be so old as myself: she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. By such questions as my interest about her prompted, I had gradually drawn forth her simple history. Hers was a case of ordinary occurrence (as I have since had reason to think), and one in which, if London beneficence had better adapted its arrangements to meet it, the power of the law might oftener be interposed to protect and to avenge. But the stream of London charity flows in a channel which, though deep and mighty, is yet noiseless and underground; not obvious or readily accessible to poor, houseless wanderers, and it cannot be denied that the outside air and framework of London society is harsh, cruel, and repulsive. In any case, however, I saw that part of her injuries might easily have been redressed; and I urged her often and earnestly to lay her complaint before a magistrate. Friendless as she was, I assured her that she would meet with immediate attention; and that English justice, which was no respecter of persons, would speedily and amply avenge her on the brutal ruffian who had plundered her little property. She promised me often that she would; but she delayed taking the steps I pointed out, from time to time; for she was timid and dejected to a degree which showed how deeply sorrow had taken hold of her young heart; and perhaps she thought justly that the most upright judge and the most righteous tribunals could do nothing to repair her heaviest wrongs. Something, however, would perhaps have been done; for it had been settled between us, at length,—but, unhappily, on the very last time but one that I was ever to see her,—that in a day or two we should speak on her behalf. This little service it was

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destined, however, that I should never realize. Meantime, that which she rendered to me, and which was greater than I could ever have repaid her, was this:—One night, when we were pacing slowly along Oxford-street, and after a day when I had felt unusually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho-square. Thither we went; and we sate down on the steps of a house, which, to this hour, I never pass without a pang of grief, and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble act which she there performed. Suddenly, as we sate, I grew much worse. I had been leaning my head against her bosom, and all at once I sank from her arms and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had, I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind, that without some powerful and reviving stimulus I should either have died on the spot, or should, at least, have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all re-ascent, under my friendless circumstances, would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion, who had herself met with little but injuries in this world, stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford-street, and in less time than could be imagined returned to me with a glass of port-wine and spices, that acted upon my empty stomach (which at that time would have rejected all solid food) with an instantaneous power of restoration; and for this glass the generous girl, without a murmur, paid out of her own humble purse, at a time, be it remembered, when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessaries of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her. O, youthful benefactress! how often, in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love,—how often have I wished that, as in ancient times the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfilment, — even so the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude might have a like prerogative; might have power given to it from above to chase, to haunt, to waylay, to overtake, to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or (if it were possible) into the darkness of the grave, there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation!

I do not often weep; for not only do my thoughts on subjects connected with the chief interests of man daily, nay, hourly, descend a thousand fathoms "too deep for tears;" not only does the sternness of my habits of thought present an antagonism to the feelings which prompt tears, — wanting, of necessity, to those who, being protected usually by their levity from any tendency to meditative sorrow, would, by that same levity, be made incapable of resisting it on any casual access of such feelings; but also, I believe, that all minds which have contemplated such objects as deeply as I have done, must, for their own protection from utter despondency, have early encouraged and cherished some tranquillizing belief as to the future

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balances and the hieroglyphic meanings of human sufferings. On these accounts I am cheerful to this hour; and, as I have said, I do not often weep. Yet some feelings, though not deeper or more passionate, are more tender than others; and often, when I walk, at this time, in Oxford-street, by dreamy lamp-light, and hear those airs played on a barrel-organ which years ago solaced me and my dear companion (as I must always call her), I shed tears, and muse with myself at the mysterious dispensation which so suddenly and so critically separated us for ever. How it happened, the reader will understand from what remains of this introductory narration.

Soon after the period of the last incident I have recorded, I met, in Albemarle-street, a gentleman of his late Majesty's household. This gentleman had received hospitalities, on different occasions, from my family; and he challenged me upon the strength of my family likeness. I did not attempt any disguise; I answered his questions ingenuously, and, on his pledging his word of honour that he would not betray me to my guardians, I gave him an address to my friend, the attorney. The next day I received from him a ten-pound bank note. The letter enclosing it was delivered, with other letters of business, to the attorney; but, though his look and manner informed me that he suspected its contents, he gave it up to me honourably, and without demur.

This present, from the particular service to which it was applied, leads me naturally to speak of the purpose which had allured me up to London, and which I had been (to use a forensic word) *soliciting* from the first day of my arrival in London, to that of my final departure.

In so mighty a world as London, it will surprise my readers that I should not have found some means of staving off the last extremities of penury; and it will strike them that two resources, at least, must have been open to me, namely, either to seek assistance from the friends of my family, or to turn my youthful talents and attainments into some channel of pecuniary emolument. As to the first course, I may observe, generally, that what I dreaded beyond all other evils was the chance of being reclaimed by my guardians; not doubting that whatever power the law gave them would have been enforced against me to the utmost; that is, to the extremity of forcibly restoring me to the school which I had quitted; a restoration which as it would, in my eyes, have been a dishonour, even if submitted to voluntarily, could not fail, when extorted from me in contempt and defiance of my own wishes and efforts, to have been a humiliation worse to me than death, and which would indeed have terminated in death. I was, therefore, shy enough of applying for assistance even in those quarters where I was sure of receiving it, at the risk of furnishing my guardians with any clue for recovering me. But, as to London in particular, though doubtless my father had in his lifetime had many friends there, yet (as ten years had passed since his death) I remembered few of them even by name; and never having seen London before, except once for a few hours, I knew not the address

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of even those few. To this mode of gaining help, therefore, in part the difficulty, but much more the paramount fear which I have mentioned, habitually indisposed me. In regard to the other mode, I now feel half inclined to join my reader in wondering that I should have overlooked it. As a corrector of Greek proofs (if in no other way), I might, doubtless, have gained enough for my slender wants. Such an office as this I could have discharged with an exemplary and punctual accuracy that would soon have gained me the confidence of my employers. But it must not be forgotten that, even for such an office as this, it was necessary that I should first of all have an introduction to some respectable publisher; and this I had no means of obtaining. To say the truth, however, it had never once occurred to me to think of literary labours as a source of profit. No mode sufficiently speedy of obtaining money had ever occurred to me, but that of borrowing it on the strength of my future claims and expectations. This mode I sought by every avenue to compass; and amongst other persons I applied to a Jew named D—.*

To this Jew, and to other advertising money-lenders (some of whom were, I believe, also Jews), I had introduced myself, with an account of my expectations; which account, on examining my father's will at Doctor's Commons, they had ascertained to be correct. The person there mentioned as the second son of — was found to have all the claims (or more than all) that I had stated: but one question still remained, which the faces of the Jews pretty

* To this same Jew, by the way, some eighteen months afterwards, I applied again on the same business; and, dating at that time from a respectable college, I was fortunate enough to gain his serious attention to my proposals. My necessities had not arisen from any extravagance, or youthful levities (these, my habits and the nature of my pleasures raised me far above), but simply from the vindictive malice of my guardian, who, when he found himself no longer able to prevent me from going to the university, had, as a parting token of his good nature, refused to sign an order for granting me a shilling beyond the allowance made to me at school, namely, one hundred pounds per annum. Upon this sum, it was, in my time, barely possible to have lived in college; and not possible to a man, who, though above the paltry affectation of ostentatious disregard for money, and without any expensive tastes, confided, nevertheless, rather too much in servants, and did not delight in the petty details of minute economy. I soon, therefore, became embarrassed; and, at length, after a most voluminous negotiation with the Jew (some parts of which, if I had leisure to rehearse them, would greatly amuse my readers), I was put in possession of the sum I asked for, on the "regular" terms of paying the Jew seventeen and a half per cent. by way of annuity on all the money furnished; Israel, on his part, graciously resuming no more than about ninety guineas of the said money, on account of an attorney's bill (for what services, to whom rendered, and when,—whether at the siege of Jerusalem, at the building of the Second Temple, or on some earlier occasion,—I have not yet been able to discover). How many perches this bill measured I really forget; but I still keep it in a cabinet of natural curiosities, and some time or other I believe I shall present it to the British Museum.

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significantly suggested,—was I that person? This doubt had never occurred to me as a possible one; I had rather feared whenever my Jewish friends scrutinized me keenly, that I might be too well known to be that person, and that some scheme might be passing in their minds for entrapping me and selling me to my guardians. It was strange to me to find my own self, *materialiter* considered (so I expressed it, for I doted on logical accuracy of distinctions), accused, or at least suspected, of counterfeiting my own self, *formaliter* considered. However, to satisfy their scruples, I took the only course in my power. Whilst I was in Wales, I had received various letters from young friends: these I produced,—for I carried them constantly in my pocket,—being, indeed, by this time, almost the only relics of my personal incumbrances (excepting the clothes I wore), which I had not in one way or other disposed of. Most of these letters were from the Earl of —, who was, at that time, my chief (or rather only) confidential friend. These letters were dated from Eton. I had also some from the Marquis of —, his father, who, though absorbed in agricultural pursuits, yet having been an Etonian himself, and as good a scholar as a nobleman needs to be, still retained an affection for classical studies, and for youthful scholars. He had, accordingly, from the time that I was fifteen, corresponded with me; sometimes upon the great improvements which he had made, or was meditating, in the counties of M — and SI —, since I had been there; sometimes upon the merit of a Latin poet; at other times, suggesting subjects to ~~me~~ which he wished me to write verses.

On reading the letters, one of my Jewish friends agreed to furnish two or three hundred pounds on my personal security, provided I could persuade the young earl,—who was, by the way, not older than myself,—to guarantee the payment on our coming of age: the Jew's final object being, as I now suppose, not the trifling profit he could expect to make by me, but the prospect of establishing a connection with my noble friend, whose immense expectations were well known to him. In pursuance of this proposal on the part of the Jew, about eight or nine days after I had received the ten pounds, I prepared to go down to Eton. Nearly three pounds of the money I had given to my money-lending friend, on his alleging that the stamps must be bought, in order that the writings might be prepared whilst I was away from London. I thought in my heart that he was lying; but I did not wish to give him any excuse for charging his own delays upon me. A smaller sum I had given to my friend the attorney (who was connected with the money-lenders as their lawyer), to which, indeed, he was entitled for his unfurnished lodgings. About fifteen shillings I had employed in re-establishing (though in a very humble way) my dress. Of the remainder, I gave one-quarter to Ann, meaning, on my return, to have divided with her whatever might remain. These arrangements made, soon after six o'clock, on a dark winter evening, I set off, accompanied by Ann, towards Piccadilly; for it was my intention to go down as far

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as Salt Hill on the Bath or Bristol mail. Our course lay through a part of the town which has now all disappeared, so that I can no longer retrace its ancient boundaries: Swallow-street, I think it was called. Having time enough before us, however, we bore away to the left, until we came into Golden-square: there, near the corner of Sherrard-street, we sat down, not wishing to part in the tumult and blaze of Piccadilly. I had told her of my plans some time before; and now I assured her again that she should share in my good fortune, if I met with any; and that I would never forsake her, as soon as I had power to protect her. This I fully intended, as much from inclination as from a sense of duty; for, setting aside gratitude, which, in any case, must have made me her debtor for life, I loved her as affectionately as if she had been my sister; and at this moment with seven-fold tenderness, from pity at witnessing her extreme dejection. I had, apparently, most reason for dejection, because I was leaving the saviour of my life; yet I, considering the shock my health had received, was cheerful and full of hope. She, on the contrary, who was parting with one who had had little means of serving her, except by kindness and brotherly treatment, was overcome by sorrow; so that, when I kissed her at our final farewell, she put her arms about my neck, and wept, without speaking a word. I hoped to return in a week at furthest, and I agreed with her that on the fifth night from that, and every night afterwards, she should wait for me, at six o'clock, near the bottom of Great Titchfield-street, which had been our customary haven, as it were, of rendezvous, to prevent our missing each other in the great Mediterranean of Oxford-street. This, and other measures of precaution, I took: one, only, I forgot. She had either never told me, or (as a matter of no great interest) I had forgotten, her surname. It is a general practice, indeed, with girls of humble rank in her unhappy condition, not (as novel-reading women of higher pretensions) to style themselves *Miss Douglass, Miss Montague, &c.*, but simply by their Christian names, *Mary, Jane, Frances, &c.* Her surname, as the surest means of tracing her, I ought now to have inquired; but the truth is, having no reason to think that our meeting could, in consequence of a short interruption, be more difficult or uncertain than it had been for so many weeks, I had scarcely for a moment adverted to it as necessary, or placed it amongst my memoranda against this parting interview; and my final anxieties being spent in comforting her with hopes, and in pressing upon her the necessity of getting some medicine for a violent cough and hoarseness with which she was troubled, I wholly forgot it until it was too late to recall her.

It was past eight o'clock when I reached the Gloucester Coffee-House, and the Bristol Mail being on the point of going off, I mounted on the outside. The fine fluent motion* of this mail soon

* The Bristol Mail is the best appointed in the kingdom, owing to the double advantage of an unusually good road and of an extra sum for expenses subscribed by the Bristol merchants.

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laid me asleep. It is somewhat remarkable that the first easy or refreshing sleep which I had enjoyed for some months was on the outside of a mail-coach,—a bed which, at this day, I find rather an uneasy one. Connected with this sleep was a little incident which served, as hundreds of others did at that time, to convince me how easily a man, who has never been in any great distress, may pass through life without knowing, in his own person, at least, anything of the possible goodness of the human heart, or, as I must add with a sigh, of its possible vileness. So thick a curtain of *manners* is drawn over the features and expression of men's natures, that, to the ordinary observer, the two extremities, and the infinite field of varieties which lie between them, are all confounded,—the vast and multitudinous compass of their several harmonies reduced to the meagre outline of differences expressed in the gamut or alphabet of elementary sounds. The case was this: for the first four or five miles from London, I annoyed my fellow-passenger on the roof, by occasionally falling against him when the coach gave a lurch to his side; and, indeed, if the road had been less smooth and level than it is, I should have fallen off, from weakness. Of this annoyance he complained heavily, as, perhaps, in the same circumstances, most people would. He expressed his complaint, however, more morosely than the occasion seemed to warrant; and if I had parted with him at that moment, I should have thought of him (if I had considered it worth while to think of him at all) as a surly and almost brutal fellow. However, I was conscious that I had given him some cause for complaint, and therefore, I apologized to him, and assured him I would do what I could to avoid falling asleep for the future, and at the same time, in as few words as possible, I explained to him that I was ill, and in a weak state from long suffering, and that I could not afford, at that time, to take an inside place. The man's manner changed, upon hearing that explanation, in an instant; and when I next woke for a minute, from the noise and lights of Hounslow (for, in spite of my wishes and efforts, I had fallen asleep again within two minutes from the time I had spoken to him), I found that he had put his arm round me to protect me from falling off; and for the rest of the journey he behaved to me with the gentleness of a woman, so that, at length, I almost lay in his arms; and this was the more kind, as he could not have known I was not going the whole way to Bath or Bristol. Unfortunately, indeed, I *did* go rather further than I intended; for so genial and refreshing was my sleep, that the next time, after leaving Hounslow, that I fully awoke, was upon the sudden pulling up of the mail (possibly at a post-office), and, on inquiry, I found that we had reached Maidenhead, six or seven miles, I think, ahead of Salt Hill. Here I alighted; and for the half-minute that the mail stopped, I was entreated by my friendly companion (who, from the transient glimpse I had of him in Piccadilly, seemed to me to be a gentleman's butler, or person of that rank), to go to bed without delay. This I promised, though with no intention of doing so; and,

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in fact, I immediately set forward, or, rather, backward, on foot. It must then have been nearly midnight; but so slowly did I creep along, that I heard a clock in a cottage strike four before I turned down the lane from Slough to Eton. The air and the sleep had both refreshed me; but I was weary, nevertheless. I remember a thought (obvious enough, and which has been prettily expressed by a Roman poet) which gave me some consolation, at that moment, under my poverty. There had been, some time before, a murder committed on or near Hounslow Heath. I think I cannot be mistaken when I say that the name of the murdered person was *Steele*, and that he was the owner of a lavender plantation in that neighbourhood. Every step of my progress was bringing me nearer to the heath; and it naturally occurred to me that I and the accursed murderer, if he were that night abroad, might, at every instant, be unconsciously approaching each other through the darkness; in which case, said I, supposing I—instead of being (as, indeed, I am) little better than an outcast,

Lord of my learning, and no land beside—

were, like my friend Lord —, heir, by general repute, to £70,000 per annum, what a panic should I be under, at this moment, about my throat! Indeed, it was not likely that Lord — should ever be in my situation; but, nevertheless, the spirit of the remark remains true, that vast power and possessions make a man shamefully afraid of dying; and I am convinced that many of the most intrepid adventurers, who, by fortunately being poor, enjoy the full use of their natural courage, would, if, at the very instant of going into action, news were brought to them that they had unexpectedly succeeded to an estate in England of £50,000 a year, feel their dislike to bullets considerably sharpened,* and their efforts at perfect equanimity and self-possession proportionably difficult. So true it is, in the language of a wise man, whose own experience had made him acquainted with both fortunes, that riches are best fitted

To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than tempt her to do aught may merit praise.

Paradise Regained.

I dally with my subject, because, to myself, the remembrance of these times is profoundly interesting. But my reader shall not have any further cause to complain; for I now hasten to its close. In the road between Slough and Eton I fell asleep; and, just as the morning began to dawn, I was awakened by the voice of a man

* It will be objected that many men, of the highest rank and wealth, have, in our own day, as well as throughout our history, been amongst the foremost in courting danger in battle. True, but this is not the case supposed. Long familiarity with power has, to them, deadened its effect and its attractions.

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standing over me and surveying me. I know not what he was. He was an ill-looking fellow, but not, therefore, of necessity, an ill-meaning fellow; or, if he were, I suppose he thought that no person sleeping out-of-doors in winter could be worth robbing. In which conclusion, however, as it regarded myself, I beg to assure him, if he should be among my readers, that he was mistaken. After a slight remark, he passed on. I was not sorry at this disturbance, as it enabled me to pass through Eton before people were generally up. The night had been heavy and lowering, but towards the morning it had changed to a slight frost, and the ground and the trees were now covered with rime. I slipped through Eton unobserved; washed myself, and, as far as possible, adjusted my dress, at a little public house in Windsor; and, about eight o'clock, went down towards Pote's. On my road I met some junior boys, of whom I made inquiries. An Etonian is always a gentleman, and, in spite of my shabby habiliments, they answered me civilly. My friend, Lord —, was gone to the University of —. "Ibi omnis effusus labor!" I had, however, other friends at Eton; but it is not to all who wear that name in prosperity that a man is willing to present himself in distress. On recollecting myself, however, I asked for the Earl of D—, to whom (though my acquaintance with him was not so intimate as with some others) I should not have shrunk from presenting myself under any circumstances. He was still at Eton, though, I believe, on the wing for Cambridge. I called, and was received kindly, and asked to breakfast.

Here let me stop, for a moment, to check my reader from any erroneous conclusions. Because I have had occasion incidentally to speak of various patrician friends, it must not be supposed that I have myself any pretensions to rank or high blood. I thank God that I have not. I am the son of a plain English merchant, esteemed, during his life, for his great integrity, and strongly attached to literary pursuits (indeed, he was himself, anonymously, an author). If he had lived, it was expected that he would have been very rich; but, dying prematurely, he left no more than about £30,000 amongst seven different claimants. My mother I may mention with honour, as still more highly gifted; for, though unpretending to the name and honour of a *literary* woman, I shall presume to call her (what many literary women are not) an *intellectual* woman; and I believe that if ever her letters should be collected and published, they would be thought generally to exhibit as much strong and masculine sense, delivered in as pure "mother English," racy and fresh with idiomatic graces, as any in our language,—hardly excepting those of Lady M. W. Montague. These are my honours of descent; I have no others; and I have thanked God sincerely that I have not, because, in my judgment, a station which raises a man too eminently above the level of his fellow-creatures, is not the most favourable to moral or to intellectual qualities.

Lord D— placed before me a most magnificent breakfast. It was really so; but in my eyes it seemed trebly magnificent, from

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being the first regular meal, the first "good man's table," that I had sat down to for months. Strange to say, however, I could scarcely eat anything. On the day when I first received my ten-pound bank-note, I had gone to a baker's shop and bought a couple of rolls; this very shop I had two months or six weeks before surveyed with an eagerness of desire which it was almost humiliating to me to recollect. I remembered the story about Otway; and feared that there might be danger in eating too rapidly. But I had no need for alarm; my appetite was quite sunk, and I became sick before I had eaten half of what I had bought. This effect, from eating what approached to a meal, I continued to feel for weeks; or, when I did not experience any nausea, part of what I ate was rejected, sometimes with acidity, sometimes immediately and without any acidity. On the present occasion, at Lord D——'s table, I found myself not at all better than usual; and, in the midst of luxuries, I had no appetite. I had, however, unfortunately, at all times a craving for wine; I explained my situation, therefore, to Lord D——, and gave him a short account of my late sufferings, at which he expressed great compassion, and called for wine. This gave me a momentary relief and pleasure; and on all occasions, when I had an opportunity, I never failed to drink wine, which I worshipped then as I have since worshipped opium. I am convinced, however, that this indulgence in wine continued to strengthen my malady, for the tone of my stomach was apparently quite sunk; but, by a better regimen, it might sooner, and, perhaps, effectually, have been revived. I hope that it was not from this love of wine that I lingered in the neighbourhood of my Eton friends; I persuaded myself *then* that it was from reluctance to ask of Lord D——, on whom I was conscious I had not sufficient claims, the particular service in quest of which I had come to Eton. I was, however, unwilling to lose my journey, and,—I asked it. Lord D——, whose good nature was unbounded, and which, in regard to myself, had been measured rather by his compassion perhaps for my condition, and his knowledge of my intimacy with some of his relatives, than by an over-rigorous inquiry into the extent of my own direct claims, faltered, nevertheless, at this request. He acknowledged that he did not like to have any dealings with money-lenders, and feared lest such a transaction might come to the ears of his connections. Moreover, he doubted whether *his* signature, whose expectations were so much more bounded than those of ——, would avail with my unchristian friends. However, he did not wish, as it seemed, to mortify me by an absolute refusal; for, after a little consideration, he promised, under certain conditions, which he pointed out, to give his security. Lord D—— was at this time not eighteen years of age; but I have often doubted, on recollecting, since, the good sense and prudence which on this occasion he mingled with so much urbanity of manner (an urbanity which in him wore the grace of youthful sincerity), whether any statesman—the oldest and the most accomplished in diplomacy—could have acquitted himself better under the same circumstances.

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Most people, indeed, cannot be addressed on such a business, without surveying you with looks as austere and unpropitious as those of a Saracen's head.

Recomforted by this promise, which was not quite equal to the best, but far above the worst, that I had pictured to myself as possible, I returned in a Windsor coach to London three days after I had quitted it. And now I come to the end of my story. The Jews did not approve of Lord D——'s terms; whether they would in the end have acceded to them, and were only seeking time for making due inquiries, I know not; but many delays were made,—time passed on,—the small fragment of my bank-note had just melted away, and before any conclusion could have been put to the business, I must have relapsed into my former state of wretchedness. Suddenly, however, at this crisis, an opening was made, almost by accident, for reconciliation with my friends. I quitted London in haste, for a remote part of England; after some time, I proceeded to the university; and it was not until many months had passed away, that I had it in my power again to revisit the ground which had become so interesting to me, and to this day remains so, as the chief scene of my youthful sufferings.

Meantime, what had become of poor Ann? For her I have reserved my concluding words; according to our agreement, I sought her daily, and waited for her every night, so long as I stayed in London, at the corner of Titchfield-street. I inquired for her of every one who was likely to know her; and during the last hours of my stay in London, I put into activity every means of tracing her that my knowledge of London suggested, and the limited extent of my power made possible. The street where she had lodged I knew, but not the house; and I remembered, at last, some account which she had given of ill-treatment from her landlord, which made it probable that she had quitted those lodgings before we parted. She had few acquaintances; most people, besides, thought that the earnestness of my inquiries arose from motives which moved their laughter or their slight regard; and others, thinking that I was in chase of a girl who had robbed me of some trifles, were naturally and excusably indisposed to give me any clue to her, if, indeed, they had any to give. Finally, as my despairing resource, on the day I left London, I put into the hands of the only person who (I was sure) must know Ann by sight, from having been in company with us once or twice, an address to — in — shire, at that time the residence of my family. But, to this hour, I have never heard a syllable about her. This, amongst such troubles as most men meet with in life, has been my heaviest affliction. If she lived, doubtless we must have been sometimes in search of each other, at the very same moment, through the mighty labyrinths of London; perhaps even within a few feet of each other,—a barrier no wider, in a London street, often amounting in the end to a separation for eternity! During some years, I hoped that she *did* live; and I suppose that, in the literal and unrhetoical use of the word *myriad*, I may say,

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that on my different visits to London, I have looked into many myriads of female faces, in the hope of meeting her. I should know her again amongst a thousand, if I saw her for a moment; for, though not handsome, she had a sweet expression of countenance, and a peculiar and graceful carriage of the head. I sought her, I have said, in hope. So it was for years; but now I should fear to see her; and her cough, which grieved me when I parted with her, is now my consolation. I now wish to see her no longer, but think of her, more gladly, as one long since laid in the grave;—in the grave, I would hope, of a Magdalen; taken away, before injuries and cruelty had blotted out and transfigured her ingenuous nature, or the brutalities of ruffians had completed the ruin they had begun.

So then, Oxford-street, stony-hearted stepmother, thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children, at length I was dismissed from thee!—the time was come, at last, that I no more should pace in anguish thy never-ending terraces; no more should dream, and wake in captivity to the pangs of hunger. Successors, too many, to myself and Ann, have, doubtless, since then trodden in our footsteps; inheritors of our calamities; other orphans than Ann have sighed; tears have been shed by other children, and thou, Oxford-street, has since echoed to the groans of innumerable hearts. For myself, however, the storm which I had outlived seemed to have been the pledge of a long fair weather; the premature sufferings which I had paid down, to have been accepted as a ransom for many years to come, as a price of long immunity from sorrow; and if again I walked in London, a solitary and contemplative man (as oftentimes I did), I walked for the most part in serenity and peace of mind. And, although it is true that the calamities of my novitiate in London had struck root so deeply in my bodily constitution that afterwards they shot up and flourished afresh, and grew into a noxious umbrage that has overshadowed and darkened my latter years, yet these second assaults of suffering were met with a fortitude more confirmed, with the resources of a maturer intellect, and with alleviations from sympathizing affection, how deep and tender!

Thus, however, with whatsoever alleviations, years that were far asunder were bound together by subtle links of suffering derived from a common root. And herein I notice an instance of the short-sightedness of human desires,—that oftentimes, on moonlight nights, during my first mournful abode in London, my consolation was (if such it could be thought) to gaze from Oxford-street up every avenue in succession which pierces through the heart of Mary-le-bone to the fields and the woods; for *that*, said I, travelling with my eyes up the long vistas which lay part in light and part in shade, "*that* is the road to the north, and, therefore, to —; and if I had the wings of a dove, *that* way I would fly for comfort." Thus I said, and thus I wished in my blindness; yet, even in that very northern region it was, in that very valley, nay, in that very house to which my erroneous wishes pointed, that this second birth of my sufferings

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began, and that they again threatened to besiege the citadel of life and hope. There it was that for years I was persecuted by visions as ugly, and as ghastly phantoms, as ever haunted the couch of an Orestes; and in this unhappier than he,—that sleep, which comes to all as a respite and a restoration, and to him especially as a blessed balm for his wounded heart and his haunted brain, visited me as my bitterest scourge. Thus blind was I in my desires; yet, if a veil interposes between the dim-sightedness of man and his future calamities, the same veil hides from him their alleviations; and a grief which had not been feared is met by consolations which had not been hoped. I, therefore, who participated, as it were, in the troubles of Orestes (excepting only in his agitated conscience), participated no less in all his supports; my Eumenides, like his, were at my bed-feet, and stared in upon me through the curtains; but, watching by my pillow, or defrauding herself of sleep to bear me company through the heavy watches of the night, sat my Electra; for thou, beloved M., dear companion of my later years, thou wast my Electra! and neither in nobility of mind nor in long-suffering affection wouldst permit that a Grecian sister should excel an English wife. For thou thoughtest not much to stoop to humble offices of kindness, and to servile ministrations of tenderest affection; to wipe away for years the unwholesome dews upon the forehead, or to refresh the lips when parched and baked with fever; nor even when thy own peaceful slumbers had by long sympathy become infected with the spectacle of my dread contest with phantoms and shadowy enemies, that oftentimes bade me “sleep no more!”—not even then didst thou utter a complaint or any murmur, nor withdraw any angelic smiles, nor shrink from thy service of love, more than Electra did of old. For she, too, though she was a Grecian woman, and the daughter of the king of men,* yet wept sometimes, and hid her face† in her robe.

But these troubles are past, and thou wilt read these records of a period so dolorous to us both as the legend of some hideous dream that can return no more. Meantime I am again in London; and again I pace the terraces of Oxford-street by night; and oftentimes, —when I am oppressed by anxieties that demand all my philosophy and the comfort of thy presence to support, and yet remember that I am separated from thee by three hundred miles, and the length of three dreary months,—I look up the streets that run northward from

* Agamemnon.

† *Ὀμμα θεῖς εἰσο πικτιον*. The scholar will know that throughout this passage I refer to the early scenes of the *Orestes*,—one of the most beautiful exhibitions of the domestic affections which even the dramas of Euripides can furnish. To the English reader, it may be necessary to say, that the situation at the opening of the drama is that of a brother attended only by his sister during the demoniacal possession of a suffering conscience (or, in the mythology of the play, haunted by the furies), and in circumstances of immediate danger from enemies, and of desertion or cold regard from nominal friends.

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Oxford-street, upon moonlight nights, and recollect my youthful ejaculation of anguish; and remembering that thou art sitting alone in that same valley, and mistress of that very house to which my heart turned in its blindness nineteen years ago, I think that, though blind indeed, and scattered to the winds of late, the promptings of my heart may yet have had reference to a remoter time, and may be justified if read in another meaning; and if I could allow myself to descend again to the impotent wishes of childhood, I should again say to myself, as I look to the north, "O that I had the wings of a dove!" and with how just a confidence in thy good and gracious nature might I add the other half of my early ejaculation,—“And *that* way I would fly for comfort!”

THE PLEASURES OF OPIUM.

IT is so long since I first took opium, that if it had been a trifling incident in my life, I might have forgotten its date: but cardinal events are not to be forgotten; and, from circumstances connected with it, I remember that it must be preferred to the autumn of 1804. During that season I was in London, having come thither for the first time since my entrance at college. And my introduction to opium arose in the following way: From an early age I had been accustomed to wash my head in cold water at least once a day; being suddenly seized with tooth-ache, I attributed it to some relaxation caused by an accidental intermission of that practice; jumped out of bed, plunged my head into a basin of cold water, and, with hair thus wetted, went to sleep. The next morning, as I need hardly say, I awoke with excruciating rheumatic pains of the head and face, from which I had hardly any respite for about twenty days. On the twenty-first day I think it was, and on a Sunday, that I went out into the streets; rather to run away, if possible, from my torments, than with any distinct purpose. By accident, I met a college acquaintance, who recommended opium. Opium! dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain! I had heard of it as I had heard of manna or of ambrosia, but no further; how unmeaning a sound was it at that time! what solemn chords does it now strike upon my heart! what heart-quaking vibrations of sad and happy remembrances! Reverting for a moment to these, I feel a mystic importance attached to the minutest circumstances connected with the place, and the time, and the man (if man he was), that first laid open to me the paradise of opium-eaters. It was a Sunday afternoon, wet and cheerless; and a duller spectacle this earth of ours has not to show than a rainy Sunday in London. My road homewards lay through Oxford-street; and near “the *stately* Pantheon” (as Mr. Wordsworth has obligingly called it) I saw a druggist’s shop. The drug-

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gist (unconscious minister of celestial pleasures !), as if in sympathy with the rainy Sunday, looked dull and stupid, just as any mortal druggist might be expected to look on a Sunday ; and when I asked for the tincture of opium, he gave it to me as any other man might do ! and, furthermore, out of myshilling returned to me what seemed to be a real copper half-penny, taken out of a real wooden drawer. Nevertheless, in spite of such indications of humanity, he has ever since existed in my mind as a beatific vision of an immortal druggist sent down to earth on a special mission to myself. And it confirms me in this way of considering him, that when I next came up to London, I sought him near the stately Pantheon, and found him not ; and thus to me, who knew not his name (if, indeed, he had one), he seemed rather to have vanished from Oxford-street than to have removed to any bodily fashion. The reader may choose to think of him as, possibly, no more than a sublunary druggist : it may be so, but my faith is better : I believe him to have evanesced,* or evaporated. So unwillingly would I connect any mortal remembrances with that hour, and place, and creature, that first brought me acquainted with the celestial drug.

Arrived at my lodgings, it may be supposed that I lost not a moment in taking the quantity prescribed. I was necessarily ignorant of the whole art and mystery of opium-taking ; and what I took, I took under every disadvantage. But I took it ; and in an hour,—oh heavens ! what a revulsion ! what an upheaving, from its lowest depths, of the inner spirit ! what an apocalypse of the world within me ! That my pains had vanished was now a trifle in my eyes ; this negative effect was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened before me, in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed. Here was a panacea, a φαρμακον νεπερες, for all human woes ; here was the secret of happiness, about which philosophers had disputed for so many ages, at once discovered ; happiness might now be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat-pocket ; portable ecstasies might be had, corked up in a pint-bottle ; and peace of mind could be sent down in gallons by the mail-coach. But, if I talk in this way, the reader will think I am laughing ; and I can assure him that nobody will laugh long who deals much with opium : its pleasures even are of a grave and solemn complexion ; and, in his happiest state, the opium-eater

* *Evanesced* :—this way of going off from the stage of life appears to have been well known in the 17th century, but at that time to have been considered a peculiar privilege of blood royal, and by no means to be allowed to druggists. For, about the year 1686, a poet of rather ominous name (and who, by the by, did ample justice to his name), namely Mr. FLAT-MAN, in speaking of the death of Charles II., expresses his surprise that any prince should commit so absurd an act as dying ; because, says he,

Kings should disdain to die, and only *disappear* ;
They should *abscond*, that is, into the other world.

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cannot present himself in the character of *L'Allegro*; even then, he speaks and thinks as becomes *Il Penseroso*. Nevertheless, I have a very reprehensible way of jesting, at times, in the midst of my own misery; and, unless when I am checked by some more powerful feelings, I am afraid I shall be guilty of this indecent practice, even in these annals of suffering or enjoyment. The reader must allow a little to my infirm nature in this respect; and with a few indulgences of that sort, I shall endeavor to be as grave, if not drowsy, as fits a theme like opium, so anti-mercurial as it really is, and so drowsy as it is falsely reputed.

And, first, one word with respect to its bodily effects; for upon all that has been hitherto written on the subject of opium, whether by travellers in Turkey (who may plead their privilege of lying as an old immemorial right) or by professors of medicine, writing *ex cathedrâ*, I have but one emphatic criticism to pronounce,—Lies! lies! lies! I remember once, in passing a book-stall, to have caught these words from a page of some satiric author: "By this time I became convinced that the London newspapers spoke truth at least twice a week, namely, on Tuesday and Saturday, and might safely be depended upon for—the list of bankrupts." In like manner, I do by no means deny that some truths have been delivered to the world in regard to opium; thus, it has been repeatedly affirmed, by the learned, that opium is a dusky brown in colour,—and this, take notice, I grant,—secondly, that it is rather dear, which also I grant—for, in my time, East India opium has been three guineas a pound, and Turkey, eight; and, thirdly, that if you eat a good deal of it most probably you must do what is particularly disagreeable to any man of regular habits, namely,—die.* These weighty propositions are, all and singular, true; I cannot gainsay them; and truth ever was, and will be, commendable. But, in these three theorems, I believe we have exhausted the stock of knowledge as yet accumulated by man on the subject of opium. And, therefore, worthy doctors, as there seems to be room for further discoveries, stand aside, and allow me to come forward and lecture on this matter.

First, then, it is not so much affirmed as taken for granted, by all who ever mention opium, formally or incidentally, that it does or can produce intoxication. Now, reader, assure yourself, *meo periculo*, that no quantity of opium ever did, or could, intoxicate. As to the tincture of opium (commonly called laudanum), *that* might certainly intoxicate, if a man could bear to take enough of it; but

* Of this, however, the learned appear latterly to have doubted; for, in a pirated edition of Buchan's DOMESTIC MEDICINE, which I once saw in the hands of a farmer's wife, who was studying it for the benefit of her health, the doctor was made to say,—“Be particularly careful never to take above five-and twenty ounces of laudanum at once.” The true reading being probably five-and-twenty *drops*, which are held to be equal to about one grain of crude opium.

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why? because it contains so much proof spirit, and not because it contains so much opium. But crude opium, I affirm peremptorily, is incapable of producing any state of body at all resembling that which is produced by alcohol; and not in *degree* only incapable, but even in *kind*; it is not in the quantity of its effects merely, but in the quality, that it differs altogether. The pleasure given by wine is always mounting, and tending to a crisis, after which it declines; that from opium, when once generated, is stationary for eight or ten hours: the first, to borrow a technical distinction from medicine, is a case of acute, the second of chronic, pleasure; the one is a flame, the other a steady and equable glow. But the main distinction lies in this, that whereas wine disorders the mental faculties, opium, on the contrary (if taken in a proper manner), introduces amongst them the most exquisite order, legislation, and harmony. Wine robs a man of his self-possession; opium greatly invigorates it. Wine unsettles and clouds the judgment, and gives a preternatural brightness, and a vivid exaltation, to the contempts and the admirations, to the loves and the hatreds, of the drinker; opium, on the contrary, communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active or passive; and, with respect to the temper and moral feelings in general, it gives simply that sort of vital warmth which is approved by the judgment, and which would probably always accompany a bodily constitution of primeval or antediluvian health. Thus, for instance, opium, like wine, gives an expansion to the heart and the benevolent affections; but then, with this remarkable difference, that in the sudden development of kind-heartedness which accompanies inebriation, there is always more or less of a maudlin character which exposes it to the contempt of the bystander. Men shake hands, swear eternal friendship, and shed tears,—no mortal knows why; and the sensual creature is clearly uppermost. But the expansion of the benigner feelings, incident to opium, is no febrile access, but a healthy restoration to that which the mind would naturally recover upon the removal of any deep-seated irritation of pain that had disturbed and quarrelled with the impulses of a heart originally just and good. True it is, that even wine, up to a certain point, and with certain men, rather tends to exalt and to steady the intellect; I myself, who have never been a great wine-drinker, used to find that half a dozen glasses of wine advantageously affected the faculties, brightened and intensified the consciousness, and gave to the mind a feeling of being "*ponderibus librata suis*;" and certainly it is most absurdly said, in popular language, of any man, that he is *disguised* in liquor; for, on the contrary, most men are disguised by sobriety; and it is when they are drinking (as some old gentleman says in Athenæus) that men display themselves in their true complexion of character; which surely is not disguising themselves. But still, wine constantly leads a man to the brink of absurdity and extravagance; and, beyond a certain point, it is sure to volatilize and to disperse the intellectual energies; whereas opium always seems to compose what had been

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agitated, and to concentrate what had been distracted. In short, to sum up all in one word, a man who is inebriated, or tending to inebriation, is, and feels that he is, in a condition which calls up into supremacy the merely human, too often the brutal, part of his nature; but the opium-eater (I speak of him who is not suffering from any disease, or other remote effects of opium) feels that the diviner part of his nature is paramount; that is, the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity; and over all is the great light of the majestic intellect.

This is the doctrine of the true church on the subject of opium: of which church I acknowledge myself to be the only member,—the alpha and omega; but then it is to be recollected, that I speak from the ground of a large and profound personal experience, whereas most of the unscientific * authors who have at all treated of opium, and even of those who have written expressly on the *materia medica*, made it evident, from the horror they express of it, that their experimental knowledge of its action is none at all. I will, however, candidly acknowledge that I have met with one person who bore evidence to its intoxicating power, such as staggered my own incredulity; for he was a surgeon, and had himself taken opium largely. I happened to say to him, that his enemies (as I had heard) charged him with talking nonsense on politics, and that his friends apologized for him by suggesting that he was constantly in a state of intoxication from opium. Now, the accusation, said I, is not *primâ facie*, and of necessity, an absurd one; but the defence is. To my surprise, however, he insisted that both his enemies and his friends were in the right. "I will maintain," said he "that I *do* talk nonsense; and secondly, I will maintain that I do not talk nonsense upon principle, or with any view to profit, but solely and simply," said he, "solely and simply,—solely and simply (repeating it three

* Amongst the great herd of travellers, &c., who show sufficiently by their stupidity that they never held any intercourse with opium, I must caution my readers specially against the brilliant author of "*Anastasius*." This gentleman, whose wit would lead one to presume him an opium-eater, has made it impossible to consider him in that character, from the grievous misrepresentation which he has given of its effects, at page 215-217, of vol. I. Upon consideration, it must appear such to the author himself; for, waiving the errors I have insisted on in the text, which (and others) are adopted in the fullest manner, he will himself admit that an old gentleman, "with a snow-white beard," who eats "ample doses of opium," and is yet able to deliver what is meant and received as very weighty counsel on the bad effects of that practice, is but an indifferent evidence that opium either kills prematurely, or sends them into a mad-house. But, for my part, I see into this old gentleman and his motives; the fact is, he was enamoured of "the little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug," which Anastasius carried about him; and no way of obtaining it so safe and so feasible occurred, as that of frightening its owner out of his wits (which, by the by, are none of the strongest). This commentary throws a new light upon the case, and greatly improves it as a story; for the old gentleman's speech, considered as a lecture on pharmacy, is highly absurd; but, considered as a hoax on Anastasius, it reads excellently.

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times over), because I am drunk with opium, and that daily." I replied that, as to the allegation of his enemies, as it seemed to be established upon such respectable testimony, seeing that the three parties concerned all agreed in it, it did not become me to question it; but the defence set up I must demur to. He proceeded to discuss the matter, and to lay down his reasons; but it seemed to me so impolite to pursue an argument which must have presumed a man mistaken in a point belonging to his own profession, that I did not press him even when his course of argument seemed open to objection; not to mention that a man who talks nonsense, even though "with no view to profit," is not altogether the most agreeable partner in a dispute, whether as opponent or respondent. I confess, however, that the authority of a surgeon, and one who was reputed a good one, may seem a weighty one to my prejudice; but still I must plead my experience, which was greater than his greatest by seven thousand drops a day; and though it was not possible to suppose a medical man unacquainted with the characteristic symptoms of vinous intoxication, yet it struck me that he might proceed on a logical error of using the word intoxication with too great latitude, and extending it generically to all modes of nervous excitement, instead of restricting it as the expression for a specific sort of excitement, connected with certain diagnostics. Some people have maintained, in my hearing, that they had been drunk upon green tea; and a medical student in London, for whose knowledge in his profession I have reason to feel great respect, assured me, the other day, that a patient, in recovering from an illness, had got drunk on a beef-steak.

Having dwelt so much on this first and leading error in respect to opium, I shall notice very briefly a second and a third; which are, that the elevation of spirits produced by opium is necessarily followed by a proportionate depression, and that the natural and even immediate consequence of opium is torpor and stagnation, animal and mental. The first of these errors I shall content myself with simply denying; assuring my reader, that for ten years, during which I took opium at intervals, the days succeeding to that on which I allowed myself this luxury was always a day of unusually good spirits.

With respect to the torpor supposed to follow, or rather (if we were to credit the numerous pictures of Turkish opium-eaters) to accompany, the practice of opium-eating, I deny that also. Certainly, opium is classed under the head of narcotics, and some such effect it may produce in the end; but the primary effects of opium are always, and in the highest degree, to excite and stimulate the system; this first stage of its action always lasted with me, during my novitiate, for upwards of eight hours; so that it must be the fault of the opium-eater himself, if he does not so time his exhibition of the dose (to speak medically) as that the whole weight of its narcotic influence may descend upon his sleep. Turkish opium-eaters, it seems, are absurd enough to sit, like so many equestrian statues, on logs of wood as stupid as themselves. But, that the

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reader may judge of the degree in which opium is likely to stupify the faculties of an Englishman, I shall (by way of treating the question illustratively, rather than argumentatively) describe the way in which I myself often passed an opium evening in London, during the period between 1804 and 1812. It will be seen, that at least opium did not move me to seek solitude, and much less to seek inactivity, or the torpid state of self-involution ascribed to the Turks. I give this account at the risk of being pronounced a crazy enthusiast or visionary; but I regard that little. I must desire my reader to bear in mind, that I was a hard student, and at severe studies for all the rest of my time; and certainly I had a right occasionally to relaxations as well as other people; these, however, I allowed myself but seldom.

The late Duke of— used to say, "Next Friday, by the blessing of Heaven, I purpose to be drunk;" and in like manner I used to fix beforehand how often, within a given time, and when, I would commit a debauch of opium. This was seldom more than once in three weeks; for at that time I could not have ventured to call every day (as I did afterwards) for "*a glass of laudanum negus, warm, and without sugar.*" No; as I have said, I seldom drank laudanum, at that time, more than once in three weeks: this was usually on a Tuesday or a Saturday night; my reason for which was this. In those days, Grassini sang at the opera, and her voice was delightful to me beyond all that I had ever heard. I know not what may be the state of the opera-house now, having never been within its walls for seven or eight years; but at that time it was by much the most pleasant place of resort in London for passing an evening. Five shillings admitted one to the gallery, which was subject to far less annoyance than the pit of the theatres; the orchestra was distinguished by its sweet and melodious grandeur, from all English orchestras, the composition of which, I confess, is not acceptable to my ear, from the predominance of the clangorous instruments, and the almost absolute tyranny of the violin. The choruses were divine to hear; and when Grassini appeared in some interlude, as she often did, and poured forth her passionate soul as Andromache, at the tomb of Hector, &c., I question whether any Turk, of all that ever entered the paradise of opium-eaters, can have had half the pleasure I had. But, indeed, I honour the barbarians too much by supposing them capable of any pleasures approaching to the intellectual ones of an Englishman. For music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it. And, by the by, with the exception of the fine extravaganzas on that subject in *Twelfth Night*, I do not recollect more than one thing said adequately on the subject of music in all literature; it is a passage in the *Religio Medici** of Sir T. Browne, and,

* I have not the book at this moment to consult; but I think the passage begins, "And even that tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, in me strikes a deep fit of devotion," &c.

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though chiefly remarkable for its sublimity, has also a philosophic value, inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects. The mistake of most people is, to suppose that it is by the ear they communicate with music, and therefore that they are purely passive to its effects. But this is not so; it is by the reaction of the mind upon the notices of the ear (the *matter* coming by the senses, the *form* from the mind) that the pleasure is constructed; and therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much in this point from one another. Now, opium, by greatly increasing the activity of the mind, generally increases, of necessity, that particular mode of its activity by which we are able to construct out of the raw material of organic sound an elaborate intellectual pleasure. But, says a friend, a succession of musical sounds is to me like a collection of Arabic characters: I can attach no ideas to them. Ideas! my good sir? there is no occasion for them! all that class of ideas which can be available in such a case has a language of representative feelings. But this is a subject foreign to my present purposes; it is sufficient to say, that a chorus, &c., of elaborate harmony, displayed before me, as in a piece of arras-work, the whole of my past life,—not as if recalled by an act of memory, but as if present and incarnated in the music; no longer painful to dwell upon, but the detail of its incidents removed, or blended in some hazy abstraction, and its passions exalted, spiritualized, and sublimed. All this was to be had for five shillings. And over and above the music of the stage and the orchestra, I had all around me, in the intervals of the performance, the music of the Italian language talked by Italian women,—for the gallery was usually crowded with Italians,—and I listened with a pleasure such as that with which Weld, the traveller, lay and listened, in Canada, to the sweet laughter of Indian women; for the less you understand of a language, the more sensible you are to the melody or harshness of its sounds. For such a purpose, therefore, it was an advantage to me that I was a poor Italian scholar, reading it but little, and not speaking it at all, nor understanding a tenth part of what I heard spoken.

These were my opera pleasures; but another pleasure I had, which, as it could be had only on a Saturday night, occasionally struggled with my love of the opera; for, at that time, Tuesday and Saturday were the regular opera nights. On this subject I am afraid I shall be rather obscure, but, I can assure the reader, not at all more so than Marinus in his life of Proclus, or many other biographers and auto-biographers of fair reputation. This pleasure, I have said, was to be had only on a Saturday night. What, then, was Saturday night to me, more than any other night? I had no labours that I rested from; no wages to receive; what needed I to care for Saturday night, more than as it was a summons to hear Grassini? True, most logical reader; what you say is unanswerable. And yet so it was and is, that whereas different men throw their feelings into different channels, and most are apt to show their interest in the concerns of the poor, chiefly by sympathy, expressed in some shape

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or other, with their distresses and sorrows, I, at that time, was disposed to express my interest by sympathizing with their pleasures. The pains of poverty I had lately seen too much of,—more than I wished to remember; but the pleasures of the poor, their consolations of spirit, and their repose from bodily toil, can never become oppressive to contemplate. Now, Saturday night is the season for the chief regular and periodic return of rest to the poor; in this point the most hostile sects unite, and acknowledge a common link of brotherhood; almost all Christendom rests from its labours. It is a rest introductory to another rest; and divided by a whole day and two nights from the renewal of toil. On this account I feel always, on a Saturday night, as though I also were released from some yoke of labour, had some wages to receive, and some luxury of repose to enjoy. For the sake, therefore, of witnessing, upon as large a scale as possible, a spectacle with which my sympathy was so entire, I used often, on Saturday nights, after I had taken opium, to wander forth, without much regarding the direction or the distance, to all the markets, and other parts of London, to which the poor resort on a Saturday night, for laying out their wages. Many a family party, consisting of a man, his wife, and sometimes one or two of his children, have I listened to, as they stood consulting on their ways and means, or the strength of their exchequer, or the price of household articles. Gradually I became familiar with their wishes, their difficulties, and their opinions. Sometimes there might be heard murmurs of discontent; but far oftener expressions on the countenance, or uttered in words, of patience, hope, and tranquillity. And, taken generally, I must say, that, in this point, at least, the poor are far more philosophic than the rich; that they show a more ready and cheerful submission to what they consider as irremediable evils, or irreparable losses. Whenever I saw occasion, or could do it without appearing to be intrusive, I joined their parties, and gave my opinion upon the matter in discussion, which, if not always judicious, was always received indulgently. If wages were a little higher, or expected to be so, or the quarter loaf a little lower, or it was reported that onions and butter were expected to fall, I was glad; yet, if the contrary were true, I drew from opium some means of consoling myself. For opium (like the bee, that extracts its materials indiscriminately from roses and from the soot of chimneys) can overrule all feelings into a compliance with the master-key. Some of these rambles led me to great distances; for an opium-eater is too happy to observe the motion of time. And sometimes, in my attempts to steer homewards, upon nautical principles, by fixing my eye on the pole-star, and seeking ambitiously for a north-west passage, instead of circumnavigating all the capes and head-lands I had doubled in my outward voyage, I came suddenly upon such knotty problems of alleys, such enigmatical entries, and such sphinx's riddles of streets without thoroughfares, as must, I conceive, baffle the audacity of porters, and confound the intellect of hackney-coachmen. I could almost have believed, at times, that I must

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be the first discoverer of some of these *terre incognite*, and doubted whether they had yet been laid down in the modern charts of London. For all this, however, I paid a heavy price in distant years, when the human face tyrannized over my dreams, and the perplexities of my steps in London came back and haunted my sleep, with the feeling of perplexities moral or intellectual, that brought confusion to the reason, or anguish and remorse to the conscience.

Thus I have shown that opium does not, of necessity, produce inactivity or torpor; but that, on the contrary, it often led me into markets and theatres. Yet, in candour, I will admit that markets and theatres are not the appropriate haunts of the opium-eater, when in the divinest state incident to his enjoyment. In that state, crowds become an oppression to him; music, even, too sensual and gross. He naturally seeks solitude and silence, as indispensable conditions of those trances, or profoundest reveries, which are the crown and consummation of what opium can do for human nature. I, whose disease it was to meditate too much and to observe too little, and who, upon my first entrance at college, was nearly falling into a deep melancholy, from brooding too much on the sufferings which I had witnessed in London, was sufficiently aware of the tendencies of my own thoughts to do all I could to counteract them. I was, indeed, like a person who according to the old legend, had entered the cave of Trophonius; and the remedies I sought were to force myself into society, and to keep my understanding in continual activity upon matters of science. But for these remedies, I should certainly have become hypochondriacally melancholy. In after years, however, when my cheerfulness was more fully re-established, I yielded to my natural inclination for a solitary life. And at that time I often fell into these reveries upon taking opium; and more than once it has happened to me, on a summer night, when I have been at an open window, in a room from which I could overlook the sea at a mile below me, and could command a view of the great town of L—, at about the same distance, that I have sat from sunrise to sunset, motionless, and without wishing to move.

I shall be charged with mysticism, Behmenism, quietism, &c.; but that shall not alarm me. Sir H. Vane, the younger, was one of our wisest men; and let my readers see if he, in his philosophical works, be half as unmystical as I am. I say, then, that it has often struck me that the scene itself was somewhat typical of what took place in such a reverie. The town of L— represented the earth, with its sorrows and its graves left behind, yet not out of sight, nor wholly forgotten. The ocean, in everlasting but gentle agitation, and brooded over by dove-like calm, might not unfitly typify the mind, and the mood which then swayed it. For it seemed to me as if then first I stood at a distance, and aloof from the uproar of life; as if the tumult, the fever, and the strife, were suspended; a respite granted from the secret burdens of the heart; a sabbath of repose; a resting from human labours. Here were the hopes which blossom

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in the paths of life, reconciled with the peace which is in the grave; motions of the intellect as unwearied as the heavens, yet for all anxieties a halcyon calm; a tranquillity that seemed no product of inertia, but as if resulting from mighty and equal antagonisms; infinite activities, infinite repose.

O just, subtle, and mighty opium! that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for "the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel," bringest an assuaging balm;—eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath, and, to the guilty man, for one night givest back the hopes of his youth, and hands washed pure from blood; and, to the proud man, a brief oblivion for

Wrongs unredressed, and insults unavenged;

that summonest to the chancery of dreams, for the triumphs of suffering innocence, false witnesses, and confoundest perjury, and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges; thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles, —beyond the splendour of Babylon and Hekatompylos; and, "from the anarchy of dreaming sleep," callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the "dishonours of the grave." Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh just, subtle, and mighty opium!

INTRODUCTION TO THE PAINS OF OPIUM.

COURTEOUS, and, I hope, indulgent reader (for all my readers must be indulgent ones, or else, I fear, I shall shock them too much to count on their courtesy), having accompanied me thus far, now let me request you to move onwards, for about eight years; that is to say, from 1804 (when I said that my acquaintance with opium first began) to 1812. The years of academic life are now over and gone, —almost forgotten; the student's cap no longer presses my temples; if my cap exists at all, it presses those of some youthful scholar, I trust, as happy as myself, and as passionate a lover of knowledge. My gown is, by this time, I dare to say, in the same condition with many thousands of excellent books in the Bodleian, namely, diligently perused by certain studious moths and worms; or departed, however (which is all that I know of its fate), to that great reservoir of *somewhere*, to which all the tea-cups, tea-caddies, tea-pots, tea-kettles, &c., have departed, not to speak of still frailer vessels, such as glasses, decanters, bed-makers, &c.), which occasional resemblances in the present generation of tea-cups, &c., remind me of having once

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possessed, but of whose departure and final fate, I, in common with most gownsmen of either university, could give, I suspect, but an obscure and conjectural history. The persecutions of the chapel-bell, sounding its unwelcome summons to six o'clock matins, interrupt my slumbers no longer; the porter who rang it, upon whose beautiful nose (bronze, inlaid with copper) I wrote, in retaliation, so many Greek epigrams whilst I was dressing, is dead, and has ceased to disturb anybody; and I, and many others who suffered much from his tintinnabulous propensities, have now agreed to overlook his errors, and have forgiven him. Even with the bell I am now in charity; it rings, I suppose, as formerly, thrice a day; and cruelly annoys, I doubt not, many worthy gentlemen, and disturbs their peace of mind; but, as to me, in this year 1812, I regard its treacherous voice no longer (treacherous I call it, for, by some refinement of malice, it spoke in as sweet and silvery tones as if it had been inviting one to a party); its tones have no longer, indeed, power to reach me let the wind sit as favourable as the malice of the bell itself could wish; for I am two hundred and fifty miles away from it, and buried in the depth of mountains. And what am I doing amongst the mountains? Taking opium. Yes, but what else? Why, reader, in 1812, the year we are now arrived at, as well as for some years previous, I have been chiefly studying German metaphysics, in the writings of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, &c. And how, and in what manner, do I live? in short, what class or description of men do I belong to? I am at this period, namely, in 1812, living in a cottage; and with a single female servant (*honi soit qui mal y pense*), who, amongst my neighbours, passes by the name of my "house-keeper." And, as a scholar and a man of learned education, and in that sense a gentleman, I may presume to class myself as an unworthy member of that indefinite body called *gentlemen*. Partly on the ground I have assigned, perhaps,—partly because, from my having no visible calling or business, it is rightly judged that I must be living on my private fortune,—I am so classed by my neighbours; and, by the courtesy of modern England, I am usually addressed on letters, &c., *Esquire*, though having, I fear, in the rigorous construction of heralds, but slender pretensions to that distinguished honour;—yes, in popular estimation, I am X. Y. Z., Esquire, but not Justice of the Peace, nor Custos Rotulorum. Am I married? Not yet. And I still take opium? On Saturday nights. And, perhaps, have taken it unblushingly ever since "the rainy Sunday," and "the stately Pantheon," and "the beatific druggist" of 1804? Even so. And how do I find my health after all this opium-eating? in short, how do I do? Why, pretty well, I thank you, reader; in the phrase of ladies in the straw, "as well as can be expected." In fact, if I dared to say the real and simple truth (it must not be forgotten that hitherto I thought, to satisfy the theories of medical men, I ought to be ill), I was never better in my life than in the spring of 1812; and I hope sincerely, that the quantity of claret, port, or "particular Madeira," which, in all probability, you, good reader, have taken

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and design to take, for every term of eight years, during your natural life, may as little disorder your health as mine was disordered by opium I had taken for the eight years between 1804 and 1812. Hence you may see again the danger of taking any medical advice from *Anastasius*; in divinity, for aught I know, or law, he may be a safe counsellor, but not in medicine. No; it is far better to consult Dr. Buchan, as I did; for I never forgot that worthy man's excellent suggestion, and I was "particularly careful not to take above five-and-twenty ounces of laudanum." To this moderation and temperate use of the article I may ascribe it, I suppose, that as yet, at least (that is, in 1812), I am ignorant and unsuspecting of the avenging terrors which opium has in store for those who abuse its lenity. At the same time, I have only been a *dilettante* eater of opium; eight years' practice, even with the single precaution of allowing sufficient intervals between every indulgence, has not been sufficient to make opium necessary to me as an article of daily diet. But now comes a different era. Move on, if you please, reader, to 1813. In the summer of the year we have just quitted, I had suffered much in bodily health from distress of mind connected with a very melancholy event. This event, being no ways related to the subject now before me, further than through bodily illness which it produced, I need not more particularly notice. Whether this illness of 1812 had any share in that of 1813, I know not; but so it was, that, in the latter year, I was attacked by a most appalling irritation of the stomach, in all respects the same as that which had caused me so much suffering in youth, and accompanied by a revival of all the old dreams. This is the point of my narrative on which, as respects my own self-justification, the whole of what follows may be said to hinge. And here I find myself in a perplexing dilemma:—Either, on the one hand, I must exhaust the reader's patience, by such a detail of my malady, and of my struggles with it, as might suffice to establish the fact of my inability to wrestle any longer with irritation and constant suffering; or, on the other hand, by passing lightly over this critical part of my story, I must forego the benefit of a stronger impression left on the mind of the reader, and must lay myself open to the misconstruction of having slipped by the easy and gradual steps of self-indulging persons, from the first to the final stage of opium-eating (a misconstruction to which there will be a lurking predisposition in most readers, from my previous acknowledgment). This is the dilemma, the first horn of which would be sufficient to toss and gore any column of patient readers, though drawn up sixteen deep, and constantly relieved by fresh men; consequently *that* is not to be thought of. It remains, then, that I *postulate* so much as is necessary for my purpose. And let me take as full credit for what I postulate as if I had demonstrated it, good reader, at the expense of your patience and my own. Be not so ungenerous as to let me suffer in your good opinion through my own forbearance and regard for your comfort. No; believe all that I ask of you, namely, that I could resist no longer,—believe it liberally, and as an act of grace, or else in mere

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prudence ; for, if not, then, in the next edition of my Opium Confessions, revised and enlarged, I will make you believe, and tremble ; and, *à force d'ennuyer*, by mere dint of pandiculation, I will terrify all readers of mine from ever again questioning any postulate that I shall think fit to make.

This, then, let me repeat : I postulate that, at the time I began to take opium daily, I could not have done otherwise. Whether, indeed, afterwards, I might not have succeeded in breaking off the habit, even when it seemed to me that all efforts would be unavailing, and whether many of the innumerable efforts which I *did* make might not have been carried much further, and my gradual re-conquests of ground lost might not have been followed up much more energetically,—these are questions which I must decline. Perhaps I might make out a case of palliation ; but—shall I speak ingenuously ?—I confess it, as a besetting infirmity of mine, that I am too much of an Eudæmonist ; I hanker too much after a state of happiness, both for myself and others ; I cannot face misery, whether my own or not, with an eye of sufficient firmness ; and am little capable of encountering present pain for the sake of any reversionary benefit. On some other matters, I can agree with the gentlemen in the cotton trade* at Manchester in affecting the Stoic philosophy ; but not in this. Here I take the liberty of an Eclectic philosopher, and I look out for some courteous and considerate sect that will condescend more to the infirm condition of an opium-eater ; that are “sweet men,” as Chaucer says, “to give absolution,” and will show some conscience in the penances they inflict, and the efforts of abstinence they exact from poor sinners like myself. An inhuman moralist I can no more endure, in my nervous state, than opium that has not been boiled. At any rate, he who summons me to send out a large freight of self-denial and mortification upon any cruising voyage of moral improvement, must make it clear to my understanding that the concern is a hopeful one. At my time of life (six-and-thirty years of age), it cannot be supposed that I have much energy to spare ; in fact, I find it all little enough for the intellectual labours I have on my hands ; and, therefore, let no man expect to frighten me by a few hard words into embarking any part of it upon desperate adventures of morality.

Whether desperate or not, however, the issue of the struggle in 1813 was what I have mentioned ; and from this date the reader is to consider me as a regular and confirmed opium-eater, of whom to ask whether on any particular day he had or had not taken opium, would be to ask whether his lungs had performed respiration, or the heart fulfilled its functions. You understand, now, reader, what I

* A handsome news-room, of which I was very politely made free in passing through Manchester, by several gentlemen of that place, is called, I think, *The Porch* ; whence I, who am a stranger in Manchester, inferred that the subscribers meant to profess themselves followers of Zeno. But I have been since assured that this is a mistake.

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am; and you are by this time aware, that no old gentleman, "with a snow-white beard," will have any chance of persuading me to surrender "the little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug." No; I give notice to all, whether moralists or surgeons, that whatever be their pretensions and skill in their respective lines of practice, they must not hope for any countenance from me, if they think to begin by any savage proposition for a Lent or Ramadam of abstinence from opium. This, then, being all fully understood between us, we shall in future sail before the wind. Now, then, reader, from 1813, where all this time we have been sitting down and loitering, rise up, if you please, and walk forward about three years more. Now draw up the curtain, and you shall see me in a new character.

If any man, poor or rich, were to say that he would tell us what had been the happiest day in his life, and the why and the wherefore, I suppose that we should all cry out, Hear him! hear him! As to the happiest day, that must be very difficult for any wise man to name; because any event, that could occupy so distinguished a place in a man's retrospect of his life, or be entitled to have shed a special felicity on any one day, ought to be of such an enduring character, as that (accidents apart) it should have continued to shed the same felicity, or one not distinguishably less, on many years together. To the happiest *lustrum*, however, or even to the happiest *year*, it may be allowed to any man to point without discountenance from wisdom. This year, in my case, reader, was the one which we have now reached; though it stood, I confess, as a parenthesis between years of a gloomier character. It was a year of brilliant water (to speak after the manner of jewellers), set, as it were, and insulated, in the gloom and cloudy melancholy of opium. Strange as it may sound, I had a little before this time descended suddenly, and without any considerable effort, from three hundred and twenty grains of opium (that is, eight* thousand drops of laudanum) per day, to forty grains, or one-eighth part. Instantaneously, and as if by magic, the cloud of profoundest melancholy which rested upon my brain, like some black vapours that I have seen roll away from the summits of mountains, drew off in one day; passed off with its murky banners as simultaneously as a ship that has been stranded, and is floated off by a spring tide,—

That moveth altogether, if it move at all.

Now, then, I was again happy: I now took only one thousand

* I here reckon twenty-five drops of laudanum as equivalent to one grain of opium, which, I believe, is the common estimate. However, as both may be considered variable quantities (the crude opium varying much in strength, and the tincture still more), I suppose that no infinitesimal accuracy can be had in such a calculation. Tea-spoons vary as much in size as opium in strength. Small ones hold about one hundred drops: so that eight thousand drops are about eighty times a tea-spoonful. The reader sees how much I kept within Dr. Buchan's indulgent allowance.

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drops of laudanum per day,—and what was that? A later spring had come to close up the season of youth; my brain performed its functions as healthily as ever before. I read Kant again, and again I understood him, or fancied that I did. Again my feelings of pleasure expanded themselves to all around me; and if any man from Oxford or Cambridge, or from neither, had been announced to me in my unpretending cottage, I should have welcomed him with as sumptuous a reception as so poor a man could offer. Whatever else was wanting to a wise man's happiness, of laudanum I would have given him as much as he wished, and in a golden cup. And, by the way, now that I speak of giving laudanum away, I remember, about this time, a little incident which I mention, because, trifling as it was, the reader will soon meet it again in my dreams, which it influenced more fearfully than could be imagined. One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact amongst English mountains, I cannot conjecture; but possibly he was on his road to a seaport about forty miles distant.

The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl, born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort: his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little; and as it turned out that his attainments in English were exactly of the same extent as hers in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma, the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house. I did not immediately go down, but when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque attitudes exhibited in the ballets in the opera-house, though so ostentatiously complex, had ever done. In a cottage kitchen, but panelled on the wall with dark wood, that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malay, his turban and loose trousers of dingy white relieved upon the dark panelling; he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish, though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feeling of simple awe which her countenance expressed, as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. And a more striking picture there could not be imagined, than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite fairness, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, enamelled or veneered with mahogany by marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures, and adorations. Half hidden by the ferocious-looking Malay, was a little child from a neighbouring cottage, who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head and gazing upwards at

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the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection.

My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being, indeed, confined to two words,—the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium (madjoon), which I have learnt from Anastasius. And, as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung's *Mithridates*, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the Iliad; considering that, of such language as I possessed, the Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one. He worshipped me in a devout manner, and replied in what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbours; for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure, I presented him with a piece of opium. To him, as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar, and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and (in the school-boy phrase) bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses, and I felt some alarm for the poor creature; but what could be done? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that, if he had travelled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality by having him seized and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol. No; there was clearly no help for it. He took his leave, and for some days I felt anxious; but, as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used* to opium, and that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering.

This incident I have digressed to mention, because this Malay (partly from the picturesque exhibition he assisted to frame, partly from the anxiety I connected with his image for some days) fastened afterwards upon my dreams, and brought other Malays with him

* This, however, is not a necessary conclusion, the varieties of effect produced by opium on different constitutions are infinite. A London magistrate (Harriott's "Struggles through Life," vol. iii., p. 391, third edition) has recorded that on the first occasion of his trying laudanum for the gout, he took FORTY drops; the next night SIXTY, and on the fifth night EIGHTY, without any effect whatever; and this at an advanced age. I have an anecdote from a country surgeon, however, which sinks Mr. Harriott's case into a trifle, and in my projected medical treatise on opium, which I will publish, provided the College of Surgeons will pay me for enlightening their benighted understandings upon this subject, I will relate it; but it is far too good a story to be published gratis.

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worse than himself, that ran "a-muck"* at me, and led me into a world of troubles. But, to quit this episode, and to return to my intercalary year of happiness. I have said already, that on a subject so important to us all as happiness, we should listen with pleasure to any man's experience or experiments, even though he were but a ploughboy, who cannot be supposed to have ploughed very deep in such an intractable soil as that of human pains and pleasures, or to have conducted his researches upon any very enlightened principles. But I, who have taken happiness, both in a solid and a liquid shape, both boiled and unboiled, both East India and Turkey,—who have conducted my experiments upon this interesting subject with a sort of galvanic battery,—and have, for the general benefit of the world, inoculated myself, as it were, with the poison of eight hundred drops of laudanum per day (just for the same reason as a French surgeon inoculated himself lately with a cancer,—an English one, twenty years ago, with plague,—and a third, I know not of what nation, with hydrophobia),—I, it will be admitted, must surely know what happiness is, if anybody does. And therefore I will here lay down an analysis of happiness; and, as the most interesting mode of communicating it, I will give it, not didactically, but wrapt up and involved in a picture of one evening, as I spent every evening during the intercalary year when laudanum, though taken daily, was to me no more than the elixir of pleasure. This done, I shall quit the subject of happiness altogether, and pass to a very different one,—the *pains of opium*.

Let there be a cottage, standing in a valley, eighteen miles from any town; no spacious valley, but about two miles long by three-quarters of a mile in average width,—the benefit of which provision is, that all the families resident within its circuit will compose, as it were, one larger household, personally familiar to your eye, and more or less interesting to your affections. Let the mountains be real mountains, between three and four thousand feet high, and the cottage a real cottage, not (as a witty author has it) "a cottage with a double coach-house;" let it be, in fact (for I must abide by the actual scene), a white cottage, embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls, and clustering around the windows, through all the months of spring, summer, and autumn; beginning, in fact, with May roses, and ending with jasmine. Let it, however, *not* be spring, nor summer, nor autumn; but winter, in its sternest shape. This is a most important point in the science of happiness. And I am surprised to see people overlook it, and think it matter of congratulation that winter is going, or, if coming, is not likely to be a severe one. On the contrary, I put up a petition, annually, for as much snow,

* See the common accounts, in any Eastern traveller or voyager, of the frantic excesses committed by Malays who have taken opium, or are reduced to desperation by ill-luck at gambling.

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hail, frost, or storm of one kind or other, as the skies can possibly afford us. Surely everybody is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fireside,—candles at four o'clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without,

And at the doors and windows seem to call
As heaven and earth they would together mell;
Yet the least entrance find they none at all;
Whence sweeter grows our rest secure in massy hall.

Castle of Indolence.

All these are items in the description of a winter evening which must surely be familiar to everybody born in a high latitude. And it is evident that most of these delicacies, like ice-cream, require a very low temperature of the atmosphere to produce them: they are fruits which cannot be ripened without weather stormy or inclement, in some way or other. I am not "*particular*," as people say, whether it be snow, or black frost, or wind so strong that (as Mr. — says) "you may lean your back against it like a post." I can put up even with rain, provided that it rains cats and dogs; but something of the sort I must have, and if I have not, I think myself in a manner ill used: for why am I called on to pay so heavily for winter, in coals, and candles, and various privations that will occur even to gentlemen, if I am not to have the article good of its kind? No: a Canadian winter, for my money; or a Russian one, where every man is but a co-proprietor with the north wind in the fee-simple of his own ears. Indeed, so great an epicure am I in this matter, that I cannot relish a winter night fully, if it be much past St. Thomas' day, and have degenerated into disgusting tendencies to vernal appearances;—no, it must be divided by a thick wall of dark nights from all return of light and sunshine. From the latter weeks of October to Christmas-eve, therefore, is the period during which happiness is in season, which, in my judgment, enters the room with the tea-tray; for tea, though ridiculed by those who are naturally of coarse nerves, or are become so from wine-drinking, and are not susceptible of influence from so refined a stimulant, will always be the favourite beverage of the intellectual; and, for my part, I would have joined Dr. Johnson in a *bellum internecinum* against Jonas Hanway, or any other impious person who should presume to disparage it. But here, to save myself the trouble of too much verbal description, I will introduce a painter, and give him directions for the rest of the picture. Painters do not like white cottages, unless a good deal weather-stained; but, as the reader now understands that it is a winter night, his services will not be required except for the inside of the house.

Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and a half feet high. This, reader, is somewhat ambitiously styled, in my family, the drawing-room; but being contrived

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"a double debt to pay," it is also, and more justly, termed the library; for it happens that books are the only article of property in which I am richer than my neighbours. Of these I have about five thousand, collected gradually since my eighteenth year. Therefore, painter, put as many as you can into this room. Make it populous with books; and, furthermore, paint me a good fire; and furniture plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar. And near the fire paint me a tea-table; and (as it is clear that no creature can come to see one, such a stormy night) place only two cups and saucers on the tea-tray; and, if you know how to paint such a thing symbolically, or otherwise, paint me an eternal teapot,—eternal *a parte ante*, and *a parte post*; for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four in the morning. And, as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it out for one's self, paint me a lovely young woman, sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smiles like Hebe's;—but no, dear M., not even in jest let me insinuate that thy power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty; or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any personal pencil. Pass, then, my good painter, to something more within its power; and the next article brought forward should naturally be myself,—a picture of the Opium-eater, with his "little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug" lying beside him on the table. As to the opium, I have no objection to see a picture of *that*, though I would rather see the original; you may paint it, if you choose; but I apprise you that no "little" receptacle would, even in 1816, answer *my* purpose, who was at a distance from the "stately Pantheon," and all druggists (mortal or otherwise). No: you may as well paint the real receptacle, which was not of gold, but of glass, and as much like a wine-decanter as possible. Into this you may put a quart of ruby-coloured laudanum; that, and a book of German metaphysics placed by its side, will sufficiently attest my being in the neighbourhood; but as to myself, there I demur. I admit that, naturally, I ought to occupy the foreground of the picture; that being the hero of the piece, or (if you choose) the criminal at the bar, my body should be had into court. This seems reasonable; but why should I confess, on this point, to a painter? or, why confess at all? If the public (into whose private ear I am confidentially whispering my confessions, and not into any painter's) should chance to have framed some agreeable picture for itself of the Opium-eater's exterior,—should have ascribed to him, romantically, an elegant person, or a handsome face, why should I barbarously tear from it so pleasing a delusion,—pleasing both to the public and to me? No: paint me, if at all, according to your own fancy; and, as a painter's fancy should teem with beautiful creations, I cannot fail, in that way, to be a gainer. And now, reader, we have run through all the categories of my condition, as it stood about 1816—1817, up to the middle of which latter year I judge myself to have been a happy man; and the elements of that happiness I have endeavoured to

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place before you, in the above sketch of the interior of a scholar's library,—in a cottage among the mountains, on a stormy winter evening.

But now farewell, a long farewell, to happiness, winter or summer! farewell to smiles and laughter! farewell to peace of mind! farewell to hope and to tranquil dreams, and to the blessed consolations of sleep! For more than three years and a half I am summoned away from these; I am now arrived at an Iliad of woes: for I have now to record—

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———— as when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.
Shelley's Revolt of Islam.

READER, who have thus far accompanied me, I must request your attention to a brief explanatory note on three points:

1. For several reasons, I have not been able to compose the notes for this part of my narrative into any regular and connected shape. I give the notes disjointed as I find them, or have now drawn them up from memory. Some of them point to their own date; some I have dated; and some are undated. Whenever it could answer my purpose to transplant them from the natural or chronological order, I have not scrupled to do so. Sometimes I speak in the present, sometimes in the past tense. Few of the notes, perhaps, were written exactly at the period of time to which they relate; but this can little affect their accuracy, as the impressions were such that they can never fade from my mind. Much has been omitted. I could not, without effort, constrain myself to the task of either recalling, or constructing into a regular narrative, the whole burden of horrors which lies upon my brain. This feeling, partly, I plead in excuse, and partly that I am not in London, and am a helpless sort of person who cannot even arrange his own papers without assistance; and I am separated from the hands which are wont to perform for me the offices of an amanuensis.

2. You will think, perhaps, that I am too confidential and communicative of my own private history. It may be so. But my way of writing is rather to think aloud, and follow my own humours, than much to consider who is listening to me; and, if I stop to consider what is proper to be said to this or that person, I shall soon come to doubt whether any part at all is proper. The fact is, I place myself at a distance of fifteen or twenty years ahead of this time, and suppose myself writing to those who will be interested about me hereafter; and wishing to have some record of a time, the entire history

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of which no one can know but myself, I do it as fully as I am able with the efforts I am now capable of making, because I know not whether I can ever find time to do it again.

3. It will occur to you often to ask, Why did I not release myself from the horrors of opium, by leaving it off, or diminishing it? To this I must answer briefly; it might be supposed that I yielded to the fascinations of opium too easily; it cannot be supposed that any man can be charmed by its terrors. The reader may be sure, therefore, that I made attempts innumerable to reduce the quantity. I add, that those who witnessed the agonies of those attempts, and not myself, were the first to beg me to desist. But could not I have reduced it a drop a day, or, by adding water, have bisected or trisected a drop? A thousand drops bisected would thus have taken nearly six years to reduce; and that they would certainly not have answered. But this is a common mistake of those who know nothing of opium experimentally; I appeal to those who do, whether it is not always found that down to a certain point it can be reduced with ease, and even pleasure, but that, after that point, further reduction causes intense suffering. Yes, say many thoughtless persons, who know not what they are talking of, you will suffer a little low spirits and dejection, for a few days. I answer, no; there is nothing like low spirits; on the contrary, the mere animal spirits are uncommonly raised; the pulse is improved; the health is better. It is not there that the suffering lies. It has no resemblance to the sufferings caused by renouncing wine. It is a state of unutterable irritation of stomach (which surely is not much like dejection,) accompanied by intense perspirations, and feelings such as I shall not attempt to describe without more space at my command.

I shall now enter "*in medias res*," and shall anticipate, from a time when my opium pains might be said to be at their *acmé*, an account of their palsyng effects on the intellectual faculties.

My studies have now been long interrupted. I cannot read to myself with any pleasure, hardly with a moment's endurance. Yet I read aloud sometimes for the pleasure of others; because reading is an accomplishment of mine, and, in the slang use of the word *accomplishment* as a superficial and ornamental attainment, almost the only one I possess; and formerly, if I had any vanity at all connected with any endowment or attainment of mine, it was with this; for I had observed that no accomplishment was so rare. Players are the worst readers of all: — reads vilely; and Mrs. —, who is so celebrated, can read nothing well but dramatic compositions; Milton she cannot read sufferably. People in general either read poetry without any passion at all, or else overstep the modesty of nature, and read not like scholars. Of late, if I have felt moved by anything in books, it has been by the grand lamentations of Samson Agonistes, or the great harmonies of the Satanic speeches in Paradise Regained, when read aloud by myself. A young lady sometimes comes and drinks tea with us; at her request and M.'s, I now and then read Wordsworth's poems to them. (W., by the by, is the only

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poet I ever met who could read his own verses ; often, indeed, he reads admirably.)

For nearly two years I believe that I read no book but one ; and I owe it to the author, in discharge of a great debt of gratitude, to mention what that was. The sublimer and more passionate poets I still read, as I have said, by snatches, and occasionally. But my proper vocation, as I well knew, was the exercise of the analytic understanding. Now, for the most part, analytic studies are continuous, and not to be pursued by fits and starts, or fragmentary efforts. Mathematics, for instance, intellectual philosophy, &c., were all become insupportable to me ; I shrunk from them with a sense of powerless and infantine feebleness that gave me an anguish the greater from remembering the time when I grappled with them to my own hourly delight ; and for this further reason, because I had devoted the labour of my whole life, and had dedicated my intellect, blossoms and fruits, to the slow and elaborate toil of constructing one single work, to which I had presumed to give the title of an unfinished work of Spinoza's, namely, *De Emendatione Humani Intellectus*. This was now lying locked up as by frost, like any Spanish bridge or aqueduct, begun upon too great a scale for the resources of the architect ; and, instead of surviving me as a monument of wishes at least, and aspirations, and a life of labour dedicated to the exaltation of human nature in that way in which God had best fitted me to promote so great an object, it was likely to stand a memorial to my children of hopes defeated, of baffled efforts, of materials uselessly accumulated, of foundations laid that were never to support a superstructure, of the grief and the ruin of the architect. In this state of imbecility, I had, for amusement, turned my attention to political economy ; my understanding, which formerly had been as active and restless as a hyena, could not, I suppose (so long as I lived at all), sink into utter lethargy ; and political economy offers this advantage to a person in my state, that though it is eminently an organic science (no part, that is to say, but what acts on the whole, as the whole again reacts on each part), yet the several parts may be detached and contemplated singly. Great as was the prostration of my powers at this time, yet I could not forget my knowledge ; and my understanding had been for too many years intimate with severe thinkers, with logic, and the great masters of knowledge, not to be aware of the utter feebleness of the main herd of modern economists. I had been led in 1811 to look into loads of books and pamphlets on many branches of economy ; and, at my desire, M. sometimes read to me chapters from more recent works, or parts of parliamentary debates. I saw that these were generally the very dregs and rinsings of the human intellect ; and that any man of sound head, and practised in wielding logic with scholastic adroitness, might take up the whole academy of modern economists, and throttle them between heaven and earth with his finger and thumb, or bray their fungous heads to powder with a lady's fan. At length, in 1819, a friend in Edinburgh sent me down

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Mr. Ricardo's book; and, recurring to my own prophetic anticipation of the advent of some legislator for this science, I said, before I had finished the first chapter, "Thou art the man!" Wonder and curiosity were emotions that had long been dead in me. Yet I wondered once more: I wondered at myself that I could once again be stimulated to the effort of reading; and much more I wondered at the book. Had this profound work been really written in England during the nineteenth century? Was it possible? I supposed thinking* had been extinct in England. Could it be that an Englishman, and he not in academic bowers, but oppressed by mercantile and senatorial cares, had accomplished what all the universities of Europe, and a century of thought, had failed even to advance by one hair's breadth? All other writers had been crushed and overlaid by the enormous weights of facts and documents; Mr. Ricardo had deduced, *à priori*, from the understanding itself, laws which first gave a ray of light into the unwieldy chaos of materials, and had constructed what had been but a collection of tentative discussions into a science of regular proportions, now first standing on an eternal basis.

Thus did one simple work of a profound understanding avail to give me a pleasure and an activity which I had not known for years; it roused me even to write, or, at least, to dictate what M. wrote for me. It seemed to me that some important truths had escaped even "the inevitable eye" of Mr. Ricardo; and, as these were, for the most part, of such a nature that I could express or illustrate them more briefly and elegantly by algebraic symbols than in the usual clumsy and loitering diction of economists, the whole would not have filled a pocket-book; and being so brief, with M. for my amanuensis, even at this time, incapable as I was of all general exertion, I drew up my *Prolegomena to all Future Systems of Political Economy*. I hope it will not be found redolent of opium; though, indeed, to most people, the subject itself is a sufficient opiate.

This exertion, however, was but a temporary flash, as the sequel showed; for I designed to publish my work. Arrangements were made at a provincial press, about eighteen miles distant, for printing it. An additional compositor was retained for some days, on this account. The work was even twice advertised; and I was, in a manner, pledged to the fulfilment of my intention. But I had a preface to write; and a dedication, which I wished to make a splendid one, to Mr. Ricardo. I found myself quite unable to accomplish all this. The arrangements were countermanded, the compositor

* The reader must remember what I here mean by *thinking*; because, else, this would be a very presumptuous expression. England, of late, has been rich to excess in fine thinkers, in the departments of creative and combining thought; but there is a sad dearth of masculine thinkers in any analytic path. A Scotchman of eminent name has lately told us, that he is obliged to quit even mathematics, for want of encouragement.

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dismissed, and my "prolegomena" rested peacefully by the side of its elder and more dignified brother.

I have thus described and illustrated my intellectual torpor, in terms that apply, more or less, to every part of the four years during which I was under the Circean spells of opium. But for misery and suffering, I might, indeed, be said to have existed in a dormant state. I seldom could prevail on myself to write a letter; an answer of a few words, to any that I received, was the utmost that I could accomplish; and often *that* not until the letter had laid weeks, or even months, on my writing-table. Without the aid of M., all records of bills paid, or *to be* paid, must have perished; and my whole domestic economy, whatever became of Political Economy, must have gone into irretrievable confusion. I shall not afterwards allude to this part of the case; it is one, however, which the opium-eater will find, in the end, as oppressive and tormenting as any other, from the sense of incapacity and feebleness, from the direct embarrassments incident to the neglect or procrastination of each day's appropriate duties, and from the remorse which must often exasperate the stings of these evils to a reflective and conscientious mind. The opium-eater loses none of his moral sensibilities or aspirations; he wishes and longs as earnestly as ever to realize what he believes possible, and feels to be exacted by duty; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but even of power to attempt. He lies under the weight of incubus and night-mare; he lies in sight of all that he would fain perform, just as a man forcibly confined to his bed by the mortal languor of a relaxing disease, who is compelled to witness injury or outrage offered to some object of his tenderest love:—he curses the spells which chain him down from motion; he would lay down his life if he might but get up and walk; but he is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise.

I now pass to what is the main subject of these latter confessions, to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams; for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.

The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy, was from the reawaking of a state of eye generally incident to childhood, or exalted states of irritability. I know not whether my reader is aware that many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness, all sorts of phantoms: in some that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye; others have a voluntary or semi-voluntary power to dismiss or summon them; or as a child once said to me, when I questioned him on this matter, "I can tell them to go, and they go; but sometimes they come when I don't tell them to come." Whereupon I told him that he had almost as unlimited a command over apparitions as a Roman centurion over his soldiers. In the middle of 1817, I think it was, that this faculty became positively distressing to me: at night, when I lay awake in bed, vast processions passed along in

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mournful pomp; friezes of never-ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before Œdipus or Priam, before Tyre, before Memphis. And, at the same time, a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented, nightly, spectacles of more than earthly splendour. And the four following facts may be mentioned, as noticeable at this time:

I. That, as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states of the brain in one point,—that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams; so that I feared to exercise this faculty; for, as Midas turned all things to gold, that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms of the eye; and, by a process apparently no less inevitable, when thus once traced in faint and visionary colours, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out, by the fierce chemistry of my dreams, into insufferable splendour that fretted my heart.

II. For this, and all other changes in my dreams, were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed every night to descend—not metaphorically, but literally to descend—into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever reascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* reascended. This I do not dwell upon; because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at least to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words.

III. The sense of space, and in the end the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, &c., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time. I sometimes seemed to have lived for seventy or one hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium, passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

IV. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived. I could not be said to recollect them; for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I *recognized* them instantaneously. I was once told by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a *st. cr.* and being on the very verge of death but for the critical *st.*

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sistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously as in a mirror; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe; I have, indeed, seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true, namely, that the dread book of account, which the Scriptures speak of, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind. Accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil; and that they are waiting to be revealed, when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.

Having noticed these four facts as memorably distinguishing my dreams from those of health, I shall now cite a case illustrative of the first fact: and shall then cite any others that I remember, either in their chronological order, or any other that may give them more effect as pictures to the reader.

I had been in youth, and ever since, for occasional amusement, a great reader of Livy, whom I confess that I prefer, both for style and matter, to any other of the Roman historians; and I had often felt as most solemn and appalling sounds, and most emphatically representative of the majesty of the Roman people, the two words so often occurring in Livy — *Consul Romanus*; especially when the consul is introduced in his military character. I mean to say, that the words king, sultan, regent, &c., or any other titles of those who embody in their own persons the collective majesty of a great people, had less power over my reverential feelings. I had, also, though no great reader of history, made myself minutely and critically familiar with one period of English history, namely, the period of the Parliamentary War, having been attracted by the moral grandeur of some who figured in that day, and by the many interesting memoirs which survive those unquiet times. Both these parts of my lighter reading, having furnished me often with matter of reflection, now furnish me with matter for my dreams. Often I used to see, after painting upon the blank darkness a sort of rehearsal whilst waking, a crowd of ladies, and perhaps a festival and dances. And I heard it said, or I said to myself, "These are English ladies from the unhappy times of Charles I. These are the wives and daughters of those who met in peace, and sat at the same tables, and were allied by marriage or by blood; and yet, after a certain day in August, 1642, never smiled upon each other again, nor met but in the field of battle; and at Marston Moor, at Newbury, or at Naseby, cut asunder all ties of

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love by the cruel sabre, and washed away in blood the memory of ancient friendship." The ladies danced, and looked as lovely as the court of George IV. Yet I knew, even in my dream, that they had been in the grave for nearly two centuries. This pageant would suddenly dissolve; and, at a clapping of hands, would be heard the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus*; and immediately came "sweeping by," in gorgeous paludaments, Paulus or Marius, girt around by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear, and followed by the *alalagmos* of the Roman legions.

Many years ago, when I was looking over Piranesi's Antiquities of Rome, Mr. Coleridge, who was standing by, described to me a set of plates by that artist, called his *Dreams*, and which record the scenery of his own visions during the delirium of a fever. Some of them (I describe only from memory of Mr. Coleridge's account) represented vast Gothic halls; on the floor of which stood all sorts of engines and machinery, wheels, cables, pulleys, levers, catapults, &c., expressive of enormous power put forth, and resistance overcome. Creeping along the sides of the walls, you perceived a staircase; and upon it, groping his way upwards, was Piranesi himself. Follow the stairs a little further, and you perceive it to come to a sudden, abrupt termination, without any balustrade, and allowing no step onwards to him who had reached the extremity, except into the depths below. Whatever is to become of poor Piranesi? You suppose, at least, that his labours must in some way terminate here. But raise your eyes, and behold a second flight of stairs still higher; on which again Piranesi is perceived, by this time standing on the very brink of the abyss. Again elevate your eye, and a still more aerial flight of stairs is beheld; and again is poor Piranesi busy on his aspiring labours; and so on, until the unfinished stairs and Piranesi both are lost in the upper gloom of the hall. With the same power of endless growth and self-reproduction did my architecture proceed in dreams. In the early stage of my malady, the splendour of my dreams was indeed chiefly architectural; and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces as was never yet beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds. From a great modern poet I cite the part of a passage which describes, as an appearance actually beheld in the clouds, what in many of its circumstances I saw frequently in sleep:

The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendour—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond, and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed: here towers begirt

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With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems !
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified ; on them, and on the coves,
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapours had receded—taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky, &c., &c.

The sublime circumstance—"battlements that on their *restless* fronts bore stars"—might have been copied from my architectural dreams, for it often occurred. We hear it reported of Dryden, and of Fuseli in modern times, that they thought proper to eat raw meat for the sake of obtaining splendid dreams: how much better, for such a purpose, to have eaten opium, which yet I do not remember that any poet is recorded to have done, except the dramatist Shadwell ; and in ancient days, Homer is, I think, rightly reputed to have known the virtues of opium.

To my architecture succeeded dreams of lakes, and silvery expanses of water: these haunted me so much, that I feared (though possibly it will appear ludicrous to a medical man) that some drop-sical state or tendency of the brain might thus be making itself (to use a metaphysical word) *objective*, and the sentient organ *project* itself as its own object. For two months I suffered greatly in my head—a part of my bodily structure which had hitherto been so clear from all touch or taint of weakness (physically, I mean), that I used to say of it, as the last Lord Orford said of his stomach, that it seemed likely to survive the rest of my person. Till now I had never felt a headache even, or any the slightest pain, except rheumatic pains caused by my own folly. However, I got over this attack, though it must have been verging on something very dangerous.

The waters now changed their character,—from translucent lakes, shining like mirrors, they now became seas and oceans. And now came a tremendous change, which, unfolding itself slowly like a scroll, through many months, promised an abiding torment ; and, in fact, it never left me until the winding up of my case. Hitherto the human face had often mixed in my dreams, but not despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face, began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answerable for this. Be that as it may, now it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear ; the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens ; faces, imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries: my agitation was infinite, my mind tossed, and swayed with the ocean.

May, 1818.—The Malay had been a fearful enemy for months. I have been every night, through his means, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point ; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego

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England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep, and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges, or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life, the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics, or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into, before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of oriental imagery, and mythological tortures, impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms: I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia: Vishnu hated me; Seva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

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I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed, for a while, in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim, sightless, incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles, especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and (as was always the case, almost, in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses with cane tables, &c. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions; and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside; come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the d—d crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent *human* natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

June, 1819.—I have had occasion to remark, at various periods of my life, that the deaths of those whom we love, and, indeed, the contemplation of death generally, is (*cæteris paribus*) more affecting in summer than in any other season of the year. And the reasons are these three, I think: first, that the visible heavens in summer appear far higher, more distant, and (if such a solecism may be excused) more infinite; the clouds by which chiefly the eye expounds the distance of the blue pavilion stretched over our heads are in summer more voluminous, massed, and accumulated in far grander and more towering piles: secondly, the light and the appearances of the declining and the setting sun are much more fitted to be types and characters of the infinite; and thirdly (which is the main reason), the exuberant and riotous prodigality of life naturally forces the mind more powerfully upon the antagonist thought of death, and the wintry sterility of the grave. For it may be observed, generally, that wherever two thoughts stand related to each other by a law of antagonism, and exist, as it were, by mutual repulsion, they are apt to suggest each other. On these accounts

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it is that I find it impossible to banish the thought of death when I am walking alone in the endless days of summer; and any particular death, if not more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and besiegingly in that season. Perhaps this cause, and a slight incident which I omit, might have been the immediate occasions of the following dream, to which, however, a predisposition must always have existed in my mind; but having been once roused, it never left me, and split into a thousand fantastic varieties, which often suddenly re-united, and comprised again the original dream.

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May; that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnized by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to a more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of meadows and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green church-yard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise, in the same summer, when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said aloud (as I thought) to myself, "It yet wants much of sunrise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first fruits of resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven; and the forest glades are as quiet as the church-yard; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer." And I turned, as if to open my garden gate; and I immediately saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony with the other. The scene was an oriental one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image of faint abstraction, caught, perhaps, in childhood, from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bow-shot from me, upon a stone, and shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked, and it was—Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her, at length, "So, then, I have found you, at last." I waited; but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last, and yet again, how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamp-light fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted!), her eyes were streaming with tears;—her tears were now wiped away; she seemed more beautiful than she was at that time, but in all other points the same, and not older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression, and I now

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gazed upon her with some awe ; but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us ; in a moment, all had vanished ; thick darkness came on ; and in the twinkling of an eye I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light, in Oxford Street, walking again with Ann—just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children.

As a final specimen, I cite one of a different character, from 1820.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense ; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting,—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music ; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it ; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inextinguishable-guilt. “Deeper than ever plummet sounded,” I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake ; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms ; hurryings to and fro ; trepidations of innumerable fugitives. I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad ; darkness and lights ; tempest and human faces ; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells ! and, with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells ! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells !

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—“I will sleep no more !”

But I am now called upon to wind up a narrative which has already extended to an unreasonable length. Within more spacious limits, the materials which I have used might have been better unfolded ; and much which I have not used might have been added with effect. Perhaps, however, enough has been given. It now remains that I should say something of the way in which this conflict of horrors was finally brought to its crisis. The reader is already aware (from a passage near the beginning of the introduction to the first part) that the opium-eater has, in some way or

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other, "unwound, almost to its final links, the accursed chain which bound him." By what means? To have narrated this, according to the original intention, would have far exceeded the space which can now be allowed. It is fortunate, as such a cogent reason exists for abridging it, that I should, on a maturer view of the case, have been exceedingly unwilling to injure, by any such unaffecting details, the impression of the history itself, as an appeal to the prudence and the conscience of the yet unconfirmed opium-eater, or even (though a very inferior consideration) to injure its effect as a composition. The interest of the judicious reader will not attach itself chiefly to the subject of the fascinating spells, but to the fascinating power. Not the opium-eater, but the opium, is the true hero of the tale, and the legitimate centre on which the interest revolves. The object was to display the marvellous agency of opium, whether for pleasure or for pain; if that is done, the action of the piece has closed.

However, as some people, in spite of all laws to the contrary, will persist in asking what became of the opium-eater, and in what state he now is, I answer for him thus: The reader is aware that opium had long ceased to found its empire on spells of pleasure; it was solely by the tortures connected with the attempt to abjure it, that it kept its hold. Yet, as other tortures, no less, it may be thought, attended the non-abjuration of such a tyrant, a choice only of evils was left; and *that* might as well have been adopted, which, however terrific in itself, held out a prospect of final restoration to happiness. This appears true; but good logic gave the author no strength to act upon it. However, a crisis arrived for the author's life, and a crisis for other objects still dearer to him, and which will always be far dearer to him than his life, even now that it is again a happy one. I saw that I must die if I continued the opium: I determined, therefore, if that should be required, to die in throwing it off. How much I was at that time taking, I cannot say; for the opium which I used had been purchased for me by a friend, who afterwards refused to let me pay him; so that I could not ascertain even what quantity I had used within a year. I apprehend, however, that I took it very irregularly, and that I varied from about fifty or sixty grains to one hundred and fifty a day. My first task was to reduce it to forty, or thirty, and, as fast as I could, to twelve grains.

I triumphed; but think not, reader, that therefore my sufferings were ended; nor think of me as of one sitting in a *dejected* state. Think of me as of one, even when four months had passed, still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered; and much, perhaps, in the situation of him who has been racked, as I collect the torments of that state from the affecting account of them left by the most innocent sufferer* (of the time of James I.). Meantime I

* William Lithgow; his book (Travels, &c.) is ill and pedantically written; but the account of his own sufferings on the rack at Malaga is overpoweringly affecting.

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derived no benefit from any medicine, except one prescribed to me by an Edinburgh surgeon of great eminence, namely, ammoniated tincture of valerian. Medical account, therefore, of my emancipation, I have not much to give; and even that little, as managed by a man so ignorant of medicine as myself, would probably tend only to mislead. At all events, it would be misplaced in this situation. The moral of the narrative is addressed to the opium-eater; and therefore, of necessity, limited in its application. If he is taught to fear and tremble, enough has been effected. But he may say, that the issue of my case is at least a proof that opium, after a seventeen years' use, and an eight years' abuse of its powers may still be renounced; and that he may chance to bring to the task greater energy than I did, or that, with a stronger constitution than mine, he may obtain the same results with less. This may be true; I would not presume to measure the efforts of other men by my own. I heartily wish him more energy; I wish him the same success. Nevertheless I had motives external to myself which he may unfortunately want; and these supplied me with conscientious supports, which mere personal interests might fail to supply to a mind debilitated by opium.

Jeremy Taylor conjectures that it may be as painful to be born as to die. I think it probable; and, during the whole period of diminishing the opium, I had the torments of a man passing out of one mode of existence into another. The issue was not death, but a sort of physical regeneration, and, I may add, that ever since, at intervals, I have had a restoration of more than youthful spirits, though under the pressure of difficulties, which, in a less happy state of mind, I should have called misfortunes.

One memorial of my former condition still remains; my dreams are not yet perfectly calm; the dread swell and agitation of the storm have not wholly subsided; the legions that encamped in them are drawing off, but not all departed; my sleep is tumultuous, and like the gates of Paradise to our first parents when looking back from afar, it is still (in the tremendous line of Milton)—

With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.

The proprietors of this little work having determined on reprinting it, some explanation seems called for, to account for the non-appearance of a Third Part, promised in the London Magazine of December last; and the more so, because the proprietors, under whose guarantee that promise was issued, might otherwise be implicated in the blame—little or much—attached to its non-fulfilment. This blame, in mere justice, the author takes wholly upon himself. What may be the exact amount of the guilt which he thus appropriates, is a very dark question to his own judgment, and not much illuminated

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by any of the masters on casuistry whom he has consulted on the occasion. On the one hand, it seems generally agreed that a promise is binding in the *inverse* ratio of the numbers to whom it is made: for which reason it is that we see many persons break promises without scruple that are made to a whole nation, who keep their faith religiously in all private engagements,—breaches of promise towards the stronger party being committed at a man's own peril: on the other hand, the only parties interested in the promises of an author are his readers, and these it is a point of modesty in any author to believe as few as possible; or perhaps only one, in which case any promise imposes a sanctity of moral obligation which it is shocking to think of. Casuistry dismissed, however,—the author throws himself on the indulgent consideration of all who may conceive themselves aggrieved by his delay, in the following account of his own condition from the end of last year, when the engagement was made, up nearly to the present time. For any purpose of self-excuse, it might be sufficient to say, that intolerable bodily suffering had totally disabled him for almost any exertion of mind, more especially for such as demand and presuppose a pleasurable and a genial state of feeling; but as a case that may by possibility contribute a trifle to the medical history of opium in a further stage of its action than can often have been brought under the notice of professional men, he has judged that it might be acceptable to some readers to have it described more at length. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili* is a just rule where there is any reasonable presumption of benefit to arise on a large scale. What the benefit may be, will admit of a doubt; but there can be none as to the value of the body, for a more worthless body than his own, the author is free to confess, cannot be. It is his pride to believe, that it is the very ideal of a base, crazy, despicable human system, that hardly ever could have been meant to be seaworthy for two days under the ordinary storms and wear-and-tear of life! and, indeed, if that were the creditable way of disposing of human bodies, he must own that he should almost be ashamed to bequeath his wretched structure to any respectable dog. But now to the case, which, for the sake of avoiding the constant recurrence of a cumbersome periphrasis, the author will take the liberty of giving in the first person.

Those who have read the Confessions will have closed them with the impression that I had wholly renounced the use of opium. This impression I meant to convey, and that for two reasons: first, because the very act of deliberately recording such a state of suffering necessarily presumes in the recorder a power of surveying his own case as a cool spectator, and a degree of spirits for adequately describing it, which it would be inconsistent to suppose in any person speaking from the station of an actual sufferer; secondly, because I, who had descended from so large a quantity as eight thousand drops to so small a one (comparatively speaking) as a quantity ranging between three hundred and one hundred and sixty drops, might well

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suppose that the victory was in effect achieved. In suffering my readers, therefore, to think of me as of a reformed opium-eater, I left no impression but what I shared myself, and, as may be seen, even this impression was left to be collected from the general tone of the conclusion, and not from any specific words, which are in no instance at variance with the literal truth. In no long time after that paper was written, I became sensible that the effort which remained would cost me far more energy than I had anticipated, and the necessity for making it was more apparent every month. In particular, I became aware of an increasing callousness or defect of sensibility in the stomach: and this I imagined might imply a schirrous state of that organ either formed or forming. An eminent physician, to whose kindness I was, at that time, deeply indebted, informed me that such a termination of my case was not impossible, though likely to be forestalled by a different termination, in the event of my continuing the use of opium. Opium, therefore, I resolved wholly to abjure, as soon as I should find myself at liberty to bend my undivided attention and energy to this purpose. It was not, however, until the 24th of June last that any tolerable concurrence of facilities for such an attempt arrived. On that day I began my experiment, having previously settled in my own mind that I would not flinch, but would "stand up to the scratch," under any possible "punishment." I must premise, that about one hundred and seventy or one hundred and eighty drops had been my ordinary allowance for many months. Occasionally I had run up as high as five hundred, and once nearly to seven hundred. In repeated preludes to my final experiment I had also gone as low as one hundred drops, but had found it impossible to stand it beyond the fourth day, which, by the way, I have always found more difficult to get over than any of the preceding three. I went off under easy sail—one hundred and thirty drops a day for three days; on the fourth I plunged at once to eighty. The misery which I now suffered "took the conceit" out of me, at once; and for about a month I continued off and on about this mark; then I sunk to sixty, and the next day to—none at all. This was the first day for nearly ten years that I had existed without opium. I persevered in my abstinence for ninety hours; that is, upwards of half a week. Then I took—ask me not how much; say, ye severest, what would ye have done? Then I abstained again; then took about twenty-five drops; then abstained; and so on.

Meantime, the symptoms which attended my case for the first six weeks of the experiment were these: enormous irritability and excitement of the whole system; the stomach, in particular, restored to a full feeling of vitality and sensibility, but often in great pain; unceasing restlessness night and day; sleep—I scarcely knew what it was—three hours out of the twenty-four was the utmost I had, and that so agitated and shallow that I heard every sound that was near me; lower jaw constantly swelling; mouth ulcerated; and many other distressing symptoms that would be tedious to repeat, amongst which, however, I must mention one, because it had never

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failed to accompany any attempt to renounce opium,—namely, violent sternutation. This now became exceedingly troublesome; sometimes lasting for two hours at once, and recurring at least twice or three times a day. I was not much surprised at this, on recollecting what I had somewhere heard or read, that the membrane which lines the nostrils is a prolongation of that which lines the stomach; whence, I believe, are explained the inflammatory appearances about the nostrils of dram-drinkers. The sudden restoration of its original sensibility to the stomach expressed itself, I suppose, in this way. It is remarkable, also, that, during the whole period of years through which I had taken opium, I had never once caught cold (as the phrase is), nor even the slightest cough. But now a violent cold attacked me, and a cough soon after. In an unfinished fragment of a letter begun about this time to —, I find these words:—“You ask me to write the ——. Do you know Beaumont and Fletcher’s play of Thierry and Theodoret? There you will see my case as to sleep; nor is it much of an exaggeration in other features. I protest to you that I have a greater influx of thoughts in one hour at present than in a whole year under the reign of opium. It seems as though all the thoughts which had been frozen up for a decade of years by opium had now, according to the old fable, been thawed at once, such a multitude stream in upon me from all quarters. Yet such is my impatience and hideous irritability, that, for one which I detain and write down, fifty escape me. In spite of my weariness from suffering and want of sleep, I cannot stand still or sit for two minutes together. *‘I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.’*”

At this stage of my experiment I sent to a neighbouring surgeon, requesting that he would come over to see me. In the evening he came, and after briefly stating the case to him, I asked this question: Whether he did not think that the opium might have acted as a stimulus to the digestive organs; and that the present state of suffering in the stomach, which manifestly was the cause of the inability to sleep, might arise from indigestion? His answer was,—No: on the contrary, he thought that the suffering was caused by digestion itself, which should naturally go on below the consciousness, but which, from the unnatural state of the stomach, vitiated by so long a use of opium, was become distinctly perceptible. This opinion was plausible, and the unintermitting nature of the suffering disposes me to think that it was true; for, if it had been any mere *irregular* affection of the stomach, it should naturally have intermitted occasionally, and constantly fluctuated as to degree. The intention of nature, as manifested in the healthy state, obviously is, to withdraw from our notice all the vital motions, such as the circulation of the blood, the expansion and contraction of the lungs, the peristaltic action of the stomach, &c.; and opium, it seems, is able in this, as in other instances, to counteract her purposes. By the advice of the surgeon, I tried *bitters*. For a short time these greatly mitigated the feelings under which I laboured; but about the forty-

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second day of the experiment the symptoms already noticed began to retire, and new ones to arise of a different and far more tormenting class; under these, with but a few intervals of remission, I have since continued to suffer. But I dismiss them undescribed for two reasons: first, because the mind revolts from retracing circumstantially any sufferings from which it is removed by too short or by no interval. To do this with minuteness enough to make the review of any use, would be indeed "*infandum renovare dolorem*," and possibly without a sufficient motive: for, secondly, I doubt whether this latter state be any way referable to opium, positively considered, or even negatively; that is, whether it is to be numbered amongst the last evils from the direct action of opium, or even amongst the earliest evils consequent upon a *want* of opium in a system long deranged by its use. Certainly one part of the symptoms might be accounted for from the time of year (August); for though the summer was not a hot one, yet in any case the sum of all the heat *funded* (if one may say so) during the previous months, added to the existing heat of that month, naturally renders August in its better half the hottest part of the year; and it so happened that the excessive perspiration, which even at Christmas attends any great reduction in the daily quantum of opium, and which in July was so violent as to oblige me to use a bath five or six times a day, had about the setting in of the hottest season wholly retired, on which account any bad effect of the heat might be the more unmitigated. Another symptom, namely, what in my ignorance I call internal rheumatism (sometimes affecting the shoulders, &c., but more often appearing to be seated in the stomach), seemed again less probably attributable to the opium, or the want of opium, than to the dampness of the house * which I inhabit, which had about that time attained its maximum, July having been, as usual, a month of incessant rain in our most rainy part of England.

Under these reasons for doubting whether opium had any connection with the latter stage of my bodily wretchedness—(except, indeed, as an occasional cause, as having left the body weaker and more crazy, and thus predisposed to any mal-influence whatever),—I willingly spare my reader all description of it: let it perish to him; and would that I could as easily say, let it perish to my own remembrances, that any future hours of tranquillity may not be disturbed by too vivid an ideal of possible human misery!

So much for the sequel of my experiment; as to the former stage,

* In saying this, I meant no disrespect to the individual house, as the reader will understand when I tell him that, with the exception of one or two princely mansions, and some few inferior ones that have been coated with Roman cement, I am not acquainted with any house in this mountainous district which is wholly waterproof. The architecture of books, I flatter myself, is conducted on just principles in this country; but for any other architecture, it is in a barbarous state, and, what is worse, in a retrograde state.

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in which properly lies the experiment and its application to other cases, I must request my reader not to forget the reasons for which I have recorded it. These were two. 1st, a belief that I might add some trifle to the history of opium as a medical agent; in this I am aware that I have not at all fulfilled my own intentions, in consequence of the torpor of mind, pain of body, and extreme disgust to the subject, which besieged me whilst writing that part of my paper; which part being immediately sent off to the press (distant about five degrees of latitude), cannot be corrected or improved. But from this account, rambling as it may be, it is evident that thus much of benefit may arise to the persons most interested in such a history of opium,—namely, to opium-eaters in general,—that it establishes, for their consolation and encouragement, the fact that opium may be renounced, and without greater sufferings than an ordinary resolution may support; and by a pretty rapid course* of descent.

* On which last notice I would remark that mine was *too* rapid, and the suffering therefore needlessly aggravated; or rather, perhaps, it was not sufficiently continuous and equably graduated. But, that the reader may judge for himself, and, above all, that the opium-eater, who is preparing to retire from business, may have every sort of information before him, I subjoin my diary.

| FIRST WEEK. | | | SECOND WEEK. | | |
|----------------|-------------------|------|----------------|-------|-----|
| Drops of Laud. | | | Drops of Laud. | | |
| Mond. June 24 | . . . | 130 | Mond. July 1 | . . . | 80 |
| " 25 | . . . | 140 | " 2 | . . . | 80 |
| " 26 | . . . | 130 | " 3 | . . . | 90 |
| " 27 | . . . | 80 | " 4 | . . . | 100 |
| " 28 | . . . | 80 | " 5 | . . . | 80 |
| " 29 | . . . | 80 | " 6 | . . . | 80 |
| " 30 | . . . | 80 | " 7 | . . . | 80 |
| THIRD WEEK. | | | FOURTH WEEK. | | |
| Drops of Laud. | | | Drops of Laud. | | |
| Mond. July 8 | . . . | 300 | Mond. July 15 | . . . | 76 |
| " 9 | . . . | 50 | " 16 | . . . | 73½ |
| " 10 | Hiatus in M.S. | | " 17 | . . . | 73½ |
| " 11 | | | " 18 | . . . | 70 |
| " 12 | | | " 19 | . . . | 240 |
| " 13 | | | " 20 | . . . | 80 |
| " 14 | . . . | 76 | " 21 | . . . | 350 |
| FIFTH WEEK. | | | | | |
| | | | Drops of Laud. | | |
| Mond. July 22 | . . . | 60 | | | |
| " 23 | . . . | none | | | |
| " 24 | . . . | none | | | |
| " 25 | . . . | none | | | |
| " 26 | . . . | 200 | | | |
| " 27 | . . . | none | | | |

What mean these abrupt relapses, the reader will ask, perhaps, to such num-

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To communicate this result of my experiment, was my foremost purpose. 2dly, as a purpose collateral to this, I wished to explain how it had become impossible for me to compose a Third Part in time to accompany this republication: for during the very time of this experiment, the proof-sheets of this reprint were sent to me from London; and such was my inability to expand or to improve them, that I could not even bear to read them over with attention enough to notice the press errors, or to correct any verbal inaccuracies. These were my reasons for troubling my reader with any record, long or short, of experiments relating to so truly base a subject as my own body; and I am earnest with the reader, that he will not forget them, or so far misapprehend me as to believe it possible that I would condescend to so rascally a subject for its own sake, or, indeed for any less object than that of general benefit to others. Such an animal as the self-observing valetudinarian, I know there is. I have met him myself occasionally, and I know that he is the worst imaginable *heautontimoroumenos*; aggravating and sustaining, by calling into distinct consciousness every symptom that would else, perhaps, under a different direction given to the thoughts, become evanescent. But as to myself, so profound is my contempt for this undignified and selfish habit, that I could as little condescend to it as I could to spend my time in watching a poor servant-girl, to whom at this moment I hear some lad or other making love at the back of my house. Is it for a Transcendental philosopher to feel any curiosity on such an occasion? Or can I, whose life is worth only eight and a half years' purchase, be supposed to have leisure for such trivial employments? However, to put this out of question, I shall say one thing which will, perhaps, shock some readers; but I am sure it ought not to do so, considering the motives on which I say it. No man, I suppose, employs much of his time on the phenomena of his own body without some regard for it; whereas the reader sees that, so far from looking upon mine with any complacency or regard, I hate it and make it the object of my bitter ridicule and contempt; and I should not be displeased to know that the last indignities which the law inflicts upon the bodies of the worst malefactors might hereafter fall upon it. And in testification of my sincerity in saying this, I shall make the following offer. Like other men, I have particular fancies about the place of my burial; having lived chiefly in a mountainous region, I rather cleave to the conceit that a grave in

bers as 300, 350, &c. ? The *impulse* to these relapses was mere infirmity of purpose; the *motive*, were any motive blended with this impulse, was either the principle of "*reculer pour mieux sauter*"—(for under the torpor of a large dose, which lasted for a day or two, a less quantity satisfied the stomach, which, on awaking, found itself partly accustomed to this new ration),—or else it was this principle—that of sufferings otherwise equal, those will be borne best which meet with a mood of anger; now, whenever I ascended to any large dose, I was furiously incensed on the following day, and could then have borne anything.

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a green church-yard amongst the ancient and solitary hills will be a sublimer and more tranquil place of repose for a philosopher than any in the hideous Golgothas of London. Yet, if the gentlemen of Surgeons' Hall think that any benefit can redound to their science from inspecting the appearances in the body of an opium-eater, let them speak but a word, and I will take care that mine shall be legally secured to them—that is, as soon as I have done with it myself. Let them not hesitate to express their wishes upon any scruples of false delicacy and consideration for my feelings; I assure them that they will do me too much honour by “demonstrating” on such a crazy body as mine; and it will give me pleasure to anticipate this posthumous revenge and insult inflicted upon that which has caused me so much suffering in this life. Such bequests are not common; reversionary benefits contingent upon the death of the testator are indeed dangerous to announce in many cases. Of this we have a remarkable instance in the habits of a Roman prince, who used, upon any notification made to him by rich persons, that they had left him a handsome estate in their wills, to express his entire satisfaction at such arrangements, and his gracious acceptance of those royal legacies; but then, if the testators neglected to give him immediate possession of the property,—if they traitorously “persisted in living” (*si vivere perseverarent*, as Suetonius expresses it), he was highly provoked, and took his measures accordingly. In those times, and from one of the worst of the Cæsars, we might expect such conduct; but I am sure that, from English surgeons at this day, I need look for no expressions of impatience, or of any other feelings but such as are answerable to that pure love of science and all its interests, which induces me to make such an offer.

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Life of Richard Bentley, D.D. By J. H. MONK, D.D.

MANY years ago, walking in the sequestered valleys of Cumberland, with an eminent author of the present day, we came to a long and desolate sort of gallery, through a wilderness of rocks, which, after rising and narrowing for about two miles, suddenly opened right and left into a little pastoral recess, within the very heart of the highest mountains. This verdant circus presented in its centre a beautiful but tiny lake, locally called a *tarn*,*

* “*Tarn*,” any small lake among mountains much above the level of the larger lakes, and fed, not (as they are) by one main stream, but by a number

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with a wild brook issuing from it through the road by which we had approached, a few quiet fields upon the margin of the lake, solemn hills looking down upon it from every side; and finally, a hamlet of seven cottages clustering together, as if for mutual support, in this lovely, but still awful, solitude. A solitude, indeed, so perfect we had never seen: nor had we supposed it possible that in the midst of populous England, any little brotherhood of households could pitch their tents so far aloft from human society, from its noisy bustle, and (we ventured to hope) its angry passions. Though a valley, and fenced by barriers verdant indeed, but also insuperable, this little chamber in the hills was yet far above the ordinary elevation of inhabited ground: road there was none, except the rude sort of sheep-track by which we had come: the nearest town, and that a small one, was at six miles' distance; and here, if anywhere, it seemed possible that a world-wearied man should find a perfect rest. "Yes," said our distinguished guide, who had guessed our thoughts—"Yes, nature has done *her* part to create in this place an absolute and perpetual Sabbath. And doubtless, you conceive that, in those low-roofed dwellings, her intentions are seconded. Be undeceived then: lawsuits, and the passions of lawsuits, have carried fierce dissension into this hidden paradise of the hills; and it is a fact, that not one of those seven families will now speak to another." We turned away at these words with a pang of misanthropy, and for one moment assented to the King of Brobdignag—that men are "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

Something of the same sentiment accompanied us at intervals through this *Life of Bentley*, and the records which it involves of Cambridge. Where upon this earth shall peace be found, if not within the cloistral solitudes of Oxford and Cambridge? Cities of Corinthian beauty and luxury; with endowments and patronage beyond the revenues of considerable nations; in libraries—pictures—cathedral, surpassing the kings of the earth; and with the resources of capital cities, combining the deep tranquillity of sylvan villages;—places so favoured by time, accident, and law, come nearer to the creations of romance than any other known realities of Christendom. Yet in these privileged haunts of meditation, hallowed by the footsteps of Bacon and Milton, still echoing to those of Isaac Barrow, and Isaac Newton absolutely walking amongst them, did the leading society of Cambridge—with that man at their head, who, for scholarship, was confessedly "the foremost man of all this world"—through a period of forty years fight and struggle with so deadly an *acharnement*; sacrificed their time, energy, fortune,

of petty rills trickling down the side of the surrounding hills: from the Danish *taaren*, a *trickling*. Lakers! be thankful to Christopher North for solving a question hitherto found unanswerable. The Danes had a settlement in *Crumberland*.

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personal liberty, and conscience, to the prosecution of their immortal hatreds; vexed the very altars with their fierce dissensions; and went to their graves so perfectly unreconciled, that, had the classical usage of funeral *cremation* been restored, we might have looked for the old miracle of the Theban Brothers, and expected the very flames which consumed the hostile bodies to revolt asunder, and violently refuse to mingle. Some of the combatants were young men at the beginning of the quarrel; they were grey-headed, palsied, withered, doting, before it ended. Some had outlived all distinct memory, except of their imperishable hatreds. Many died during its progress; and sometimes their deaths, by disturbing the equilibrium of the factions, had the effect of kindling into fiercer activity those rabid passions, which, in a Christian community, they should naturally have disarmed or soothed.

Of feuds so deadly, so enduring, and which continue to interest at the distance of a century, everybody will desire to know who, in a criminal sense, was the author. The usual way of settling such questions is to say, that there were "faults on both sides,"—which, however, is not always the case; nor, when it is, are the faults always equal. Dr. Monk, who gives the fullest materials yet published for a just decision, leaves us to collect it for ourselves. Meantime, we suspect that his general award would be against Bentley; for, though disposed to be equitable, he is by no means indulgent to his hero; and he certainly thinks too highly of Colbatch, the most persevering of all Bentley's enemies, and a malicious old toad. If that, however, be Dr. Monk's leaning, there are others (with avenues, perhaps as good, to secret information) whose bias was the other way. In particular, we find Dr. Parr, about forty years after Bentley's death, expressing his opinions thus to Dr. Charles Burney: "I received great entertainment from your account of our Aristarchus; it is well written and well directed; for, in spite of vulgar prejudice, Bentley was eminently right, and the College infamously wrong."—[*Dr. Parr's Works*, vol. vii., p. 389.] Our own belief sets in towards the same conclusion. But, if not, we would propose, that at this time of day Bentley should be pronounced right, and his enemies utterly in the wrong. Whilst living, indeed, or whilst surviving in the persons of his friends and relations, the meanest of little rascals has a right to rigorous justice. But when he and his are all bundled off to Hades, it is far better, and more considerate to the feelings of us Public, that a little dog should be sacrificed than a great one; for by this means, the current of one's sympathy with an illustrious man is cleared of ugly obstructions, and enabled to flow unbroken, which might else be unpleasantly distracted, between his talents on the one hand and his knavery on the other. And one general remark we must make upon the *conduct* of this endless feud, no matter who began it, which will show Bentley's title to the benefit of the rule we have proposed. People, not nice in distinguishing, are apt to confound all the parties to a feud under one common sentence; and, whatever difference they

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might allow in the grounds of quarrel, as to temper, at least, and charity, where all were confessedly irritated and irritating, they allow of none. But, in fact, between Bentley and his antagonists, the differences were vital. Bentley had a good heart; generally speaking, his antagonists had not. Bentley was overbearing, impatient of opposition, insolent, sometimes tyrannical. He had, and deservedly, a very lofty opinion of himself; he either had, or affected, too mean a one of his antagonists. *Sume superbiam quasitam meritis*, was the motto which he avowed. Coming to the government of a very important college, at a time when its discipline had been greatly relaxed, and the abuses were many, his reforms (of which some have been retained even to this day) were pushed with too high a hand; he was too negligent of any particular statute that stood in his way; showed too harsh a disregard to the feelings of gentlemen; and too openly disdained the arts of conciliation. Yet this same man was placable in the highest degree; generous; and, at the first moment when his enemies would make an opening for him to be so, forgiving. His literary quarrels, which have left the impression that he was irritable or jealous, were (without one exception) upon *his* part mere retorts to the most insufferable provocations; and though it is true, that when once teased into rousing himself out of his lair, he *did* treat his man with rough play, left him ugly remembrances of his leonine power, and made himself merry with his distressed condition; yet on the other hand, in his utmost wrath, there was not a particle of malice. How should there? As a scholar, Bentley had that happy exemption from jealousy, which belongs *almost* inevitably to conscious power in its highest mode. Reposing calmly on his own supremacy, he was content that pretenders of every size and sort should flutter through their little day, and be carried as far beyond their natural place as the intrigues of friends or the caprice of the public could effect. Unmolested, he was sure never to molest. Some people have a litch for unmasking impostors, or for avenging the wrongs of others. Porson, for example—what spirit of mischief drove him to intermeddle with Mr. Archdeacon Travis? How Quixotic again in appearance—how mean in his real motive—was Dr. Parr's defence of Leland and Jorton; or, to call it by its true name, Dr. Parr's attack upon Bishop Hurd! But Bentley had no touch of this temper. When instances of spurious pretensions came in his way, he smiled grimly and good-naturedly in private, but forbore (sometimes after a world of provocations) to unmask them to the public.*

* Take, for instance, his conduct to Barnes, the Cambridge Professor of Greek. Bentley well knew that Barnes was an indifferent scholar, whose ponderous erudition was illuminated by neither accuracy of distinction, nor elegance of choice. Yet Barnes spoke of himself in the most inflated terms, as though he had been the very Laureate of the Greek muses; and, not content with these harmless vaunts, scattered in conversation the most pointed affronts to Bentley, as the man under whose superiority he secretly groaned. All this

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Some of his most bitter assailants, as Kerr, and Johnson of Nottingham, he has not so much as mentioned; and it remains a problem to this day, whether, in his wise love of peace, he forbore to disturb his own equanimity by reading the criticisms of a malignant enemy, or, having read them, generously refused to crush the insulter. Either way the magnanimity was equal—for a man of weak irritability is as little able to abstain from hearkening after libels upon himself, as he is from retorting them. Early in life (*Epist. ad Mill.*) Bentley had declared—“*Non Nostrum est κειμένους ἐπεμβαίνειν*”—*It is no practice of mine to trample upon the prostrate*; and his whole career in literature reflected a commentary upon that maxim. To concede, was to disarm him. How opposite the temper of his enemies! One and all, they were cursed with bad tempers, and unforgiving hearts. Cunningham,* James Gronovius, and Johnson, Conyers Middleton,† and Colbatch, all lost

Bentley refused to hear; praised him whenever he had an opportunity, even when Barnes introduced himself into the Phalaris dispute, and did him effectual services. At length Barnes published his Homer, and there shot his final arrow against Bentley, not indeed by name, but taking care to guide it to its mark, by words scattered in all companies. Bentley was now roused to put an end to this persecution. But how? He wrote a most masterly examination of a few passages in the new edition, addressed it as a confidential letter to Dr. Davies, a common friend, desiring him to show it to the Professor, by way of convincing him how easy a task such a critic would find it to ruin the character of the book, and thus appealing to his prudence for a cessation of insults; but at the same time assuring Dr. Davies that he would on no account offer any public disparagement to a book, upon which Barnes had risked a little fortune. Could a more generous way have been devised for repelling public insults?

* With respect to this elegant and acute scholar, the most formidable of Bentley's literary opponents, the following remarkable statement is made by Dr. Monk (p. 461):—“Between Alexander Cunningham, the historian, and Alexander Cunningham, the editor of Horace, there are so many particulars of resemblance, that Thompson, the translator of the history, was forced, after a minute inquiry, to remain in suspense whether or not they were the same individual. It appears that they were both Scotchmen, had both been travelling tutors, both resided at the Hague at the same period, both were intimate with certain distinguished public characters, both were eminent chess-players, both accomplished scholars, and both lived to an advanced age. These and many other coincidences long baffled all inquiry respecting the identity or diversity of the two namesakes: and it has, I believe, but recently been ascertained beyond a doubt, that the critic died at the Hague in 1730, and the historian died in London in 1737.” How truly disgusting that they would not die at the same time and place! This perverseness counteracts what Mr. Wordsworth calls “The mighty stream of tendency:” undoubtedly they ought to have died on the same day of the same year, in which case the confusion would have been complete and inextricable.

As it is, we understand from a learned Scotch friend, that in certain papers which he communicated some years ago to Dr. Irving for his *Life of Buchanan*, and which doubtless will there be found, this curious case of Doppelgänger is fully cleared up.

† This celebrated man was the most malignant of a malignant crew. In

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their peace of mind—all made shipwreck of their charity during the progress of this dispute; some of them for life. But from Bentley, whether wrong or right, as to the *materia litis*, the manner of conducting it drew no qualities but those which did him honour; great energy; admirable resources and presence of mind; the skill and address of a first-rate lawyer; and courage nearly unparalleled under the most disastrous turns of the case, those, even, which, on two memorable occasions (the deprivation of his degrees, and his ejection from the mastership of Trinity College), seemed to have consigned him to ruin. In the very uttermost hurly-burly of the storm, it is not upon record that Bentley's cheerfulness forsook him for a day. At a time when Colbatch and Middleton were standing before judges as convicted delinquents, absconding from arrests, surrendering to jailers, sneaking to the great men's levees, or making abject interest for the reversion of some hollow courtier's smile, or an insinuation of his treacherous promise, Bentley was calmly pursuing his studies in his castle of the Master's Lodge of Trinity College; sat on unconcernedly even after public officers were appointed to pull him out; and never allowed the good humour of his happy fireside to be disturbed by the quarrels which raved outside. He probably watched the proceedings of "the enemy," with the same degree of interest with which we all read the newspapers during a foreign war: and the whole of the mighty process, which the bad passions of the other faction made gall and wormwood to them, to him appears to have given no more than the pleasurable excitement of a game of chess.

Having thus bespoken the favourable opinion of our readers for Dr. Bentley, and attempted to give that impulse to the judgments upon his conduct, which the mere statement of the circumstances would not always suggest, until after a large examination of the contemporary documents, we shall draw up a rapid sketch of his life, reserving an ampler scale of analysis for the Phalaris controversy, and

his Review of Bentley's Proposals for Editing the Greek Text of the New Testament, he stings like a serpent—more rancorous party pamphlets never were written. He hated Waterland with the same perfect malignity; and his letters to Warburton, published in a 4to. collection of his Miscellaneous Tracts, show that he could combine the part of sycophant upon occasion, with that of assassin-like lampooner. It is, therefore, no unacceptable retribution in the eyes of those who honour the memory of Dan. Waterland and Bentley, men worth a hecatomb of Middletons, that the reputation of this venomous writer is now decaying—upon a belief *at last* thoroughly established, that in two at least, and those two the most learned of his works, he was an extensive plagiarist. This detection first threw light upon a little anecdote often related by Mr. Prebendary Lowth, brother to Bishop Lowth. Just before the publication of the *Life of Cicero*, Lowth happened to be with Middleton. A gentleman came in, and abruptly asked him if he had read the works of Bellenden? Middleton turned pale, faltered, and acknowledged that he had. The whole scene was a mystery to Lowth. Parr's Preface to Bellendenus made all clear. So much for Conyers Middleton

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the college quarrel, as the two capital events which served to diversify a passage through this world else unusually tranquil and uniform.

Richard Bentley was born the 27th of January, 1662, at Oulton, not far from Wakefield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Between his grandson, the celebrated Mr. Cumberland, and his present biographer, there is a difference as to the standing of his parents. Cumberland labours to elevate the family to a station of rank and consideration, for which he receives the usual rebukes from Dr. Monk, who pronounces them to have belonged to "the higher description of English yeomen," and thinks it more honourable to Bentley "to have raised himself from obscurity by the force of genius and merit," than "to have been born of gentle blood." But the two cases stand in no real opposition. For a man with Bentley's object, low birth is not otherwise an obstacle to success in England, than as the poverty, which it generally presumes, may chance to exclude him from the universities. Once there, he will find that the popular provisions of those great bodies insure the fullest benefit to any real merit he may possess; and without *that* even noble blood would have failed in procuring those distinctions which Bentley obtained. Besides, for Dr. Monk's purpose, Bentley was not *low enough*—his friends being at any rate in a condition to send him to college. The zeal of Cumberland, therefore, we think rightly directed. And after all, with Dr. Monk's leave, since the question is not, which sort of parentage would be most creditable to Bentley, but which answers best to the facts, we must say that we incline to Cumberland's view. Finding it made out that, during the Parliament war, Bentley's family adhered to the royal cause; and that of his two grandfathers, one was a captain and the other a major, in the cavalier army; we must think it probable that they belonged to the *armigerous* part of the population, and were entitled "to write themselves Esquire in any bill, quittance, &c., whatsoever." On the paternal side, however, the family was impoverished by its loyalty.

From his mother, who was much younger than his father, Bentley learned the rudiments of Latin grammar. He was afterwards sent to the grammar school of Wakefield, and, upon the death of his father, Bentley (then thirteen years old) was transferred to the care of his maternal grandfather, who resolved to send him to college. This design he soon carried into effect; and in the summer of 1676, at what would now be thought too early an age by three years at the least, Bentley was matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge. Of his studies at college nothing further is recorded than that he applied himself even thus early to the *res metrica*; and amongst his familiar companions, the only one mentioned of any distinction is the prodigious William Wotton. Of this monster in the annals of premature erudition, we remember to have seen several accounts; amongst others, a pretty good one in Birch's Life of Tillotson. But Dr. Monk mentions some facts which are there overlooked: for in-

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stance, that at six years of age he read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, together with some Arabic and Syriac. In his tenth year he entered at Catherine Hall, in Cambridge, on which occasion he was matriculated by the head of that College as *Gulielmus Wotton infra decem annos nec Hammondo nec Grotio secundus*. As this could be true only with a limited reference to languages, the entry seems boyish and precipitate. At thirteen, being then master of twelve languages, and his proficiency in several of these attested by undoubted judges, he took his degree of B.A., an honour for which there was no precedent. It is evident, however, from Wotton's case, that attainments of this kind are found generally (as Butler says of Hebrew in particular), "to flourish best in barren ground." Dr. Monk, indeed, seems to think that Wotton did not afterwards belie the splendour of his promise. We cannot agree with him. Surely his book on *Ancient and Modern Learning*, the most popular of his works, though necessarily entertaining from its subject, is superficial in a degree scarcely to be explained in one of so much reading, and commanding so much powerful assistance. Another of his works, a History of the Roman Empire, written expressly for the Duke of Gloucester, then heir-apparent, has no conspicuous merit of any kind, either of popular elegance on the one hand, or of learned research on the other. In fact, Wotton's position in the world of letters was most unfortunate. With accomplishments that were worth little except for show, he had no stage on which to exhibit them; and, sighing for display, he found himself confounded in the general estimate with the obscure drudges of the age. How much more useful, and finally how much more brilliant, to have possessed his friend Bentley's exquisite skill in one or two languages, than a shallow mediocrity in a score!

Bentley took his first degree with distinction, his place in the arrangement of honours corresponding with that of *third wrangler* in the present system. Having now closed his education, he was left to speculate on the best way of applying it to his advancement in life. From a fellowship in his own college, the most obvious resource of a young scholar, he was unfortunately excluded by a by-law, not rescinded until the reign of George IV. At length, after two years' interval, spent (as Dr. Monk supposes) at Cambridge, he was appointed by his college to the head mastership of the Spalding Grammar School. This situation, after holding it about a year, he quitted for the very enviable one of domestic tutor to the son of Stillingfleet, then Dean of St. Paul's. For this also he was indebted to the influence of his college: and perhaps no sort of preferment could have been more favourable to Bentley's views. Stillingfleet was a truly good man; a most extensive and philosophic scholar; a gentleman, and acquainted with courts; and with a liberal allowance for the claims of a tutor, having himself officiated in that character. Another great advantage of the place was the fine library belonging to the Dean, which, excepting the celebrated ones of Moore, Bishop of Ely, and of Isaac Vossius, was perhaps the best private collection in the kingdom. It was besides a library of that

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particular composition which suited Bentley's pursuits; and in the Dean's conversation he had the very best directions for using it to advantage. Meantime, with this ample provision for intellectual wants, worldly ones were not likely to be overlooked. How possible it was at that day for a private tutor to reap nothing from the very highest connections, was seen in the case of Dr. Colbatch, one of Bentley's future enemies. This man had held that situation successively in the families of Bishop Burnet, and of the proud Duke of Somerset; and yet neither from the political Bishop, though all-powerful with Queen Mary, nor from the proud Duke, though Chancellor of his university, could he obtain any preferment. But Stillingfleet loved real merit; and, fortunately for Bentley, in the next reign, being raised to the mitre, possessed the ear of royalty beyond any ecclesiastical person of his own time.

It was in this fortunate situation that Bentley acquired that biblical learning which afterwards entitled him to the Divinity Professorship, and which warranted his proposals for a revised text of the New Testament, even after that of his friend Mill. About six years being spent in this good man's family, most delightfully no doubt to himself,—and then chiefly laying the foundations, broad and deep, of his stupendous learning,—Bentley removed with his pupil early in 1689 to Oxford. Wadham College was the one selected; and both pupil and tutor became members of it. Stillingfleet was now raised to the see of Worcester; and from his extensive connections, Bentley had the most useful introductions in every quarter. In particular, he had the privilege of disporting himself, like Leviathan, in the ocean of the Bodleian library: and it is certainly not going too far to say, that no man ever entered those sacred galleries so well qualified to make a general use of their riches. Of his classical accomplishments it were needless to speak. Mathematics, it is thought, by Dr. Monk, that he studied at Cambridge; and it is certain that, in Dean Stillingfleet's family, he had, by a most laborious process of study, made himself an eminent master of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac.

Dealing much in cattle, a man's talk is of oxen; and living in this El Dorado of books, it was natural that a man should think of writing one. Golden schemes floated in Bentley's mind; for he was a golden scholar, and these were the golden hours of his early manhood. Amongst other works, he projected at this period an entire edition of the Fragments of the Greek Poets, and also a Corpus of the Greek Lexicographers (Hesychius, Suidas, Pollux, &c.). To the irreparable loss of Grecian literature, neither scheme was accomplished. Already in his *Epist. ad Mill.* he speaks of the first as abandoned—“*Sed hæc fuerunt,*” is the emphatic expression. It was in the fates that Bentley's maiden performance as an author should be in other and more obscure society. Amongst the manuscript riches of the Bodleian there was a copy—the one sole* copy in this

* By the way, it should be borne in mind, that, over and above the transla-

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world—of a certain old Chronicler, about whose very name there has been a considerable amount of learned dust kicked up. Properly speaking, he ought to be called *Joannes Malēlas Antiochenus*: but, if you are not particular about your Greek, you may call him *Malēla*, without an *s*. This old gentleman, a fellow of infinite dullness, wrote a Chronicle beginning with Adam, and coming down to the 35th year of Justinian. And here lies the necessity of calling him either *Malela* or *Malelas*; for, strange to say, as there were two Alexander Cunninghams, who at this very time were going about the world mere echoes or mocking-birds of each other, so there were two Johns, both of Antioch, both Chroniclers, both asses, (no distinction there,) and both choosing to start from Adam. The publication of this Chronicle had been twice meditated before, but interrupted by accidents. At length, in 1690, it was resumed under the superintendence of Mill, who claimed from Bentley a promise he had made to throw together any notes which might occur to him upon the proof-sheets, as they came reeking from the press. These notes took the shape of an *Epistola ad Millium*: and thus the worthy old jackass of Antioch had the honour of coming forth to the world with the notes of Chilmead, (one of the two early projectors of an edition,) *Prolegomena* by Hody, a learned chaplain of Bishop Stillingfleet's, and this very masterly collection of disquisitions by Bentley upon topics* either closely connected with the work, or remotely suggested by it.

tions which yet survive into the Arabic, (a resource obviously of little hope, except in the case of scientific books,) there are in all three avenues by which we may have a chance for recovering any of the lost classics: 1st, the Palimpsests, as in repeated instances of late in the Ambrosian Library; 2d, The Pompeii MSS. (for the sensible way of dealing with which, see a letter of Lord Holland to Dr. Parr); and 3d, *The great chests of Greek MSS. in the Sultan's Library at Constantinople*, packed up ever since the triumph of the Crescent in 1543.

* Amongst these is the name *Malelas*, which Hody disputed, contending for *Malela*. Bentley replies by arguing the case on two assumptions: 1st, *That the names were Greek*. Here the sum of his pleading is this—that naturally the Latin language had no such termination as that of *as* with a parasyllabic genitive; that, in compliance with this original structure, all Greek names in *as*, were in early Latin rendered *a*; and that this conformity to the popular idiom might be looked for the more certainly, as the situation of the usage was one which appealed to the populace: whence it is that, in the comic drama of Rome, we meet with Phædria, Chæria, Sosia, &c. to so great an extent. But in proportion as literature prevailed, a practice arose of giving to Greek names in *as* their real Greek termination, without any Roman deflexion. Hence even Varro, though somewhat of an antiquarian bigot in old Romanisms, has Archytas, Athenagoras, &c.; and Cicero is overrun with such names. One exception, however, in even Cicero's usage, is alleged upon the authority of Quintilian, viz. *Hermagora*. "Ego vero," says Bentley, "Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne ipsi quidem Ciceroni affirmanti crediderim." And certainly the dismal hiatus of *Hermagora inventor*, makes it probable that Cicero wrote:

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Here, by the way, we have a crow to pluck with Dr. Monk. How he came to make such a mistake we know not; *primâ facie*, one would suppose he had not read the work. But this is impossible, for he states very well the substance of the most important discussions in the epistle: yet certainly in the following sentence he prefers a charge against Bentley, which is altogether without foundation:—"In addressing his learned correspondent," says Dr. Monk, "he is not satisfied with marking their intimacy by the terms *φίλη κεφαλή*, *Milli jucundissime suavissime*, &c.; but in one place he accosts him *ὁ Ἰωαννιδίον*—an indecorum which neither the familiarity of friendship, nor the license of a dead language, can justify towards the dignified head of a house." Certainly, Dr. Monk *aliud agebat* when he wrote this censure, which at any rate from him, who elsewhere attempts to cheapen the dignity of academic heads, would come with a peculiar want of grace. The case is this:—From a long digression, which Bentley confesses to be too discursive, he suddenly recalls himself to the old Chronicler—*Sed ad Antiochensem redeo* (p. 486 of Lennep's republication); and then, upon an occasion of an allusion to Euripides, he goes on to expose some laughable blunders of Malelas: one of these is worth mentioning;—the passage,

Ἦκουσιν εἰς γῆν κυανεᾶν Συμπληγᾶδων
Πέτραν φηγόντες—*

it seems, the old boy had so construed, as to make *κυανεαν* not a genitive but an accusative, and thus made a present to geography of the yet undiscovered country of the Cyanean land. Upon this, and a previous discovery of a "*Scythian † Aulis*," by the sharp-

Hermagoras. Bentley grants, however, that Cicero wrote *Phania Appii libertus*; but why? Because names of slaves, being household words, naturally followed the mother idiom, and not the learned idiom of books. 2dly, However, let it be assumed, that the name is not Greek, but Barbarous, like that of *δ Σισέρα* in the Old Test., *δ Ζαρά* in the New. Bentley argues the case on this footing. But this, says he, I marvel at, "quod, ut de Græconomine cognitio habeatur, ad barbaras nationes provocant"—(that, although the judicial investigation we are holding concerns a Greek name, yet the appeal is made to barbarians.) "However, no matter," says he, "as they choose to take the Huns for umpires, to the Huns we will go." And he then shows that the name of *Attila* became in Greek always *δ Αττιγᾶς*. Yet here again he makes a subtle distinction. The ancient patriarchal names of the Old Test., as *Ἰακώβ*, *Ἰωσήφ*, *Σαούλ*, &c., are retained in Greek unmodified. But the very same names, borne by modern persons, become *Ἰάκωβος*, *Ἰώσηφος*, *Σαούλος*, &c. Upon that analogy, also, semi-barbarous names in *a*, as *Abdalla*, *Mustapha*, *Juba*, &c., which, had they been ancient, would have retained their final *a*, being modern, all become *as* in Greek. Such is the outline of the refinements in this piece of learned special pleading, which is universally allowed to have settled the question.

* An emendation of Bentley's for *Πλάτη φηγόντες*.

† This blunder of Jack's grew out of the confusion between the two *Iphigenias* of Euripides—that in *Aulis*, and in *Tauris*. Jack was thinking of *Tauris*, no doubt.

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sighted man of Antioch, Bentley makes himself merry; rates the geographers for their oversights; and clapping *old Malelas* on the back, he thus apostrophizes him—"Euge vero, & 'Iwarrútiav; profecto aptus natus es ad omnia abdita et retrusa contemplanda!" (*Well done, Johnny! you are the boy for seeing through a millstone!*) Manifestly, then, the I. M. that he is here addressing is not his correspondent John Mill, but the subject of his review, John Malelas, the absurd old jackass of Antioch. This passage, therefore, in mere justice, Dr. Monk will cancel in his next edition: in fact, we cannot conceive how such a mistake has arisen with a man of his learning.

We must also very frankly state our disagreement with Dr. Monk upon the style (meaning the temper) of this epistle. He charges it with "flippancy," and thinks some of the expressions "boastful." We have lately read it carefully with a view to these censures; and we cannot find any foundation for them in a single instance. *Se faire valoir* is peculiarly the right of a young man on making his *début*. The mere history of the case obliges Bentley sometimes to make known the failure of Isaac Casaubon, suppose of Vossius, or of Gataker, when he had himself brilliantly succeeded: and supposing that the first of these heroes had declared a corruption desperate which Bentley restored with two strokes of his pen, was it altogether his duty to dissemble his exultation? Mere criticism, and a page covered with Greek, do not of themselves proclaim the pretensions of a scholar. It was almost necessary for Bentley to settle his own rank, by bringing himself into collision with the Scaligers, with Salmasius, and Pearson. Now, had this been done with irreverence towards those great men, we should have been little disposed to say a word in his behalf. But far otherwise. In some passage or other, he speaks of all the great critics with filial duty. *Erravit in re levi*, says he of one, *gravioribus opinor studiis intentus, vir supra æmulationem nostram longissime positus*. Of Pearson, in like manner, at the very moment of correcting him, he said on another occasion, *that the very dust of his writings was gold*. Æmilius Portus, indeed, he calls *hominum futilissimus*, justly incensed with him for having misled a crowd of great writers in point of chronology. But speaking of himself, he says—*Nos pusilli homunculi*; and that is always his language when obliged to stand forward as an opponent of those by whose labours he had grown wise.

On this work, as Bentley's first, and that which immediately made him known to all Europe, we have spent rather more words than we shall be able to do on the rest. In dismissing it, however, we cannot but express a hope, that some future editor will republish this and the other critical essays of Bentley, with the proper accuracy and beauty: in which case, without at all disturbing the present continuity of the text, it will be easy, by marginal figures and titles, to point out the true divisions and subdivisions of this elaborate epistle; for want of which it is at present troublesome to read.

It sometimes happens to men of extraordinary attainments, that

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they are widely talked of before they come forward on the public arena. Much "buz" is afloat about them in private circles: and as, in such cases, many are always ready to aid the marvellous, a small minority are sure, on the other hand, to affect the sceptical. In so critical a state of general expectation, a first appearance is everything. If this is likely to be really splendid, it is a mistaken policy which would deprecate the raising of vast expectations. On the contrary, they are of great service, pushed even to the verge of extravagance, and make people imagine the splendour of the actual success even greater than it was. Many a man is read by the light of his previous reputation. Such a result happened to Bentley. Unfathered rumours had been wandering through "the circles," about an astonishing chaplain of the Bishop of Worcester: and so great was the contrast of power and perfect ease in his late work, that his trumpeters and heralds were now thought to have made proclamation too faintly. This state of public opinion was soon indicated to Bentley by a distinction which he always looked upon as the most flattering in his long life. Robert Boyle had died on the last day but one of the year 1691. By his will this eminent Christian left an annual stipend of 50*l.* for the foundation of a lecture in defence of religion against infidels. The appointment to this lectureship has always been regarded as a mark of honour: *à fortiori*, then, the first appointment. That there could have been little hesitation in the choice, is evident; for, on the 13th of February, 1692, Bentley was nominated to this office. The lectures which he preached in the discharge of his duty, are deservedly valued—presenting as much, as various, and as profound philosophy as perhaps was compatible with the popular treatment of the subject. Bentley flattered himself that, after this assault, the atheists "were silent, and sheltered themselves under deism." But this was imaginary. Spinoza, in particular, could not have had that influence which Bentley, Sam. Clarke, and so many others have fancied: for *B. D. S. Opera Posthuma*, 1677, where only his philosophical system can be found, has always been a very rare book: * and it was never reprinted until Professor Paulus, in our own days, published a complete edition of Spinoza's works. Bayle, it is true, gave some account of the philosophy, but a most absurd, and besides a contemptuous one. In fact, Bayle—spite of the esteem in which his acuteness was held by Warburton, and even by Leibnitz—must be now classed as a spirited *littérateur* rather than philosopher. Hobbists, however, we may believe Bentley, that there were in abundance: but they were a weak cattle; and on Bentley's particular line of argument, even their master hardly knew his own mind.

The lectures answered their end. They strengthened the public

* How rare is evident from this, that at a great book sale in London, which had congregated all the *Fancy*, on a copy occurring, not one of the company but ourself knew what the mystical title-page meant.

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opinion of Bentley's talent, and exhibited him in a character more intimately connected with his sacred calling. Once only they were attacked from a quarter of authority. Dr. Monk, it appears to us, undervalues the force of the attack, and, perhaps, unduly, ascribes it to an impulse of party zeal. Keill, a Scotchman of talent, whose excellent lectures on Natural Philosophy are still quoted as a text-book in Germany, was led, (and—our impression is—led naturally,) in his examination of Burnet's Theory of the Earth, to notice two errors of Bentley,—one of which, as Dr. Monk puts it more on the footing of a verbal ambiguity than our impression of it would have warranted, we will not insist on. The other, unless our memory greatly deceives us, was this: Bentley, having heard that the moon always presents the same face to our earth, inferred, from that fact, that she had no revolution upon her own axis; upon which, Keill told him, that the fact he stated was a ground for the very opposite inference; since the effect of the moon's motion about the earth to bring a different face before us could not be counteracted but by a coincident revolution on her own axis. Keill was a coarse man, who called a spade a spade, as was afterwards sufficiently shown in his almost brutal treatment of Leibnitz, on behalf of his friend Sir Isaac Newton. And it is possible, undoubtedly, that being a Professor at Oxford, he might have conceived some personal pique to Bentley, while resident in that university. But we really see no reason for ascribing to any ungenerous motive a criticism, which, though peevishly worded, was certainly called for by the conspicuous situation of the error which it exposed.

In this year, Bentley was appointed a Prebendary at Worcester, and, in April, 1694, Keeper of all the King's Libraries. During the same year, he was a second time summoned to preach the Boyle Lecture; and in the following year was made one of the Chaplains in ordinary to the King.

Early in the year 1696, Bentley quitted the town-house of the Bishop of Worcester, and commenced housekeeping in his own lodgings as Royal Librarian. These lodgings, had he reaped nothing else from his office, were, to him, as a resident in London, a royal preferment. They were in St. James's Palace, adjoining to those of the Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne, and looked into the Park. In this year, Bentley took the degree of Doctor of Divinity; and somewhere about the same time appeared the edition of Callimachus, by his friend Grævius, with contributions from himself, of memorable splendour.

In 1697 commenced, on Bentley's part, that famous controversy about the Epistles of Phalaris, which has conferred immortality on his name. The circumstances in which it originated are briefly these: The well-known dispute in France, upon the intellectual pretensions in a comparison with each other of the Ancients and Moderns, had been transferred to England by Sir William Temple. This writer, just then at the height of his popularity, had declared for the ancients with more elegance than weight of matter; and, by

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way of fortifying his judgment, had alleged the Epistles of Phalaris and the Fables of Æsop as proofs that the oldest parts of literature are also the best. Sir William was aware that both works had been challenged as forgeries. However, the suspicions of scholars were as yet unmaturing; and, in a matter of taste, which was the present shape of the question, Sir William Temple's opinion seemed entitled to some consideration. Accordingly, the Honourable Charles Boyle, nephew to the illustrious philosopher of that name, who was at this time pursuing his studies at Christ Church in Oxford, and, upon the suggestion of Aldrich, the head of that College, had resolved to undertake an edition of some Greek book, as an academic exercise, was directed to Phalaris in particular, by this recent opinion of a friend, to whom he looked up with filial confidence and veneration. To insure as much perfection to his edition as was easily within his reach, Boyle directed Bennet, his London publisher, to procure a collation of MS. in the King's Library. This brought on an application to Bentley, who had just then received his appointment as Librarian; and his behaviour on this occasion, scandalously misrepresented to Mr. Boyle, furnished the first ground of offence to Boyle. How long a calumny can keep its ground, after the fullest refutation, appears from the Preface to Lennep's Latin version of Bentley's Dissertation, (edit. of 1781,) where, in giving a brief history of the transaction, the writer says—"Bentleius tergiversari primum; et ægre quod sæpius efflagitatum erat concedere;" and again,—"*ecce subito* Bentleius iter parans Londino, maxima ope contendere a Benneto ut codex ille statim redderetur." All this is false. Let us here anticipate the facts as they came out on both sides some years after. Bentley, by the plainest statements, has made it evident that he gave every facility for using the MS.; that he reclaimed it only when his own necessary absence from London made it impossible to do otherwise; that this necessity was foreseen and notified at the time of lending it; and that, even on the last day of the term prefixed for the use of the MS., sufficient time for dispatching the business twice over* was good-naturedly granted by Bentley, after his first summons had been made in vain.

These facts are established. That he lent the MS. under no sort of necessity to do so, nay, at some risk to himself, is admitted by

* Bentley ascertained, by an experiment upon one-third of the MS., that, without any extraordinary diligence, it could be collated throughout in a space of four hours. Now, his first summons was at noon, but he indulgently extended the term to "candle-light." How soon was that? The day has since been ascertained to be Saturday, May 23. But as the year was upwards of half a century before the English reformation of the calendar, that day would correspond to the 2nd of June at present. Being, therefore, within three weeks of the longest day, we may assume, that, in the latitude of London, "candle-light" could not be understood as earlier than 9 o'clock, P.M. Allowing the collator, therefore, one hour for any other sort of collation, he had just double the time requisite for the collation of the MS.

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Bennet; that he reclaimed it, under the highest necessity to do so, is not denied by anybody. At what point of the transaction is it, then, that the parties differ? Simply as to the delay in lending, and on the matter of giving notice, that on such a day it would be resumed. A little procrastination in lending, and forgetting to give notice, would not have justified a public stigma, had either one or the other been truly imputed to Bentley. But both imputations he solemnly denied. It is painful that the stress of any case should rest upon a simple comparison of veracity between two men; yet as Mr. Bennet has made this inevitable, let us state the grounds of comparison between himself and Dr. Bentley. In external respectability there was, in the first place, a much greater interval between* them than the same stations would imply at this day. Dr. Bentley, in the next place, was never publicly convicted of a falsehood; whereas Bennet was, in this case at any rate, guilty of *one*. Thirdly, whilst the Doctor had no interest at stake which required the protection of a falsehood, (since, without a falsehood, he was clear of the discourtesy charged upon him,) Bennet had the strongest: he had originally brought forward a particular statement, in a private letter, as a cloak for his own and his collator's indolence, without any expectation that it would lead to public consequences; but now, what he had begun in policy, he clung to from dire necessity; since, unless he could succeed in fastening some charge of this nature upon Dr. Bentley, his own excuse was made void; his word of honour was forfeited; and, from the precipitate attack on Bentley, into which he had misled his patron, all colour of propriety vanished at once.

However, Bennet's private account was, as yet, uncontradicted; and, on the faith of *that*, Boyle acquainted the public, in the Preface to his edition of Phalaris, that, up to the 40th Letter, he had taken care to have the book collated with the King's MS.; but that, beyond *that* the librarian had denied him the use of it, *agreeably to his peculiar spirit of courtesy*. Upon the very first publication of the Book, Bentley saw it, and immediately wrote to Mr. Boyle, explaining the matter in a polite and satisfactory manner. Boyle replied in gentlemanly terms, but did not give him that substantial redress, which Bentley had reason to expect, of cancelling the leaf which contained the affront. No further steps were taken on either

* No two classes have, within the last century, so much advanced in social consideration as Bankers and Booksellers, (meaning *Publishers*). The bankers of that day were merely goldsmiths; whence the phrase, hardly yet obsolete among elderly people, of "*bankers' shops*." Booksellers, again, having rarely stood forward, until Pope's time, in the character of enlightened co-operators with literary men, naturally took their place amongst the mechanical agents of the press. At present, an influential publisher belongs to a *profession*, which it belongs to himself to render dignified. In Bennet's time, he had not ceased to be (what a mere seller of books still is) a *tradesman*. After all, Gibson, the collator, has confessed in Bentley's favour.

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side for some time ; nor does it certainly appear that any would have been taken, but for an accidental interference of a third party. This was Wotton, Bentley's college friend. His book on *Ancient and Modern Learning*, originally published in 1694, and called out by Sir William Temple's Essay on the same subject, was now (1697) going into a second edition ; and as a natural means of increasing its interest, he claimed of Bentley an old promise to write a paper exposing the spurious pretensions of Phalaris and Æsop. This promise had been made before the appearance of Mr. Boyle's book, and evidently had a reference to Sir William Temple's strange judgment upon those authors. But, as matters had altered since then, Bentley endeavoured to evade a task which would oblige him to take a severe notice of Mr. Boyle's incivility and injustice. Wotton, however, held him to his engagement, and Bentley (*perhaps* reluctantly) consented. Here again the foreign editor of Lenep is too rash : he says of Bentley, that "*cupide occasionem amplexus est.*" But we are not to suppose that the sincerity with which a man declines a fierce dispute, is always in an inverse ratio to the energy with which he may afterwards pursue it. Many a man shrinks with all his heart from a quarrel, for the very reason that he feels too sensibly how surely it will rouse him to a painful activity, if he should once embark in it, and an irritation fatal to his peace. In the following year, Boyle, or the Christ-Church faction who used his name, replied at length. And certainly a more amusing* book, upon a subject so unpromising, has rarely been written. In particular, we agree with Dr. Monk, that few happier efforts of pleasantry exist, than that piece of raillery upon Bentley, where his arguments for the spuriousness of Phalaris are turned against himself, some critic of a future age being supposed to argue for the spuriousness of the Doctor's dissertation, as a work obviously impossible to have proceeded from a great scholar and a person of dignified station. As to learning, certainly the joint-stock of the company made but a poor exchequer for defraying a war upon Bentley ; yet it was creditable to wits and men of fashion : and in one point of view it was most happily balanced, for it was just shallow enough to prevent them from detecting their own blunders ; yet, on the other hand, deep enough to give them that colourable show of being sometimes in the right, which was indispensable for drawing out Bentley's knowledge. Had it been a little deeper, they would have forborne their attack on Bentley : had it been a little shallower, Bentley could have had no motive for replying *to them*. Partly from the real merit

* Hardly less amusing is the *first* Dissertation of Bentley, as published in the second edition of Wotton, (but in the third edition, 1705, and all subsequent ones, omitted.) This, where the heads only of the arguments are touched, without that elaborate array of learning which was afterwards found necessary, and where the whole is treated with irresistible fun and merriment, is a most captivating piece of criticism. A general reader, therefore, who is careless of the minute learning of the case, should read merely this first Dissertation, and Boyle's answer.

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of the book in those points which the public could best appreciate, partly from the extensive and brilliant connections of the writers, it was eagerly read—a second edition was immediately demanded, and Bentley was supposed to have been defeated. He, meantime, “hushed in grim repose,” was couchant; and, with his eyes upon the gambols of his victims, was settling himself at leisure for his fatal spring. Spite of the public applauses, some ominous misgivings were muttered: one or two of the Boyle party began to “funk;” they augured no good from the dead silence of Bentley; and Boyle, in particular, who was now in Ireland, sent to Atterbury some corrections furnished by his earliest tutor, Gale, the Dean of York; an intimation of error, which Atterbury, who had been a chief contributor to the book, deeply resented. But errors, or corrections, were now alike past notice. Pelides was now armed for the field: the signal was given; and at length, with the fullest benefit of final revision, which left no room for friend or foe to point out a flaw, that immortal Dissertation (*immortalis ista Dissertatio*, to speak the words of Porson) descended like a thunderbolt upon the enemy,

“And in one night
The trumpets silenced, and the plumes laid low.”

In 1699, being then in his thirty-eighth year, Bentley received that main preferment which was at once his reward and his scourge for the rest of his life. At the latter end of that year, Dr. J. Montague was transferred (we cannot say, with Dr. Monk, promoted) from the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, to the Deanery of Durham. Learning, services to religion, and (according to one rather scandalous tradition*) the firmness which he had manifested in governing the family of Bishop Stillingfleet, all conspired to point out Bentley as a person pre-eminently eligible to this station. Accordingly, he received the appointment; and on the first day of

* The story is this:—Bishop Stillingfleet is reported to have said, “We must send Bentley to rule the turbulent Fellows of Trinity College. If anybody can do it, he is the person; for I am sure that he has ruled my family ever since he entered it.” Upon this Dr. Monk argues, that the anecdote is doubly refuted; first, by the fact that Stillingfleet had been some time dead when the vacancy occurred; secondly, because the Fellows had not been turbulent before Bentley’s accession to the headship. Now, a little consideration will show, that the anecdote may be substantially true for all *that*, and probably was so (since it rests on too pointed and circumstantial an allusion to have been invented). Full two years before Bentley’s instalment, it appears that a vacancy had been anticipated, and a canvass made, upon the rumoured appointment of Dr. Montague to the see of Worcester. That was the occasion, no doubt, of Stillingfleet’s remark. Then, as to the word *turbulent*, besides that allowance must be made for the laxity of an oral story, the Fellows might be riotous in another sense than that of resisting the master’s authority; and throughout Dr. Montague’s time, who perhaps was as riotous as they, it is pretty certain that they were so.

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February, 1700, he was solemnly installed in his office. It is evident that he rated its value somewhat differently* from Dr. Monk; for he refused, in after years, to exchange it for the poor Bishopric of Bristol; and, being asked by the Minister what preferment he would consider worth his acceptance, wisely replied, that which would leave him no reason to wish for a removal.

This appointment was made under the unanimous recommendation of an Episcopal Commission, to whom King William, better fitted for a guard-room than the civil duties of the cabinet, had delegated the disposal of all church preferment within the gift of the crown. By the public it could not but have been approved; but it was unpopular in the college, composed chiefly of indolent sots, who were not likely to anticipate with pleasure the disadvantageous terms on which they would stand with so accomplished a head. And our own conviction is, that the appointment would hardly have been carried,

* Dr. Monk's undervaluation of college headships is so pointedly affected, and really so extravagant, that we cannot but suspect some personal pique or jealousy, how caused we pretend not to guess, as the foundation of it. Every-where he speaks of deaneries as *of course* superior in dignity to headships, forgetting that he himself has occasion to mention one dean, (a dean of York,) who looked to the mastership of Trinity as an object of ambition. And in one place he takes a slight beyond our comprehension: for, according to him, in a dispute between the head of a college and an archbishop, the parties stand "upon such unequal ground," that it is matter of astonishment to find it lasting beyond a moment. How! is it in England that we hear such language, and in 1830? Why, but the other day, we had the edifying spectacle of an archbishop descending to a newspaper altercation with a mob orator, on the subject of his own money concerns! There *was* unequal ground. But, with justice on his side, we really see nothing alarming in an archdeacon and a head of a college maintaining a controversial correspondence with a prince of the blood. A Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, presumptuous in disputing with an archbishop on a matter of literature and academic interest!! What false impressions would a foreigner carry away on the relations of English dignities from Dr. Monk's book! The fact is, that, in popular consideration, a head of one of the smaller colleges, in either Cambridge or Oxford, is equal at the least to a dean; and the head of Christ Church in Oxford, or Trinity in Cambridge, (perhaps some of the other colleges in both,) and the heads of the single colleges, which constitute the whole university in Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, are equal to bishops. We appeal to Dr. Monk himself, to say candidly which is the greater man in Oxford—the Dean of Christ Church, or the Bishop of Oxford? But Oxford is a poor bishopric. True; and *that* introduces a fresh ground of comparison. As stations of profit, sometimes the headships have the advantage (united, as they often are, with complementary livings,) sometimes the bishoprics. As stations of comfort, however, they stand in no comparison. A college head has the most delightful sinecure in the world; whereas bishoprics, by those who are determined to do the work of them, are found to be the most laborious situations in the whole establishment. But here there are secrets. See the very opposite reports, for instance, of the see of Worcester, when held by bishops of different character.

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had it not been backed by the influence of the Princess Anne. Since the death of Queen Mary, whose rancorous quarrel with her sister had never been settled, the natural influence of the Princess had been allowed to revive. That excellent lady regarded with particular favour the learned champion of Christianity; and had designed that her son, the Duke of Gloucester, should be sent, at a proper age, to the college over which so meritorious a person presided. In this scheme so much stress was laid on the personal co-operation of Bentley, that by an arrangement unheard of in English universities, his Royal Highness was to have resided under the master's roof. But these counsels were entirely defeated by the hand of Providence, which then lay heavy upon that illustrious house: in six months after Bentley's installation, the young prince was summoned to the same premature death which had carried off all the children of his parents.

Finding himself now able to offer a suitable establishment to the woman of his heart, on the 4th of January, 1701, Bentley married Mrs. (or, in modern language, Miss) Joanna Bernard, daughter of Sir John Bernard of Brampton, in the county of Huntingdon. This lady, whom he had been accustomed to meet in the family of Bishop Stillingfleet, brought him four children, two daughters and two sons, of whom one died in infancy. He found her a most faithful companion through the storms of his after life; and as her family connections were of considerable distinction, and two years afterwards emerged into a blaze of court favour, she had the happiness of giving a powerful assistance to her husband at a moment of imminent danger. There is a story current, that during his courtship Bentley had nearly forfeited her favour by speaking sceptically of the Book of Daniel—a story resting, it seems, on the slight authority of "wicked * Will Whiston," and which, as Dr. Monk observes, is "exceedingly improbable."

About five months after his marriage, he was collated to the Arch-

* This epithet, bestowed playfully upon Whiston by Swift, in ridicule of his sanctimony, would almost seem to have been seriously justified by his general bad faith in scattering injurious anecdotes about everybody who refused to fall in with his follies. His excuse lies in the extreme weakness of his brain. Think of a man, who had brilliant preferment within his reach, dragging his poor wife and daughter for half a century through the very mire of despondency and destitution, because he disapproved of Athanasius, or because the *Shepherd of Hermas* was not sufficiently esteemed by the Church of England! Unhappy is that family over which a fool presides. The secret of all Whiston's lunacies may be found in that sentence of his Autobiography, where he betrays the fact of his liability, from youth upwards, to flatulency. What he mistook for conscience was flatulence, which others (it is well known) have mistaken for inspiration. This was his original misfortune: his second was, that he lived before the age of powerful drastic journals. Had he been contemporary with Christopher North, the knout would have brought him to his senses, and extorted the gratitude of Mrs. Whiston and her children.

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deaconry of Ely, which brought with it not only honour, but two church livings.

After this, Dr. Bentley never actively solicited any further preferment, except once. This was in 1717, when the Regius Professorship of Divinity, by far the richest in Europe, became vacant by the death of Dr. James. It was held that Bentley was ineligible as head of Trinity; for it might have happened, by the letter of the statutes, that he himself, in one character, would become judge of his own delinquencies in the other. However, there was at least one precedent in his favour; and as the real scruples of his opponents grew out of anything but principle, whilst his very enemies could not deny that his qualifications for the place were unrivalled, it is agreeable to record, that the intrigues for defeating him were met and baffled by far abler intrigues of his own; and, on the 2d of May, 1718, he was installed to this most lucrative office.

Referring to the earlier years of his connection with Trinity College, we may characterize his conduct generally as one continued series of munificent patronage to literature, beneficial reforms in college usages and discipline, many of which are still retained at this day with gratitude, and, finally, by the most splendid and extensive improvements of the college buildings. His acts of the first class were probably contemplated by the Fellows with indifference; but those of the second, as cutting off abuses from which they had a personal benefit, or as carried with too high a hand, and by means not always statutable, armed the passions of a large majority against him, whilst the continued drain upon their purses for public objects, which, it must be confessed, was in some instances immoderately lavish, sharpened the excitement against him by the irritation of immediate self-interest. Hence arose a faction so strongly organized for the purpose of thwarting him in future, and of punishing him for the past, as certainly no delinquencies of the most eminent state criminal have ever yet called forth in any nation. Bentley, however, resisted with one hand, and continued to offend with the other. The contest soon became a judicial one; and as it was the most memorable one in every respect that England has ever witnessed—for duration, and the inexhaustible resources of the person whose interest was chiefly at stake upon its issue—we shall give a faithful abstract of all its revolutions, condensed from many scores of pages in Dr. Monk's quarto. In any life of Bentley, this affair must occupy a foremost place; and, considering the extreme intricacy of Dr. Monk's account, and the extreme falsehood of that in all former biographies, we hope to earn the thanks of our readers by the closeness of our analysis.

On the 21st of December, 1709, the feuds of Trinity College, which had been long ripening to a crisis, were first brought under the eye of a competent manager. On that day, Mr. Edmund Miller, a Fellow of Trinity, coming on a Christmas visit to his old friends, happened to enter the College at the very moment when a fresh encroachment of Dr. Bentley's had flung the whole society into

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agitation. To Miller, as a lawyer and a Fellow, their grievances were submitted by the College; and as he lost no time in avowing himself their champion, and in very insolent terms, Dr. Bentley lost as little in forcibly dispossessing him of his Fellowship—an act of violence which was peculiarly mistimed; for it did not lessen Miller's power, stimulated his zeal, and added one more to the colourable grounds of complaint. Miller's name was struck off the College boards on the 18th of January; on the 19th, it was restored by the Vice-master and some senior Fellows; and on the 24th, it was again struck off by Bentley. Matters, it may be supposed, were now coming to extremities; and about this time it was that Bentley is said to have exclaimed—"Henceforward, farewell peace to Trinity College!"

For all important disputes which can arise in the different colleges (about forty-five in number) which compose the English universities, the final appeal lies to the *Visitor* of each college. But in the present case a previous question arose, "Who *was* the visitor?" the Crown, or the Bishop of Ely? Two separate codes of statutes, each in force, held a language on this point inconsistent with each other; and the latter code was even inconsistent with itself. However, as it happened that the particular statute which met the present case spoke unequivocally of the Bishop as visitor, it was resolved to abide by that assumption. And therefore, after communicating with the Bishop, a formal petition was addressed to his lordship, and on the 6th of February, 1710, signed by the Vice-master and twenty-nine Fellows. The Bishop, having received the petition without delay, made as little in sending Bentley a copy of it. And to this Bentley replied in a printed letter to his lordship. The two general heads, under which the charges against Bentley had been gathered, were dilapidation of the College funds, and violation of the statutes. These charges in the present letter are met circumstantially; and in particular on that principal attempt of Bentley's to effect a new and different distribution of the College income, which had in fact furnished the determining motive to the judicial prosecution of the quarrel, Dr. Monk admits that he makes out a very powerful case. Mortified vanity and disappointed self-interest, Bentley describes as the ruling impulses of his enemies. "Had I," says he, "herded and sotted with them: had I suffered them to play their cheats in their several offices, I might have done what I would; I might have devoured and destroyed the College, and yet come away with their applauses for a great and good master." Bentley, in fact, was a most unpopular head succeeding to a very popular one. From whatsoever motive, he had not courted the society of his Fellows: that of itself was a thing that could not be forgiven; and perhaps it is true that from pure mortified *amour propre*, united with those baser impulses which Bentley points out, fastening upon such occasions as the rashness of Bentley too readily supplied, the prosecution against him *did* radically take its rise.

What was the prevailing impression left by Bentley's pamphlet

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we do not learn. However, as it was well understood to be really his, it did not fail to provoke numerous answers; amongst which Mr. Miller's was eminent for the closeness of its legal arguments, and Blomer's for wit and caustic personality. After the petition, however, with the exception of some attempts on Bentley's side to disunite his enemies by holding out temptations which, as often as they failed, were immediately carried to account by the opposite faction as meditated breaches of the statute—it does not appear that either side made any movement until the 11th July, 1710, when the charges against Bentley were finally digested into fifty-four separate articles. These, having first been presented to the Bishop of Ely, were published in the shape of a pamphlet—supported by such extracts from the statutes as seemed necessary to illustrate or substantiate the charges. The Bishop's first step was to send a copy of the articles to Bentley, who on his part appears “to have taken no notice of them whatever.” This, be it observed, for many a good year continued to be a right-hand mode of manœuvring with Bentley: unless stirred up by a very long pole, he would not roar for any man.

Meantime in this year, 1710, had occurred that most memorable of all intrigues, which, out of no deeper root than the slippery tricks of a waiting-woman, had overset the policy of Europe. The Whigs were kicked out; the Tories were kicked in; so far the game went just the wrong way for Bentley, his name being always for fancy borne on the Whig lists—but that was a trifle. All the public disadvantages of his party being ousted were compensated a thousand times over by the private benefit, that his wife happened to be related in blood to Lord Bolingbroke, (then Mr. Secretary St. John,) and also to Mr. Masham, husband of the favourite. “On this hint” he moved. By one or both of these channels he reached the ear of Mr. Harley, the Lord Treasurer. The Queen was already won over to his cause; for she had been acquainted of old with the Doctor; and Mrs. Bentley's court connections took care that the scandalous lives of some amongst Bentley's opponents should lose nothing in the telling. The Doctor was “invited” by the Prime Minister to sketch a scheme of conciliation; and in obedience he drew up a *projet* of a royal letter, which has since been found amongst the Harleian papers. Let it not offend the reader to hear, that in this letter each separate point in dispute was settled in favour of the Doctor himself. Reasonable as that was, however, *Diis aliter visum est*: the Minister was far too tortuous himself to approve of such *very* plain dealing. Indeed, as a lesson upon human nature, the “Royal Letter” must have been a perfect curiosity: for by way of applying a remedy to the Master's notorious infirmity of excessive indulgence and lax discipline, the letter concluded with strictly enjoining him “to chastise all license among the Fellows,” and promising royal countenance and co-operation in the discharge of duties so salutary.

Whether this bold stroke came to the knowledge of the enemy, is

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hard to say; for Dr. Monk gives us reason to think that it did, and did not, in the very same sentence. Certain it is that Bentley's Royal Letter was forwarded to the Premier on the 10th November, 1710; and on the 21st of that month he received a peremptory summons from the Bishop of Ely to answer the articles against him by the 18th of December. At one time Bentley avowed a design of appealing to the Convocation; but for this, when steps were taken to baffle him, he substituted a petition to the Queen, explaining that her Majesty was the true visitor of Trinity College, that the Bishop of Ely was usurping her rights, and that Richard Bentley, resisting this usurpation, threw himself on her royal protection.

This petition met with immediate attention, and was referred by Mr. Secretary St. John to the Attorney and Solicitor-General, who meantime stayed the Bishop's proceedings. Five months were spent in hearing all parties; and on May 29, 1711, the two officers made their report, which was favourable to the Bishop's claim as respected Bentley, but pointed out to the Queen and the Doctor a legal mode of resisting it. As this decision left Bentley to no more than a common remedy at law, he determined to obtain higher protection; and on July 12th, he addressed a letter to Harley, now Earl of Oxford, congratulating him on his recent escape from assassination, stating his own situation, and concluding with the offer of dedicating to his lordship the edition which he had been long preparing of Horace. This appeal obtained for him the Minister's active protection; the Bishop was again directed to stay proceedings; and on the 8th of December the Horace was published, with a dedication, taking due notice of Harley's honours* of descent from the Veres and Mortimers. Bentley avowed his own change of party by saying, that "Horace was not less in favour with Mæcenas from his having once served under the banners of Brutus and Cassius."

In 1712, after above seven months' deliberation, the crown lawyers made a report on the question of—*Who was Visitor?* It was unfavourable to Bentley; for though declaring the Crown visitor in a general sense, it decided, notwithstanding, for the Bishop of Ely, in the single case of delinquency charged upon the Master—the very case in question; and one of the lawyers, Sir Joseph Jekyll, declared for the Bishop unconditionally. Now, then, it was expected that the interdict on the Bishop would be immediately taken off. However, it was not; and some speculations arose at that time upon this apparent mystery, which have since appeared to be unfounded. Mrs. Bentley's influence was supposed to be at work. But the secret history of the intrigue was very different. The truth was this: Bentley's enemies had now found their way to Lord Oxford's ear; this should naturally have operated to Bentley's ruin; but fortunately for him, the Treasurer viewed the whole case as one not unworthy

* We know not how true Harley's pretensions in this particular may be; certainly Lord Bolingbroke ridicules them harshly, in his Letter to Sir William Wyndham, as mere jovial inspirations from the fumes of claret.

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of his own management upon Machiavellian principles. A compromise of the dispute was probably what the Minister proposed; and if that were found impossible, an evasion, by a timely removal of Bentley to some other situation.

Meantime, these conciliatory intentions on the part of the Premier were suddenly defeated by a strong measure of Bentley's. In the winter of 1712, he refused his consent to the usual division of the College funds. Attacked in this quarter, the Fellows became desperate. Miller urged an application to the Court of Queen's Bench, with a view to compel the Bishop of Ely to proceed as Visitor; for it was believed that the royal interdict would not be recognized by that court. Upon this the Ministers shrank from the prospect of being publicly exposed as partisans in private cabals; and Lord Bolingbroke wrote hastily to the Bishop of Ely, giving him the Queen's permission to proceed, "as far by law as he was empowered." Thus warranted, the Fellows brought their cause before the Queen's Bench, and before the end of Easter term, 1713, obtained a rule for the Bishop to show cause why a mandamus should not issue to compel him to discharge his judicial functions.

Two considerable advantages had been obtained by Bentley about this time; he had been able to apply the principle of *divide et impera* in the appointment to an office of some dignity and power: a success which, though it really amounted to no more than the detaching from his enemies of that single member who benefitted by the bribe, he had dexterously improved into a general report that the party arrayed against him were repentant and disunited. The other advantage was of still higher promise. Early in the summer of 1712, the negotiations then pending at Utrecht had furnished the Whigs with an occasion for attack upon Ministers which was expected to unseat them. How sanguine were the hopes embarked upon this effort, appears by the following passage from Swift's *Journal to Stella*—"We got a great victory last Wednesday in the House of Lords, by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; and the Whigs had desired their friends to bespeak places to see Lord Treasurer carried to the Tower." In this critical condition, it was important to Oxford and Bolingbroke that their security should appear to stand not merely upon Parliamentary majorities, but also on the general sense of the country. Addresses, therefore, expressing public confidence, were particularly welcome at court; and Bentley managed one for them at Cambridge, which he was deputed to present.

But these were advantages which could avail him nothing in the new posture of the dispute. The Court of Queen's Bench had relieved the Bishop of Ely from the royal interdict. The Bishop lost no time in throwing Bentley upon his defence. Bentley replied laconically (June 13, 1713); and after some further interchange of written pleadings with his accusers, he attempted to bring the whole affair to an abrupt issue at Cambridge; in which case, for want of mature evidence, an acquittal must have followed. But the Bishop

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was on his guard. He had engaged the late Whig Lord Chancellor (Lord Cowper), and Dr. Newman, an eminent civilian, as his assessors; and he replied drily, that if it suited their convenience, November would be the time of trial; but at all events, London would be the place, as best furnished for both sides with the proper legal aids.

However, it happened from the political agitations of that period, that the trial did not in fact come on until May, 1714. The great hall of Ely House was the court-room, and eight of the most eminent lawyers of the day assisted on one side or other as counsel. On the charge of wasting the College goods, Bentley made out a strong case. He produced the sanction of a majority; and the funds, it appeared, had been applied, at any rate, to the adorning and repairing the College. As to the other charge of violating the statutes, it had been Bentley's custom to palliate his strong measures by shifting between the statute and the practice, just as either happened to afford him most countenance; but there were some acts oppressive beyond the countenance of either precedent or statute. Public opinion, and, it is supposed, the private opinion of the Bishop, had hitherto powerfully favoured Bentley, but forsook him as the trial advanced; and tradition records, that on some remarkable expression of this, Bentley fainted away. At length, after six weeks' duration, the Visitor was satisfied that the case had been established, and ordered a sentence of ejection from the Mastership to be drawn up. This was done, and the sentence was afterwards found amongst his papers. Meantime, the good Bishop Moore had caught cold during the long sittings; and on the 31st of July, before any of his apparitors could execute the sentence, he was himself summoned away by a sterner apparitor, to the other world. On the day following died Queen Anne; and in one moment the favour of Oxford and Bolingbroke had become something worse than worthless. Thus suddenly did Bentley see both friends and foes vanish from the scene, and the fine old quarrel of Trinity College fell back to the *status quo ante bellum*, and was welcome to begin the world again.

So passed the first five years of the feud. Fleetwood, the new Bishop of Ely, declined to act as Visitor of the Master, unless he could also *visit* the Fellows. Upon this significant hint, the prosecutors of Bentley, now reduced by six who had died during the struggle, acceded to a compromise. Sensible, however, that so long as Miller continued to be a Fellow, the stifled fire would be continually rekindled, Bentley applied the whole force of his mind to eject him. A former pretext had been quashed; he now found a new one, but all in vain. The result for the present was simply to refresh the fury of Miller. He was now become a Sergeant; and he laid fresh articles before the Bishop, who persisted, however, in declining to act.

At this point of the history, a new actor came upon the stage, who brought to the management of the quarrel, self-devotion like

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that of a Christian martyr, and malignity like that of a Pagan persecutor. This was Dr. Colbatch, Professor of Casuistry. As a Fellow of Trinity College, he had unavoidably taken some interest in the affair from the first; but from duty or gratitude he had supported the Master; or had passed into a state of strict neutrality; or, finally, had acquiesced with reluctance in the measures of Miller. At length, however, it is said that some affair of college leases, in the terms of which Bentley seemed to sacrifice reversionary to present interests, put an end to his languor; and he parted from the Master in a state of enmity that in this life was destined to no repose.

Now, then, the college was in perfect anarchy; yet the Bishop of Ely still refused to interfere, unless ordered by the King. In this dilemma the Archbishop of Canterbury, Wake, (the same, we think, who entertained the mad project for some sort of union with the Popish or Gallican Church,) pointed out the steps to be taken, amongst which the first was a petition to the King in Council. His Grace had himself lately received an affront from Bentley, and he now declared the jolly old Doctor to be "the greatest instance of human frailty that he knew of." After some delay, caused by the weakness of the Fellows in neglecting a prudent caution of the Archbishop, the petition was called for by the council and read. Then came a scene, in the history of public business, worthy of Swift. The council remits the case to Sir Edward Northey, at that time Attorney-General; Mr. Attorney remits to the Bishop of Ely; the Bishop back again to Mr. Attorney; and finally exit Mr. Attorney in a hurry with all the papers in a bundle; for Sir Edward was soon dismissed from office, and carried off the quarrel in his pocket. This was in 1716; for the three years which succeeded, Colbatch allowed himself to be amused with the merest moonshine by the Chancellor, Lord Macclesfield, who secretly protected Bentley. In 1719 the petition came again to light; and being read at the council board, was referred by the Lords Justices, who represented the absent King, to a committee of the Privy Council. This resurrection from Sir Edward Northey's pocket was a sad blow to Bentley; three years' slumber gave him hopes that the petition had been applied to some "culinary, or post-culinary purpose," in which case he was well assured that another of equal weight could no longer be substituted. However, the next step was to get it *laid*, and that could be done only by a compromise with Sergeant Miller. This had been attempted in vain some years back, as it happened that the Sergeant was at that time discharging his wrath in a book against the Doctor. That book, however, hurt nobody but its author; and the Sergeant now listened favourably to an overture, which offered him a profitable retreat. He retired for ever from the contest, with the reputation of a traitor, and 528*l.* sterling in his purse; he rose afterwards to be a member of Parliament, and a Baron of Exchequer in Scotland, but in Cambridge he never retrieved his character.

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For eleven years the quarrel had now raged in the courts; for the next seven, in consequence of this compromise with Miller and the Bishop of Ely's *inertia*, it was conducted by the press; and strange it is to record, that all attempts in this way of Bentley's enemies, though practised authors, recoiled heavily on themselves—how many pamphlets, so many libels. Sergeant Miller had already paid dearly for *his*. Next came Conyers Middleton, who, in two particular sentences, seemed to intimate that justice could not be had (or even a hearing) from the King in Council. In November, 1721, the King and Richard Bentley taught him in Westminster Hall to take a new view of the subject. He was compelled to ask pardon, and heavily amerced in costs. Colbatch, with this warning before his eyes, committed exactly the same fault in a more dangerous shape. He was prosecuting Bentley as the supposed author of a supposed libel on himself in the University Courts; and in support of the University jurisdiction, he published a book called *Jus Academicum*. Circumstances arose, however, to convince him that more danger was at hand to himself than his antagonist, and he declared himself willing to drop the proceedings. "Are you so?" said Bentley; "but so am not I." There is a vulgar story of a gentle Quaker, who, finding a dog in the act of robbing his larder, declined rough modes of punishment, but said he would content himself with a parting admonition; upon which, opening the door to the dog, he cried after him—"Mad dog! good people, a mad dog!" In the same fashion did Bentley, not troubling himself to institute prosecutions, quietly beg leave, by his counsel, to read a sentence or two from the *Jus Academicum* before the Judges of the King's Bench. That was enough: the Judges bounced like quicksilver, for their jurisdiction was questioned; and Dr. Colbatch, in Mr. Thurtell's language, was "booked." The troubles he went through in skulking from justice, and running after great men's intercession, would really make a novel. The following extracts from Dr. Monk's account, lift up the veil upon the wretched condition of him who is struggling in the meshes of the law. After mentioning that the two Secretaries of State had promised their intercession with the Chief Justice, the account goes on thus:—

"He himself preferred his application to the Lord Chancellor, now Earl of Macclesfield, who, however great might be his faults, was remarkably accessible and affable. He indulged Colbatch with many interviews; and although he condemned, without reserve, the offending passages of his book, promised him his good offices with the Chief Justice, to make the consequences light. But the patronage of these great ministers was not calculated to render the unfortunate divine any real service. The distinguished judge, who presided on the bench, entertained a high notion of the dignity of his court. He had also too just an opinion of the sanctity of the judicial character, not to be jealous of the interference of persons in power with the administration of justice. He therefore heard the representations of the Cabinet ministers, without the least disposition to attend to them; insomuch that the Premier accounted for

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his inflexibility by observing, that *Pratt had got the top of his preferment, and was, therefore, refractory, and not to be governed by them.*"

Soon after this, the publisher, Wilkin, was brought to the bar :—

"The affrighted bookseller made an effort to save himself, by declaring that Dr. Colbatch was the author; but the Chief Justice told him he might do as he pleased about giving up the author, for it should not save him from the punishment due to the offence of circulating the pamphlet; and that his fate should be a warning to other publishers; adding, that the court would serve the author in the same way if brought before them. Wilkin's terrors were greatly augmented, when, upon applying in the evening at the chambers of Mr. Justice Fortescue to be bailed, he was informed by his lordship that he had that day taken as bail, of the publisher of the Freeholder's Journal, (a treasonable paper,) 1000*l.*, and 500*l.* for each of his sureties; and he was actually required to produce the same amount, the judge saying that his offence was as great, or greater."

The danger now thickened, and Colbatch was advised to keep out of the way, and with the utmost speed to procure the King's pardon, which had been promised him by *both* Secretaries of State. In what manner great men kept their promises in those days, the reader shall hear :

"When he renewed his application for the interference of the great Ministers in his favour, he found their tone much altered. Lord Carteret, in particular, had at first been profuse in his assurances of protection in case of the worst. *Should the Doctor be sent to prison, here, said he, brandishing his pen, is Mercury's wand which will soon fetch him out.* Now, however, his lordship's language was altered; he advised so and so, and he would undertake that nothing should hurt him. But Dr. Friend, whose heart misgave him on this point, begged his lordship to pledge his word, that, in case of the worst, *Mercury's wand* should be put in operation. Re-encouraged by a fresh promise, the delinquent, who had changed his lodgings to escape notice, now put on his gown, and appeared publicly in the streets and in Westminster Hall. But here some lawyers, upon learning the grounds of his security, told him to *despair his charm*, for that if he confessed himself the author of *Jus Academicum*, the King himself could not hinder his being sent to prison."

In this trying situation, Colbatch in 1722 strengthened himself by new friends, such as the Archbishop of York, the President of the Council, and many others; but at length he discovered "that there was a lion in his path, which intercepted all his prospects of powerful mediation." And who should this lion be? Why, simply that friend, the Chancellor, to wit, who was the warmest of all in professions. What a picture of courts does the following passage expose !

"The minister (Lord Townshend) then sent him to wait upon the Chief Justice, with a message from himself, intimating that the Crown would interfere to stay proceedings, and wishing to know in what manner that object could most properly be effected. Colbatch proceeded immediately to Sir

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John Pratt's, but found that he had just gone out; whereupon an unfortunate idea came across his mind, that he ought to go and communicate the Minister's designs to the Lord Chancellor, lest he should appear to distrust the promise of the latter. This wily Lord, having learnt the state of the case, determined to counteract what was doing; and, under pretence of smoothing the way, made the Doctor promise not to deliver Lord Townshend's message to the Chief Justice, till he had himself seen him upon the subject. Colbatch, however, presently perceiving that he had been surprised and tricked by this exalted personage, went back to Lord Townshend, and candidly told him what had passed. The Minister revived his spirits by promising to procure him the King's pardon the next day, and directed him to call upon him again in the evening at his office, when he should see and talk with the Chancellor. Going at the time appointed, he found a cabinet meeting just broken up. Lord Townshend, as soon as he saw him, ordered Lord Macclesfield to be recalled, and the two great men held a long conversation apart, in which the Chancellor contrived to intercept the favour designed for the unfortunate Colbatch. They then joined him, and Lord Macclesfield urged that nothing more was required of him but to make a reasonable apology to the court, and that he would be committed to satisfy form; that this would be only nominal, as he would regain his liberty the next day; and earnestly advised him to undergo this trivial ordeal. Lord Townshend then joined in the recommendation, saying—*Do, good Doctor, do*. Thus pressed, he had no alternative but to acquiesce, although he was no longer deceived, but saw himself the victim of a hard-hearted policy."

Certainly, if the Doctor's friends were knaves, *ou à-peu-près*, the Doctor himself was a fool, *ou à-peu-près*. And the very perfection of folly—pig-headed folly, (opposed to the equal pig-headedness in the judge,)—appears in the final scene of this little drama, which we transcribe as a fair rival to any of the same kind in *Gil Blas*:—

"After, &c. &c., Dr. Colbatch was again brought up before the King's Bench, to petition for his discharge; whereupon Sir Littleton Powis, the senior puisne judge, delivered him his final objurgation. His lordship had just been reading the *Jus Academicum*, and was master of its contents; but, unfortunately for the author, he considered some of the reflections, intended for Dr. Bentley, as levelled against the Court. He termed the appeals made to foreign lawyers quite foreign to the purpose;—a conceit which took his lordship's fancy so much, that he repeated it three or four times in the course of his speech. But the most disastrous point was the motto of the book—*Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat*. He accused Colbatch of applying to the Court of King's Bench the most virulent verse in all Horace,—*Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non ABROGAT*. The culprit immediately set him right as to Horace's word; and told him besides, that the motto was intended to apply, not to the judges, but to Dr. Bentley. Sir Littleton, however, would not be driven from what he considered his stronghold; he thrice recurred to this unhappy quotation, which accused their lordships of *abrogating* the laws; and each time Colbatch was imprudent enough to interrupt and correct him. At last the Court remarked to his counsel, Kettelbey, that his client did not appear to be sensible of his being in contempt; and, to convince him of that fact, sentenced him to pay 50*l.* to be imprisoned till it was paid, and to give security for his good behaviour for a year."

It will appear like judicial infatuation in Bentley's enemies, that,

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on that same day when this scene took place in the King's Bench, another process was commenced against Conyers Middleton for a libel upon the same court. "The pamphlet being handed to the Bench, the Chief Justice pronounced, that, if Dr. Middleton was really the author, he must be the most ungrateful man alive, considering that the Court had already treated him with so much lenity." In fact, this unhappy coincidence in time of the two cases, gave to the reverend libellers the appearance of being in a conspiracy. However, though Middleton would not take a lesson from his friend to avoid his offence, he *did* as regarded the management of his defence. He applied to no Lord Macclesfields or Secretaries of State; and, in consequence, he met precisely the same punishment as Colbatch, without the same protracted suffering. And so ended the sixth suit which Bentley had prosecuted to a triumphant issue, within three years, in the King's Bench, himself enjoying all the time the most absolute *otium cum dignitate*, whilst his malicious enemies were mere footballs to the fury of the law.

These, however, were no more than episodes in the great *epos* of the original quarrel. In the latter end of 1727, after a seven years' rest, this began to revive. Bishop Fleetwood had been succeeded in the See of Ely by Greene, who was willing to act, provided his expenses were guaranteed, and certain legal questions answered favourably. His demands were granted; and five eminent lawyers, having separately returned satisfactory answers, preparations were making for assault. Though managed silently, Bentley heard of them; and immediately petitioned the King, telling him that the Bishop of Ely was going to rob him of his rights. After three months' waiting for the result, the Bishop in turn petitioned the King to be heard on behalf of his See. A committee of the Privy Council was then appointed. Delays, as usual, were devised by Bentley; and it was not before March, 1729, that the committee decided, that "they could not advise his Majesty to interfere at all, but that the Bishop was at liberty to proceed as he thought proper."

Richard Bentley had come to a different decision, as he soon made Bishop Greene understand. In November, his lordship began to stir; but Bentley soon pulled him up by moving the King's Bench for a prohibition, on the ground, that before he could be "visited," he must be twice admonished by the Vice-master: now, as he took care to have a Vice-master of his own choosing, this was not likely to happen before the Greek calends. The judges at length refused the prohibition, holding that the preliminary admonition was required only in cases of petty delinquencies. Bishop Greene was therefore once more declared at liberty to proceed; and at last it was thought, says Dr. Monk, "that all Bentley's resources were at an end."

Little did they know of Richard Bentley who thought thus. On the 2d June, 1729, steps were again taken at Ely House, and a further day assigned. Before that day came, again had Bentley

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put a spoke in the Bishop's wheel. He applied to the King's Bench for a writ of prohibition on new grounds; and this time he succeeded. Next term, the Bishop applied to have the prohibition taken off. But that was more easily asked than granted. Bentley had bothered the judges with a paper which cost a week even to copy. The judges had no time to read it, and were obliged to continue the prohibition; and then came the long vacation. In November, 1729, the campaign opened again; but the Court declared that no case like this had ever come before them, and declined to pronounce judgment until it had been argued by way of declaration and answer.

In 1730, with the vernal resurrection of nature, up rose the everlasting process. "Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily." Bishop Greene put in his plea. Bentley took no notice of it; nor would to this hour, had not a rule been applied for to compel him. At the last minute of the time allowed, he replied, by asking for time,—a month, for instance. The Court granted a week. At the last minute of the week he put in a *replication*, which, in Strange's Reports, is described as "immaterial."

Upon this the Bishop, in technical phrase, *demurred*. But here, again, Bentley got Bishop Greene under his arm, and "fibbed" him. It is presumed in law, that, for his own interest, a plaintiff will proceed quickly; so that, if he should not, the rules of the Court make no provision for compelling him. Now, it is true that Bentley was defendant on the main case; yet, on that part of it which came before the Court of King's Bench, he was plaintiff; of course he made no sign of proceeding. In Trinity term measures were taken to compel him. But next came another step, which also belongs to plaintiff. Plaintiff failed. As this was no more than making up what is called a "paper-book," defendant did it for him. But this Bentley would not hear of. "By no means," said he; "it is my duty to do it. I have failed; and I insist on being compelled to do my duty." And in this way again he whiled away the year until the long vacation arrived, when all men rest from their labour. Who will deny that his friends in Cambridge did right in giving the unconquerable old man a triumphal reception, meeting him at Bourn Bridge, and preparing him a welcome in Trinity College, in a manner similar to that of his Majesty's late reception in Cambridge?

Michaelmas term, 1730, the judges, after hearing three days' argument, gave judgment against two of Bentley's pleas; on the third, they postponed their decision.

Easter term, 1731, arrived, and new light dawned for Bentley. The charges against him all went upon a presumed validity of certain statutes, known as Queen Elizabeth's, which had superseded the elder statutes of Edward VI., and no question had arisen, but as to which set of statutes were valid for this particular case. Suddenly the judges themselves started a question. Were these statutes valid for *any* case? Counsel on neither side had heard a

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whisper in that direction. Being uninstructed, they were silent. The judges differed amongst themselves, and the result seemed doubtful. But all at once they discovered a screw loose in another quarter. It was this: The Bishop had described himself as "Visitor especially authorized and appointed by the 40th of Queen Elizabeth's statutes." Now, waiving the other question, at any rate it was the elder statutes which had created this jurisdiction, the Elizabethan (supposing them valid) having at most recognized it. This flaw was held fatal by the whole bench, in other respects not unanimous, and a sufficient reason for continuing the prohibition.

So terminated this stage of the interminable process; damages to the prosecutors—little less than one 1000*l.*; and to Bentley, whose costs fell on the College, (and in their proportion, therefore, upon the prosecutors,) 1300*l.* Prosecutors had to pay Bentley 289*l.*, as costs contracted in discussing objections of *his* raising, notwithstanding every one of these objections had been dismissed. Such a result of their malice it is delightful to record.

How Dr. Monk reconciles it with the fact of the continued prohibition, we pretend not to guess; so it is, however, that we now find him speaking of Bishop Greene, as being at liberty to proceed "at discretion." However, we must take things as we find them. In July, 1731, Bentley, on suspicion that Bishop Greene was meditating a choice of courses, resolved not to spare Bishop Greene any course at all. With that view he petitioned the King to prohibit him by a *fiat* of the Attorney-General. This new attack exhausted Bishop Greene's entire stock of patience. Bishop Greene began to sing out furiously; and, when the petition, after two hearings, was dismissed as illegal in its prayer, his lordship resolved to go in to his man, and finish him in as few rounds as possible. Yet how? After much deliberation, it was resolved to adopt the plan of an appeal to the House of Lords for a reversal of the late judgment of the King's Bench.

It is ludicrous to mention, that whilst this grand measure was pending, a miniature process occurred, which put all the parties to the great one through what had now become regular evolutions. Bentley had expelled a gentleman from Trinity College. Of course, the man appealed to the Bishop of Ely;—of course the Bishop of Ely cited Bentley before him; of course Bentley treated the citation with contempt, and applied to the King's Bench for his own familiar friend—the rule to prohibit; and, of course, the Court granted it. Upon which this feud merged quietly into the bosom of the main one, which now awaited the decision of the Upper House of Parliament.

On the 6th of May, the case opened before this illustrious Court, who were now to furnish a *peripeteia* to an affair which had occupied and confounded all sorts of courts known to the laws or usages of this kingdom. "The interest attached to the cause, and the personage whose fortunes were at stake," says Dr. Monk, "produced full houses on almost every day that it was argued." The

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judges were ordered to attend the House during its continuance; and, from the novelty of the case, or some other reason, it was followed by the Peers with singular zest and attention.

On the 8th of May, the judgment of the King's Bench was reversed, chiefly (it is believed) through a speech of Bishop Sherlock's. The House then undertook, after some debate, to deliberate separately upon all the articles of accusation preferred against Bentley. This deliberation extended into the next session; and, upon the 15th of February, 1733, final judgment was pronounced, giving to the Bishop of Ely permission to try the Master of Trinity on twenty of the sixty-four articles. The first court was held at Ely House on the 13th of June, 1733; and, on the 27th of April, 1734, the whole trial being concluded, Bishop Greene, unsupported, however, by his assessors, both of whom, it is known, were for a sentence of acquittal, "in terms of great solemnity, declared that Dr. Bentley was proved guilty both of dilapidating the goods of his college, and violating its statutes; and, accordingly, pronounced him to be *deprived of the Mastership of Trinity College.*

At length, then, after infinite doubles through a chase of five-and-twenty years, the old fox is hunted to earth: but who shall be the man to smoke him out? Bentley saw no reason why the matter of execution might not be made to yield as good sport as the matter of trial. He had already provided an evasion; it was this: the statute says, that when convicted, the Master shall, without delay, be stripped of his office by the Vice-master. He only was authorized to execute the sentence. The course then was clear: a Vice-master was to be provided who would *not* do his duty. The Bishop had a sort of resource in such a case. But Bentley had good reasons for believing, that it would be found unserviceable. Wanted therefore immediately, for Trinity College, a stout-hearted son of thunder, able to look a bully in the face. How ardently must Bentley have longed to be his own Vice! As that could not be, he looked out for the next best on the roll.

Meantime the Bishop issued three copies of his sentence—one to Dr. Bentley, one for the college gates, and a third to Dr. Hacket, the Vice-master, requiring him to see it executed. The odious Colbatch already rioted in his vengeance: more than delay he did not suspect; yet even this exasperated his venom, and he worried the poor Vice with his outcries.

Bentley, be it remembered, was now in his seventy-third year: his services to Trinity College, to classical literature, to religion, were greater than can be readily estimated. Of his prosecutors and judge, on the other hand, with a slight change in Caligula's wish, any honest man might desire for the whole body one common set of posteriors, that in planting a single kick he might have expressed his collective disdain of them, their acts, and their motives. Yet old as Bentley was, and critical as he found his situation, he lost no jot of his wonted cheerfulness: "He maintained," says his biographer, "not only his spirits, but his accustomed gaiety;" and in allusion

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to his own predicament, gave the candidates, as a subject for a theme, the following words of Terence—

——— “hoc nunc dicis
Ejectos hinc nos : omnium rerum, heus, vicissitudo est !”

Hacket, however, was not a man to depend upon ; he “felt uneasy, and had no mind to become a victim in defence of one whom he regarded with no affection.” Luckily he was willing to resign : luckily, too, just then, Dr. Walker became eligible—a devoted friend, of whom Dr. Monk believes, that he “would have cheerfully risked his life in the protection of his master.”

Dr. Walker was elected. He was not a man to be terrified by ugly words, nor by grim faces. Bishop Greene sent his mandate to Dr. Walker, requiring him immediately to deprive the Master : *no attention was paid*. Colbatch put bullying questions : Dr. Walker “declined to give any reply.” Then Bishop Greene petitioned the House of Lords, the very Court which had directed him to try the Doctor : the House kicked the petition out of doors. Then Bishop Greene turned to the Court of King’s Bench ; and the Court granted a mandamus to Dr. Walker to do his duty. But that writ was so handled by Bentley’s suggestions, that the judges quashed it. Then Bishop Greene procured another mandamus in another shape, viz., a mandamus to himself to compel Dr. Walker to do his duty. But that writ was adjudged, after long arguments, to be worse than the other. Then Bishop Greene obtained a third mandamus, which included some words that were thought certain to heal all defects : but upon argument it was found, that those very words had vitiated it. And in this sort of work Bentley had now held them in play four years since the sentence. Now, then, all mankind, with Bishop Greene at their head and Colbatch at their tail, verily despaired. Dr. Bentley had been solemnly sentenced and declared to be ejected ; yet all the artillery of the supreme courts of the kingdom could not be so pointed as to get him within their range. Through four consecutive years after his sentence, writ upon writ, mandamus after mandamus, had been issued against him : but all in vain : budge he would not for gentle or simple : the smoke of his pipe still calmly ascended in Trinity Lodge. And, like the care-hating old boy of Beaumont and Fletcher, he argued *that it always had been so, and doubtless it always would be so*. At length, when the third writ was quashed by the Judges of the King’s Bench, after a solemn hearing on the 22d of April, 1738, his enemies became finally satisfied that “this world was made for Cæsar ;” and that to dislodge Dr. Bentley, by any forms of law yet discovered amongst men, was a problem of sheer desperation. From this day, therefore, that idle attempt was abandoned by all human beings, except Colbatch, who could find nobody to join him : and from this date, twenty-nine years from the opening of the process, and about thirty-eight from the opening of the quarrel, its extinction may be dated. The case

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appears to have been fatal to the See of Ely; for Bishop Moore had lost his life in trying Bentley; Bishop Fleetwood saved his by letting him alone; and Bishop Greene, after floundering in his own sentence for four years, departed this life in a few days after finding out that it never would be executed.

Thus ended this great affair, which occupied about two-thirds of Dr. Bentley's manhood.* After this he amused himself with prosecuting old Colbatch for 3*s.* 6*d.* which Colbatch (upon principles of ecclesiastical polity) vehemently desired to cheat him of. It is gratifying to add, that he trounced Colbatch, who was sentenced to pay 3*s.* 6*d.*, together with 2*s.* 6*d.* arrears, and 20*l.* costs.† Colbatch talked of applying to a higher court: but afterwards thought better on that subject, and confined his groans to a book—which, it is to be hoped, no mortal ever read.

This last of his thousand-and-one lawsuits terminated in 1740: after which, he enjoyed a clear space of more than two years for assailing himself from the irritation of earthly quarrels, and preparing for his end. His last appearance of a public nature, was on occasion of something which we must not call foolery in the offending parties, since Dr. Monk considers it "alarming;" and here it was that he delivered his final jest. A youth, whose name has not reached posterity with much lustre, one Strutt, had founded a sect of atheists, by a book published in 1732. The Struttian philosophy had been propagated by Mr. Tinkler Ducket, a Fellow of Caius College. Tinkler, ambitious (it seems) of martyrdom in the cause of Struttism, privately denounced his own atrocities: a great fuss ensued: bishops and archbishops were consulted: and, finally, Tinkler was brought to trial on a charge of Strutting. He was fully proved to have Strutted, though he attempted to deny it: and on the last day of trial, Dr. Bentley being wanted to make up a *quorum* of heads, and by way of paying honour to the father of the university, who could not easily go to *them*, the court, with its appendages, atheist and all, adjourned to *him*. Court being seated, Bentley begged to know which was the atheist: and upon Tinkler being pointed out to him, who was a little meagre man, "Atheist!" said he, "how! is that the atheist? Why, I thought an atheist would be

* As evidence of the violent and unjust hostility to Bentley which prevailed in Cambridge, it ought to be mentioned, that, during the progress of this main feud, without a trial, and on the merest *ex parte* statement, Bentley was solemnly degraded and stripped of his degrees, to which he was restored only after a struggle of five and a half years, by a peremptory *mandamus* from the King's Bench.

† By the way, Colbatch must have been pretty well cleaned out by this time, which is pleasing to believe; for Dr. Monk, by examining the bursary books of Trinity College, has found, that the costs of the suit were nominally 365*l.*, but really not less than 4000*l.*: so that, at one time, a pleasant prospect of starvation was before the College. Over and above his share of all this, Colbatch had little pet libels of his own to provide for. Well is it that malice is sometimes a costly luxury!

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at least as big as Burrough the beadle!" Burrough, it may readily be supposed, was a burly personage, fitted to enact the part of a leader to a defying philosophy.

This incident occurred early in 1739. Some time further on in the same year, is fixed, conjecturally, as the period of a paralytic attack, from which it is certain that he suffered at *some* time in his latter years. That it was a slight one, is evident from the fact, that he acted as an examiner for a scholarship within a month of his death.

About the beginning of the next year he lost his wife, in the fortieth year of a union memorably happy. His two daughters, both married, united their pious attentions to soothe his old age, and to win his thoughts from too painful a sense of this afflicting trial: and one of them, Mrs. Cumberland, having four children, filled his else desolate mansion with the sound, long silent, of youthful mirth and gladness. "Surrounded with such friends, the Doctor experienced the joint pressure of old age and infirmity as lightly as is consistent with the lot of humanity. He continued to amuse himself with reading; and, though nearly confined to his arm-chair, was able to enjoy the society of his friends, and several rising scholars, (Markland, John Taylor, Thomas Bentley, &c.), who sought the conversation of the veteran Grecian: with them he still discussed the readings of classical authors, recited Homer, and expounded the doctrine of the Digamma."

Mr. Cumberland's portrait of his grandfather's amiable old age, we forbear to quote, as probably familiar to most of our readers: but one or two peculiarities in the domestic habits of his latter years, as less known, we add from Dr. Monk:—"It is recorded that Bentley enjoyed smoking with his constant companion (Dr. Walker); a practice which he did not begin before his seventieth year; he is stated also to have been an admirer of good port wine, while he thought contemptuously of claret: *which*, he said, *would be port if it could*. He generally wore, while sitting in his study, a hat with an enormous brim—as a shade to protect his eyes; and he affected more than ever a fashion of addressing his familiars with the singular pronouns *thou* and *thee*."

There is, it seems, a tradition in Cambridge, that Bentley was accustomed to describe himself as likely to attain the age of four-score years; but on what particular ground, is not said. In making this remark, he would observe, by way of parenthesis, that a life of that duration was long enough to read everything worth reading; and then reverting to the period he had anticipated for himself, he would conclude—

"Et tunc magna mei sub terris ibit imago."

If this anticipation were really made by Bentley, it is a remarkable instance of that unaccountable spirit of divination which has haunted some people, (Lord Nelson, for instance, in the obstinate prediction before his final victory—that *the 21st of October would be his day*;) Bentley *did* accomplish his eightieth year, and a few

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months more. About the 10th of July, he was seized with what is supposed to have been a pleuritic fever. Dr. Heberden, at that time a young physician in Cambridge, for some reason not stated, (perhaps the advanced age of the patient,) declined to bleed him—a measure which Bentley himself suggested, and which is said to have been considered necessary by Dr. Wallis. That the indications of danger were sudden and of rapid progress, is probable from the fact, that Dr. Wallis, who was summoned from Stamford, arrived too late. Bentley expired on the 14th of July, 1742; and in his person England lost the greatest scholar by far that she ever has produced; greater than she *will* produce, according to all likelihood, under the tendencies of modern education. Some account of his principal works, and a general estimate of his services to literature, and of his character and pretensions as a scholar, we reserve to a separate paper.

PART II.

THE age is past in which men rendered a cheerful justice to the labours of the classical scholar. Joseph Scaliger, Isaac Casaubon, and the monster of erudition, Claudius Salmasius, are supposed by multitudes of sciolists to have misdirected their powers. In that case, Richard Bentley must submit to the same award. Yet it would perhaps be no difficult achievement to establish a better apology for the classical student than is contemplated by those who give the tone to the modern fashion in education.

What it is proposed to *substitute* for classical erudition, we need not too rigorously examine. Some acquaintance with the showy parts of Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry—a little *practical* Mathematics—a slight popular survey of the facts of History and Geography—a sketch of empirical Political Economy—a *little* Law—a *little* Divinity—perhaps even a *little* Medicine and Farriery; such are the elements of a fashionable education. All that is really respectable in a scheme of this complexion, the mathematics and the mechanical philosophy, judging by the evidence of the books which occasionally appear, should seem to be attained with any brilliant success only in that university (Cambridge) where these studies are pursued jointly with the study of classical literature. The notion of any hostility, therefore, between the philological researches of the Greek and Latin literator on the one hand, and the severe meditations on the other, of the geometrician and the inventive analyst—such a hostility as could make it necessary to weigh the one against the other—is, in practice, found to be imaginary. No *comparative* estimate, then, being called for, we may confine ourselves to a simpler and less invidious appreciation of classical erudition upon the footing of its *absolute* pretensions.

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Perhaps a judicious pleading on this subject would pursue something of the following outline :

First. It is undeniable that the progress of *sacred* literature is dependent upon that of profane. The vast advances made in Biblical knowledge, and in other parts of divinity, since the era of the Reformation, are due, in a great proportion, to the *general* prosecution of classical learning. It is in vain to attempt a distinction between the useful parts of this learning and the ornamental: All are useful, all are necessary. The most showy and exquisite refinements in the doctrine of Greek melic metre, even where they do not directly avail us in expelling anomalies of syntax or of idiom from embarrassed passages, and thus harmonizing our knowledge of this wonderful language, yet offer a great indirect benefit: they exalt the standard of attainment, by increasing its difficulty and its compass; and a prize placed even at an elevation useless for itself, becomes serviceable as a guarantee that all lower heights must have been previously traversed.

Secondly. The general effect upon the character of young men from a classical education, is pretty much like that which is sought for in travelling; more unequivocally even than *that*, coming at the age which is best fitted for receiving deep impressions, it liberalizes the mind. This effect is derived in part from the ennobling tone of sentiment which presides throughout the great orators, historians, and *litterateurs* of antiquity; and in part it is derived from the vast *difference* in temper and spirit between the modern (or Christian) style of thinking, and that which prevailed under a Pagan religion, connected in its brightest periods with republican institutions. The mean impression from *home-keeping*, and the contracted views of a mere personal experience, are thus, as much as by any other conceivable means, broken and defeated. Edmund Burke has noticed the illiberal air which is communicated to the mind by an education exclusively scientific, even where it is more radical and profound than it is likely to be under those theories which reject classical erudition. The sentiments which distinguish a *gentleman* receive no aid from any attainments in science; but it is certain, that familiarity with the classics, and the noble direction which they are fitted to impress upon the thoughts and aspirations, *do* eminently fall in with the few other chivalrous sources of feeling that survive at this day. It is not improbable, also, that a reflection upon the "uselessness" of such studies, according to the estimate of coarse Utilitarians—that is, their inapplicability to any object of mercenary or mechanic science—co-operates with their more direct influences in elevating the taste. Thence, we may explain the reason of the universal hatred amongst plebeian and coarse-minded Jacobins to studies and institutions which point in this direction. They hate the classics, for the same reason that they hate the manners of chivalry, or the characteristic distinctions of a gentleman.

Thirdly. A sentiment of just respect belongs to the classical scholar, if it were only for the numerical *extent* of the items which

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compose the great total of his knowledge. In separate importance, the acquisitions of the mathematician transcend *his*: each several proposition in that region of knowledge has its distinct value and dignity. But in the researches of the scholar, more truly than in any other whatsoever, the details are infinite. And for this infinity of acts, on the parts of the understanding and the memory, if otherwise even less important, he has a special claim upon our consideration.

Fourthly. The *difficulty*, as derived from peculiar idiom and construction, of mastering the two classical languages of antiquity, more especially the Greek, is in itself a test of very unusual talent. Modern languages are learned inevitably by simple efforts of memory. And, if the learner has the benefit of a rational plan of tuition, viz., the tuition of circumstances, which oblige him to speak the language, and to hear it spoken, for all purposes of daily life, there is perhaps no living idiom in Europe which would not be mastered in three months. Certainly, there is none which presupposes any peculiar talent, as a *conditio sine quâ non* for its attainment. Greek *does*; and we affirm peremptorily, that none but a man of singular talent can attain (what, after all, goes but a small way in the accomplishments of a scholar) the power of reading Greek fluently at sight. The difficulty lies in two points: First, in the peculiar perplexities of the Greek construction; and, secondly, in the continual inadequation (to use a logical term) of Greek and modern terms; a circumstance which makes literal translation impossible, and reduces the translator to a continued effort of compensation. Upon a proper occasion, it would be easy to illustrate this point. Meantime the fact must strike everybody, be the explanation what it may, that very few persons ever *do* arrive at any tolerable skill in the Greek language. After seven years' application to it, most people are still alarmed at a sudden summons to translate a Greek quotation; it is even ill-bred to ask for such a thing; and we may appeal to the candour of those even who, upon a case of necessity, are able to "do the trick," whether, in reading a Greek book of history for their own private amusement, (Herodian for example,) they do not court the assistance of the Latin version at the side. Greek rarely becomes as familiar as Latin. And, as the modes of teaching them are pretty much the same, there is no way of explaining this but by supposing a difficulty *sui generis* in the Greek language, and a talent *sui generis* for contending with it.

Upon some such line of argument as we have here sketched—illustrating the claims of the classical student according to the several grounds now alleged, viz. the difficulty of his attainments in any exquisite form, their vast extent, their advantageous tendency for impressing an elevated tone upon the youthful mind; and, above all, their connection with the maintenance of that "*strong book-mindedness*," and massy erudition, which are the buttresses of a reformed church, and which failing (if they ever *should* fail), will leave it open to thousands of factious schisms, and finally even to

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destructive heresies—possibly a fair pleader might make out a case, stronger than a modern education-monger could retort, for the scholar, technically so called, meaning the man who has surrendered his days and nights to Greek, Latin, and the Biblical languages.

Such a scholar, and modelled upon the most brilliant conception of his order, was Bentley. Wisely concentrating his exertions, under a conviction, that no length of life, or reach of faculties was sufficient to exhaust that single department which he cultivated, he does not appear to have carried his studies, in any instance, beyond it. Whatsoever more he knew, he knew in a popular way; and doubtless for much of that knowledge he was indebted to conversation. Carried by his rank and appointments (and, from a very early age, by the favour of his patron, Bishop Stillingfleet) into the best society, with so much shrewd sense, and so powerful a memory, he could not but bear away with him a large body of that miscellaneous knowledge which floats upon the surface of social intercourse. He was deficient, therefore, in no information which naturally belongs to an English gentleman. But the whole of it, if we except, perhaps, that acquaintance with the English law, and the forms of its courts, which circumstances obliged him to cultivate, was obtained in his hours of convivial relaxation; and rarely indeed at the sacrifice of a single hour, which, in the distribution of his time, he had allotted to the one sole vocation of his life—the literature of classical antiquity. How much he accomplished in that field, will be best learned from a *catalogue raisonné* of his works, (including his contributions to the works of others), and from a compressed abstract of that principal work to which he is indebted for much of the lustre which still settles upon his memory.

His *coup d'essai* in literature, as we have already mentioned, was his appendix to the Chronicle of Malelas. It was written in the winter of 1690; but not published until June, 1691. Bentley was at this time twenty-nine years old, and could not therefore benefit by any consideration of his age. But he needed no indulgences. His epistle travels over a prodigious extent of ground, and announces everywhere a dignified self-respect, combined with respect for others. In all that relates to the Greek dramatic poets, Euripides in particular, and in the final disquisition (which we have already analyzed) on the laws which govern the Latinization of Grecian proper names, the appendix to Malelas is still worthy of most attentive study.

He soon after began to prepare editions of Philostratus, of Hesychius, and the Latin poet Manilius. From these labours he was drawn off, in 1692, by his first appointment to preach the Boyle Lecture. Those sermons are published. They were serviceable to his reputation at that time, and are still worthy of their place as the inaugural dissertations in that distinguished series of English divinity. It would be idle to describe them as in any eminent sense philosophical; they are not so; but they present as able a refutation

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of the infidel notions then prevalent,* and (in the two latter lectures) as popular an application to the same purpose of the recent Newtonian discoveries, as the times demanded, or a miscellaneous audience permitted.

In 1694, Bentley was again appointed to preach the Boyle Lecture : but his sermons on that occasion have not been printed. On various pleas he delayed preparing them for the press so long, that before he found himself at leisure for that task, the solicitations of his friends had languished, and his own interest in the work had probably died away. Fifty-two years ago, when the life of Bentley was published in the *Biographia Britannica*, they were still in existence : but his present biographer has not been able to ascertain their subsequent fate.

By this time the Philostratus was ready for the press, but an accident put an end to that undertaking. The high duties upon paper, and other expenses of printing in England, had determined Bentley to bring out his edition at Leipsic ; and accordingly one sheet was printed in that university. But Bentley, who had the eye of an amateur for masterly printing, and the other luxuries of the English and Dutch press, was so much disgusted with the coarseness of this German specimen, that he peremptorily put an end to the work, and transferred his own two collations of two Oxford MSS. to Olearius of Leipsic. In the edition published by this person in 1709, there will be found so much of Bentley's notes as were contained in the specimen sheet ; these, however, extend no farther than page 11 ; and what is become of the rest, a matter of some interest to ourselves, we are unable to learn.

In 1695, Bentley assisted his zealous friend Evelyn in the revision of his *Numismata*.

In July, 1696, on taking his Doctor's degree, Bentley maintained three separate theses : one *on the Rationality of the Mosaic Cosmogony and Deluge* ; a second *on the Divine Origin of the Christian Miracles* ; and a third *on the Relation between the*

* Misled by Dr. Monk, (who, though citing the passage from Bentley's Letters about the Hobbists, yet, in the preceding page, speaks of "the doctrines of *Spinoza*," as having contributed to taint the principles of many in the higher classes,) we had charged Bentley with the common error of his order, in supposing a book so rare as the *B. D. S. Opera Posthuma* to have been, by possibility, an influential one in England. But we now find, on consulting Dr. Burney's Collection of Bentley's Letters, (p. 146 of the Leipsic edition, 1825,) that Bentley expressly avowed our own view of the case. His words to Dr. Bernard are as follows :—"But are the Atheists of your mind, that they have no books written for them ? Not one of them but believes Tom Hobbes to be a rank one ; and that his corporeal God is a mere sham to get his book printed. I have said something to this in my first sermon, and I know it to be true, by the conversation I have had with them. *There may be some Spinozists, or immaterial Fatalists, beyond seas ; but not one English infidel in a hundred is other than a Hobbist.*"

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Christian and Platonic Trinities. These themes (at any rate the last) appear to us somewhat above the reach of Bentley's philosophy, or indeed of any English philosophy, since the days of Henry More, Cudworth, and Stillingfleet. The last of these persons, however, his own friend and patron, had probably furnished Bentley with directions and materials for treating the question. This dissertation we should be delighted to read; but it seems to have vanished as completely as the public breakfast which accompanied it. On the Sunday following, he preached before the University what is called the Commencement Sermon (*of Revelation and the Messiah*). Many years afterwards, this was added as an appropriate sequel to an edition of his Boyle Lectures, in 1692. It is a powerful and learned defence of the Christian faith, and of the claims of its founder to the character of the Jewish Messiah.

Meantime, his professional exertions had not abated his zeal for literature. In the course of this year, he finished his notes and emendations to the text of Callimachus. These, together with a complete digest of that poet's fragments, admirably corrected, he transmitted to his learned friend Grævius of Utrecht, for the improvement of a sort of Variorum Callimachus, which he was then carrying through the press. This had been originally projected, and some part already printed, by a son of Grævius, who died prematurely. In the very first letter of Grævius, September 17, 1692,* thus much had been explained to Bentley,—and that amongst the ornaments of the edition would be a copious commentary of Ezechieil Spanheim, a distinguished Prussian, envoy at one time to England from the court of Berlin, and next after Bentley, perhaps, the best Grecian of the age. Drest in this pomp of learned apparel, the muse of Callimachus came forth with unexpected effect: *pars minima est ipsa puella sui*; and Bentley was perhaps sincere in assuring Grævius (15th February, 1698) that, according to the judgment of one learned friend, no writer of antiquity had been so strictly endowed with editorial services.

In May 1697, was published the original Dissertations on Phalaris, as a supplement to the second edition of Wotton's Essay on Ancient

* Of all biographers, Dr. Monk is the most perversely obscure in fixing dates. As one instance, at p. 21, we defy any critic to explain the reference of the words—"This happened in the latter part of 1690." *What* happened? The words immediately preceding are, "that Bentley should publish his remarks on Malelas." Naturally, therefore, every reader would understand the reference as pointing to the actual publication of those remarks; but in the middle of the next page, he finds that this did not occur until June, 1691. Here, again, with respect to Callimachus, the wit of man could not make out, from the sentence which opens chapter V., whether the publication took place in the August of 1696 or of 1697. But by a letter of Grævius, dated on the 6th of September, 1697, and stating that he had three weeks before despatched six copies of the Callimachus as presents to Bentley, we ascertain that 1697 was the true date.

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and Modern Learning. By way of suitable accompaniments, were added shorter dissertations on the spurious Letters of Themistocles, Socrates, and Euripides; and finally on the Fables, and the personal deformity, imputed to Æsop. At the beginning of 1699, appeared the second (or complete) dissertation on Phalaris, from which (on account of the great expansion given to the principal theme) all supplementary parts were now unavoidably retrenched.

Soon after this period, the manifold business which occupied Bentley, upon his promotion to the headship of Trinity College, upon his marriage, and various University appointments, appears to have interrupted his literary pursuits; and perhaps he surrendered himself the more tractably to these avocations from the ordinary tenor of his life, in consideration of the excessive price of English paper, which, in 1698, he had assigned to Grævius * as a satisfactory motive for renouncing the press. However, when he did not work himself, he was always ready to assist those who did; and in 1701, we find him applying his whole academic influence to the promotion of the Prussian, Kuster's, edition of Suidas, which he enriched partly from the MSS. of the deceased Bishop Pearson, partly from his own stores.

In the summer of the year 1702, Bentley first formed the design of editing a body of classics for the use of the students in his own college; and a Horace, which occupied him at intervals for the next ten years, was selected as the leader of the series.

In 1708, by way of assisting his old friend, Ludolf Kuster, in a hasty edition of Aristophanes, he addressed to him three Critical Epistles on the *Plutus* and the *Clouds*. These were dislocated and mangled by Kuster, under the pressure of haste, and the unfortunate arrangements of the printer. Two, however, of the three have been preserved and published, exactly as Bentley wrote them; and in this instance, we are happy to agree with Dr. Monk that these letters (and, we may add, the general tone, and much of the peculiar merit which belongs to the Phalaris Dissertation) point out Aristophanes, beyond all other writers of antiquity, as that one who would have furnished the fullest arena for Bentley's various and characteristic attainments. About the same time, Bentley had the honour of giving a right direction to the studies of Tiberius Hemsterhuis, the founder of a distinguished school of continental scholars, whose metrical deficiencies had been made known by his recent edition of Julius Pollux. The two letters of Bentley have since been published by Ruhnken.

In the year 1709, he assisted Davies in his edition of the Tusculan Questions of Cicero, by a large body of admirable emendations; and in the same year, he communicated to Needham, who was then editing Hierocles, a collection of conjectures on the text of that

* — "de libris edendis consilium capere stultum esset, ob immanem in his regionibus chartæ charitatem."—Feb. 15, 1698.

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author, which, though not equally sound, have the customary Bentleian merit of extraordinary ingenuity.

It is one illustration of the universal favour which Bentley extended to the interests of knowledge, even in those departments which promised no glory to himself, that he had long laboured to obtain a second and improved edition of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia. Sir Isaac, however, was, at this time, engrossed by his employments at the Mint; but at length, in this year, 1709, Bentley had the satisfaction of engaging Professor Cotes in that task, and of opening a long correspondence* between the Professor and Sir Isaac, which arranged the whole alterations and additions.

In the spring of 1710 was published one of Bentley's occasional works, which caused at that time, and yet continues to cause, some speculation. An unexplained mystery hung even then over the mode of publication; and a mystery still hangs over its motive. In the latter end of 1709, the well-known Clericus, or Le Clerc, whose general attainments Dr. Monk rates far too highly, published an edition of the Fragments of Menander and Philemon, with a brutish ignorance of Greek. Simple ignorance, however, and presumption, cannot be supposed sufficient to have provoked Bentley, who uniformly left such exposures to the inevitable hand of time. Yet so it was, that, in December of the same year, Bentley sat down and wrote extemporal emendations on three hundred and twenty-three passages in the Fragments, with a running commentary of unsparing severity upon the enormous blunders of Le Clerc. This little work, by a circuitous channel, in the spring of 1710, he conveyed into the hands of Peter Burman, the bitterest enemy of Le Clerc. It may readily be conceived that Burman, thirsty as he was at that particular moment for vengeance, received with a frenzy of joy these thunderbolts from the armoury of Jove. He published the work immediately, under the title of *Emendationes in Menandri et Philemonis Reliquias, auctore Phileleuthero Lipsiensi*; and with an insulting preface of his own. Before the press had completed its work, Le Clerc heard of the impending castigation. The author's name also was easily suspected in the small list of Greek scholars. Le Clerc, who conducted a severe review, wrote in his usual spirit of dictatorial insolence to Bentley, calling upon him to disavow so shocking an attack. Bentley replied by calmly pointing out to him his presumption as a Grecian editor, and his arrogant folly as a bully. Meantime the book was published, and read with so much avidity, (although in a learned language,) that in three weeks the entire impression was exhausted. It was attacked by the old hornet James Gronovius, who hated Le Clerc and Bentley with an equal hatred, and also by the scoundrel De Pauw; but, said Bentley, with

* This correspondence is still preserved in Trinity College; and we are sure that every reader will join us heartily in praying for its publication.

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the most happy application of a line from Phædrus, "Nondum eorum ictus tanti facio, ut iterum a me vapulent :

Multo majoris colaphi mecum veneunt."

On the 8th of December, 1711, Bentley put the finishing hand to his edition of Horace—the most instructive, perhaps, in its notes, of all contributions whatsoever to Latin literature. The attacks which it provoked were past counting; the applauses were no less vehement from every part of Europe; and, amongst others, from an old enemy—Atterbury, the ringleader in the Phalaris controversy. A second and improved impression of the work was immediately called for, and issued from the press of Amsterdam.

In 1713, Bentley replied, under his former signature of *Phileleutherus Lipsiensis*, to Anthony Collins's "Discourse of Free-thinking." His triumph, in this instance, was owing less to his own strength than to the weakness of his antagonist. Collins had some philosophical acuteness, as he showed elsewhere; but of learning, properly so called, he had none. The most useful service which Bentley rendered to the public on this occasion was the just colouring which he gave to an argument for impeaching the cre^{ed} of the New Testament, recently impressed upon the timid and the scrupulous by the notoriety of Dr. Mill's labours upon its text. Many Christians had been scandalized and alarmed by a body of thirty thousand various readings in a text issuing from inspiration. But Bentley re-assured their trembling faith, by showing that an immense majority of these variations scarcely affected the sense at all; and, of those which did, few, indeed, would be found to disturb any cardinal doctrine, which, after all, was otherwise secured by unsuspected passages. It is an interesting reflection to us at this day, that the Collins here refuted was that friend of Locke, as appears from his letters, originally published by Des Maizeaux, upon whom he lavished every proof of excessive regard in the last moments of his life. He introduced him even with the most flattering recommendations to his hostess, Lady Masham, the daughter of that Cudworth who had spent his life in the refutation of philosophic scepticism! *

In 1715, on occasion of the first Pretender's expedition, Bentley preached before the University a sermon on Popery, which, though merely occasional, ranks amongst the most powerful expositions of the corruptions introduced into pure Christianity by that stupendous superstition. The force of its natural and manly rhetoric may be

* Collins wanted something more than piety; he was not even an honest man; for he reprinted his work in Holland, purified from the gross cases of ignorance exposed by Bentley; and then circulating this improved edition amongst his friends in England, which he had taken care to mask by a lying title-page, he persuaded them that the passages in question were mere forgeries of Bentley's.

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conceived from this fact, that Sterne, the wholesale plagiarist, has borrowed from it a long passage for the sermon which he puts into the mouth of Corporal Trim, who is made to express its terrible energy by saying, that "he would not read another line of it for all the world."

On the 15th of April, 1716, Bentley, in a letter to Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, brought forward a scheme, which of itself should have immortalized him, for retrieving the original text of the New Testament *exactly as it was at the time of the Council of Nice*, without the difference of "twenty words," or "even twenty particles." Compressed within a few words, his plan was this:—Mill, and other collectors of various readings, had taken notice only of absolute differences in the *words*—never of mere variations in their *order and arrangement*; these they conceived to be purely accidental. Bentley thought otherwise; for he had noticed, that, wherever he could obtain the genuine reading of the old authorized Latin version, technically called the *Vulgate*, the order of the words exactly corresponded to the order of the original Greek. This pointed to something more than accident. A sentence of St. Jerome ripened this suspicion into a certainty. Hence it occurred to him, that, if by any means he could retrieve the true text of the Latin Vulgate, as it was originally reformed and settled by St. Jerome, he would at once obtain a guide for selecting, amongst the crowd of variations in the present Greek text, that one which St. Jerome had authenticated as the reading authorized long before his day. Such a restoration of the Vulgate, Bentley believed to be possible by means of MSS., of which the youngest should reach an age of nine hundred years. How far this principle of restoration could have been practically carried through, is a separate question; but, for the principle itself, we take upon ourselves to say, that a finer thought does not occur in the records of inventive criticism. It is not a single act of conjectural sagacity, but a consequential train of such acts.

In the same year, Bentley wrote a letter to Biel on the Scriptural glosses in our present copies of Hesychius, which he considered interpolations from a later hand. This letter, which evidences the same critical acquaintance with Hesychius, which, in the aids given to his friend Kuster, he had already manifested with Suidas, has been published by Alberti, in the Prolegomena to his edition of that lexicographer.

In this year also, a plan was agitated (according to one tradition, by the two Chief Justices, Parker and King,) for an edition of the Classics, *in usum Principis Frederici*. Such a project could not fail to suggest a competition with the famous French series, *in usum Delphini*. Difficulty there was none in making the English one far more learned; and, with that view, it was designed that Bentley should preside over the execution. For this service, he is said to have demanded 1000*l.* *per annum* for life; on the other hand, Lord Townshend, by the same account, would give no more than 500*l.* Some misunderstanding arose, and, finally, the whole plan

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was dismissed by the court, in company with the liberal minister who had entertained it. Perhaps this is not to be regretted; for a *corpus* of editions, as much more learned than the Delphin, as Bentley was more learned than Huet, would stand a good chance of being almost useless to boys.

In 1717, Bentley preached before the King. This sermon was published; and is described by Dr. Monk as being, perhaps, not worse calculated to win the favourable opinion of general readers, than anything else which its author has left. For ourselves, we have not been so fortunate as to meet with it.

Not long after, in the same year, Bentley was elected the Regius Professor of Divinity in Cambridge. On the 1st of May, the day preceding his election, he delivered his probationary lecture. The subject, even more than the occasion, made this so interesting, that we do not hear, without indignation, of the uncertainty which all parties profess with regard to the fate of a copy of it, known to have been in existence forty years ago. The lecture treated the famous question of the disputed passage—On the Three Heavenly Witnesses, (1. Epist. of St. John, v. 7.) Porson, to whom such a lecture must have been peculiarly interesting, had read it; so had Dr. Vincent, the late Dean of Westminster. Could neither of these gentlemen have copied it? Or, if that were forbidden, could they not have mastered the outline of the arguments?—Meantime, as to the result, everybody is agreed that Bentley peremptorily rejected the verse. Yet, in a correspondence, at the beginning of this very year, with some stranger, which has been since published, Bentley is less positive on that matter, and avows his determination to treat the case, not as a question for critical choice and sagacity, but simply as a question of fact—to be decided, whenever he came to that part of his new edition of the Greek Testament, by the balance of readings, as he should happen to find them on this side or that in the best MSS. “What will be the event,” he says, “I myself know not yet; having not used all the old copies I have information of.” Within the four months’ interval between this correspondence and his probationary lecture, it is improbable that Bentley should have made any such progress in his Greek Testament, as could materially affect his view of this question; and we infer from that consideration, that, in his lecture, he must have treated it purely as a question for sagacity and tentative conjecture, not for positive evidence. This latter mode of deciding the case, by which he promised his correspondent that he would finally abide, remains therefore unaffected by the award of his lecture. We agree with Dr. Middleton, the first Bishop of Calcutta, that the controversy is not yet exhausted. In the following month, (June, 1717,) he delivered his inaugural oration, which lasted for two hours and a half, on entering upon the duties of his chair. This, which unfortunately has not been preserved, except in the slight and sneering sketch of an enemy, appears to have been chiefly an apologetic account of his whole literary career; doubtless for the purpose of disarming the general presumption,

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that a course of study, which had been so peculiarly directed to what, in the old university phrase, are called the *humanities* of literature, could not but have impressed a bias upon his inquiries unfavourable to the austerer researches of *divinity*. He reminded his audience, however, that he had been appointed on two separate occasions a public champion of Christianity; and that, in another instance, when he had stepped forward as a volunteer in the same august service, he had earned the solemn thanks of the university.

In 1718, Bentley resumed, but suddenly and finally discontinued, the third part of his answer to Collins. He had agreed to pursue it, at the particular request of the Princess of Wales; and two half-sheets were actually printed; but conceiving himself ill-treated by the court, he protested that he would do nothing to gratify those who behaved no better than his declared enemies.

Meantime he had been prosecuting his great scheme for the restoration of the Nicene text of the New Testament, according to the opportunities of leisure which his public duties allowed him, with his usual demoniac energy, and with a generous disregard of expense. Through different agents, he had procured collations of MSS. all over Europe; and in particular, had maintained a correspondence with the Benedictines of St. Maur, one extract from which has been published by Sabatier, in his *Bibliorum Sacrorum Versiones Antiquæ*. By the autumn of 1720, his work was so far advanced, that, in October, he issued a formal prospectus, stating its plan, (as originally sketched, in the spring of 1716, to the Archbishop of Canterbury,) its form and price, and the literary aids which he counted upon. The twenty-second chapter of the Revelations accompanied these proposals, as a specimen—not of the paper or printing, (which were to be the best that Europe afforded,)—but of the editorial management. And with that just appreciation of his own merits which the honest frankness of Bentley would seldom allow him to suppress, he solemnly consecrated the work “*as a κειμήλιον, a κτήμα ἐς αἶν, a charter, a Magna Charta, to the whole Christian Church; to last when all the ancient MSS. may be lost and extinguished.*” Conyers Middleton, incapable of understanding this grand burst of enthusiasm, immediately wrote a pamphlet to disparage the project, which he stigmatized (in allusion to the South Sea schemes, recently exposed) as *Bentley's Bubble*. One instance will explain the character of his malice: He made it a theme for scurrilous insinuations against Bentley, that he published by subscription. Now, in any age, an expensive undertaking, which presupposes a vast outlay for the collation * (or occasionally the purchase) of MSS., and rare editions, is a privileged case, as respects

* Bentley had paid Wetstein 50*l.* for the collation of a single Palimpsest; which sum, in relation to the vast extent of the MS., seems to us, with Dr. Monk's leave, a trifle; though, in relation to Bentley's purse, and the many demands upon it of the same nature, and his prospects of remuneration, it might be a large one.

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subscriptions; but in that age everybody published by subscription. Pope did so, and in that way made his fortune by the *Iliad*. And what marks the climax in Middleton's baseness, *he himself published his knavish Life of Cicero*, in the most deliberate manner, upon the ordinary terms of a subscription. Early in January, 1721, appeared a caustic reply to Middleton's pamphlet, which, upon internal evidence, is, and was, ascribed to Bentley. In about three months, Middleton retorted in a pamphlet four times as long as his first, and openly avowing himself by name as the author. These pamphlets we have read; for they are printed in a quarto republication of Middleton's *Miscellanies*. And we are bold to say, in opposition to Dr. Monk, that they offer no shadow of sound or scholarlike objection to Bentley's *Programme*. That was written in one evening by candle-light. Why not? It fell into no real error by its precipitancy. Cavils are the best of Middleton's argument; malice his best inspiration; and, as to the beautiful style, which (according to the old catechism of Blair, &c.) Dr. Monk attributes to Middleton, we presume that many, of equal merit, are sold daily at sixpence a pound to trunk-makers and pastrycooks.

It was the fate of Dr. Bentley, that every work executed or projected by him, should be assailed. Accordingly, on this occasion, concurrently with the pamphlets of Middleton appeared many others, with or without names, English and Latin, virulent or gentle. To Middleton, however, has always been imputed the honour of having crushed the project; how erroneously, we now first learn from Dr. Monk. Bentley could not be disturbed by what he had not seen; now he declared to Bishop Atterbury, that he "scorned to read the rascal's book;" and there is full proof, that, for eight years and upwards after these attacks, he procured collations as zealously as ever. The subscriptions again, which are stated to have been not less than two thousand guineas, show that purchasers were undeterred by the clamours of malice. However, the fact is, that the work *did* at length languish, for what reason is still doubtful. Wetstein, in his *Prolegomena*, says, that the abandonment of the work rose out of Bentley's disgust at the meanness of the Treasury in refusing to remit the duty upon the paper for this national undertaking. The facts are truly stated; but we have proof that the effect was insufficient to retard his labour "even for a day." The best guess we can offer to account for the final wreck of so much labour and expense, is, that being continually withdrawn from Bentley's attention, by the perplexities of his multiplied lawsuits, until the shades of old age had overtaken him, the work gradually ceased to occupy his thoughts, or to interest his ambition.

During the long vacation of 1722, Bentley read a copy of Nicander's *Theriaca*, put into his hands by Dr. Mead, and wrote his corrections on the margin. These have since been published by Dr. Monk, in the *Cambridge Museum Criticum*.

In 1723, the edition of the *Tusculan Questions*, by Davies, to which Bentley had communicated its original value, was reprinted.

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On this occasion, he again enriched it with an ample dowry of his own conjectural emendations. These it was his intention to support by notes. Unfortunately, a pressure of business had pre-occupied his attention at the critical moment; the press could not wait; and the book was launched, leaving the best part of its freight behind; and that part, unfortunately, without which the rest was of little value.

In 1724, Dr. Hare, Dean of Worcester, originally a confidential friend of Bentley's, who had on three several occasions injured him by his indiscretion or his meanness, consummated his offences by an act of perfidious dishonesty: he published an edition of Terence, in which everything meritorious was borrowed, without acknowledgment, from the colloquial instructions of Bentley, imperfectly apprehended, and clumsily explained. In revenge for this treachery, Bentley carried rapidly through the press a Terence of his own; and by way of anticipating Hare, who had announced a Phædrus, he united an edition of that author (connected, as usual, with P. Syrus) in the same volume. This was published at the beginning of 1726. The Phædrus was a precipitate, in fact an extempore, performance; but the Terence is, in our opinion, of all Bentley's editions, the most brilliantly finished. With relation to the critic, undoubtedly his Horace is by much the most elaborately learned; but with relation to the interests of the author, his Terence is the most complete.

In 1731 occurred an incident in the literary life of Bentley, upon which no rational judgment has ever yet been pronounced. At the latter end of that year, he undertook his edition of the *Paradise Lost*; it was carried on with his usual haste, and was published in January, 1732. He was now seventy years old, and his age, combined with the apparent extravagance of some of his corrections, might seem at first to countenance Dr. Monk's insinuation of dotage.* But the case is totally misconceived. His edition of Milton had the same merits as his other editions; peculiar defects it had, indeed, from which his editions of Latin classics were generally free; these, however, were due to no decays in himself, but to original differences in the English classic from any which he could have met with in Pagan literature. The romantic, or Christian, poetry, was alien to Bentley's taste; he had no more sense or organs of perception for this grander and more imaginative order of poetry, than a hedge-hog for the music of Mozart. Consequently, whatsoever was peculiarly characteristic in it, seemed to him a monstrous abortion; and had it been possible that passages in the same impassioned key should occur in the austere and naked words of the Roman or Grecian muse,

* Dr. Monk says, truly enough, that Bentley's corrections would often "lop off the most beautiful parts of the poem." But we are petrified on finding the first instance which he gives—Bentley's very reasonable censure of a well-known bull which all the world has laughed at:

“Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.”

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he would doubtless have proscribed them as interpolations of monks, copyists, or scholiasts, with the same *desperate hook* which operated so summarily on the text of *Paradise Lost*. With these infirmities, and this constitutional defect of poetic sensibility, the single blunder which he committed, was in undertaking such a province. The management of it did him honour; for he complied honestly with the constitution of his mind, and was right in the sense of taking a true view, but from a false station. Whenever a wise man plays the fool, we may suspect that a woman is at the bottom; and for this blunder of Bentley's, we are to thank Queen Caroline, who had a curiosity to see the English Hercules at work upon some task within her own range of sympathy; and accordingly, with the same womanish folly which, in Queen Elizabeth, imposed upon Shakespeare the grotesque labour of exhibiting Falstaff in love, she laid her commands upon Bentley for a kind of service which obliged him too frequently to abjure all his characteristic powers and accomplishments. That a suspicion at times crossed his own mind, (his nephew's it certainly did,) that for her Majesty's amusement he was making himself a stupendous jackass, is very probable from his significant excuse at the end—"non injussa cecini." Meantime they agree altogether with Dr. Monk, that to any *moral* blame in this affair, on account of his fiction of an editorial man of straw, Bentley is not liable, let Dr. Johnson say what he will. It was a fiction of modesty at once and of prudence, which saved him from the necessity of applying his unmeasured abuse immediately to Milton. This middleman was literally a mediator between Milton and the Benteian wrath of damnation, which is already too offensive even as applied to a shadow.

This foolery over, Bentley recoiled with the spring of a Roman catapulta to his natural pursuits. In 1732, he undertook an edition of Homer, chiefly with a view to the restoration of the digamma to its place and functions in the metre. This design he had first seriously adopted in 1726; and now, upon the instigation of Lord Carteret, he noted and corrected the entire Iliad and Odyssey, rejecting those lines which would not bend to his hypothesis. The Homer was never published; but the MS., having been bequeathed in 1786 to Trinity College by Dr. R. Bentley, the nephew, was afterwards liberally transmitted to Göttingen, for the use of Heyne, who, in his own edition of Homer, acknowledged the profoundest obligations to it, and made the world circumstantially acquainted with its merits.

The Homer must be considered as virtually the final labour of Bentley; for his Manilius, which he published in 1739, when he was in his 78th year, had been prepared for the press forty-five years before. The notes on this singular poem, which has always been as interesting to us as it was to Bentley and to Joseph Scaliger, have the usual merits and the usual faults of Bentley's notes—being all ingenious, sometimes very learned, defences of innovations on the received text, bold, original, or absolutely licentious, as may hap-

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pen. In Horace or Lucan we seek for no more—but we confess, that in a poem like the *Astronomicon*, crowded with triple difficulties—of science in the first place; secondly, of science disfigured by the perplexed hypothesis of the old astronomy; and thirdly, of all this warped from its natural expression by the necessities of the metre and the ornaments of a poetic treatment, we read Bentley's philological notes with singular disadvantage after the philosophic commentaries of Joseph Scaliger. The astronomy has never been cleared up entirely, Scaliger having in this part committed singular errors. But much of the poem, which assigns the temperament, the bias of character, the habits of men born under all the leading aspects of the stars, is less in need of elucidation, unless when it is particularly corrupt; and in such places Bentley is of great service.

Fourteen years after the death of Bentley, Horace Walpole published at his private press a Lucan, illustrated by the notes of Bentley, combined with those of Grotius. This poet was within Bentley's range of sympathy: and, as plausible conjectures for the emendation of the text, we know of nothing comparable to his suggestions.

Such is the long list of Bentley's literary labours, without including his speculations upon four separate Greek inscriptions, and perhaps other occasional assistances, as yet imperfectly ascertained, to his friends, which his generosity made him at all times no less ready to grant, than the careless prodigality of inexhaustible wealth made him negligent to resume. We have also purposely excluded from our list the fugitive pamphlets of business, or of personal defence, by which Bentley met his ungenerous assailants; a part of his works which, as a good man, though with human infirmities, he would doubtless wish to be now cancelled or forgotten, under that comprehensive act of Christian forgiveness which there can be no doubt, that, in his latter days, he extended even to those unjust enmities which provoked them. Confining ourselves to his purely literary works, and considering the great care and attention which belong almost to each separate sentence in works of that class, we may perhaps say that, virtually, no man has written so much.

By way of bringing his characteristic merits within the horizon of the least learned readers, we shall now lay before them a close analysis of his ablest and most famous performance, the *Phalaris*; and it happens, favourably for our purpose, though singularly, that the most learned of Bentley's works is also that which is best fitted for popular admiration.

Phalaris had happened to say, that some worthy people in Sicily had been kind enough to promise him a loan; not, however, on any pastoral considerations, such as might seem agreeable to that age and country, but on the bare Judæan terms of *so much per shent* (*δραχμῶν*). Here the forger of the Letters felt that it was indispensable to assign real names. Bills upon Simonides, endorsed by

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Pythagoras, would have been likely to fall to a discount in critical estimation, and to have damaged the credit of the *letters*. The contractors for his loan, therefore, are not humble individuals, but cities—Phintia, to wit, and Hybla. Well, and what of them? Were their acceptances likely to be protested for non-payment? By no means; both were probably solvent; and, at all events, their existence, which is *something*, is guaranteed by Ptolemy, by Antoninus, and by Pliny. “But,” says Bentley, (oh that ominous *but!*) “it is ill luck for this forger of letters, that a fragment of Diodorus was preserved, to be a witness against him.” From this little fragment, now raised up from the dust of ages, Bentley deduces a summary conviction of the forgery. This city of Phintia, in fact, had its name from the author of its existence, one Phintias; he was a petty prince, who flourished about the time of Pyrrhus the Epirot, and built the city in question, during the one hundred and twenty-fifth Olympiad;* that is to say, abiding by the chronology *most favourable* to the authenticity of the Letters, above 270 years after Phalaris. “A pretty slip,” says Bentley—“a pretty slip this of our Sophist, to introduce his tyrant borrowing money of a city almost three hundred years before it was named or built!”

Such is the starting argument of Bentley. It will be admitted to be a knock-down blow; and though only *one*, and applied to a single letter of the whole series, a candid looker-on will own, that it is such a one as settles the business; and no prudent champion, however game, would have chosen to offer himself to the scratch for a second round. However, *οἱ περὶ τὸν Βουλέα* thought otherwise.

The next argument is of the same description, being a second case of anachronism; but it merits a separate statement. In the instance of Phintia the proof was direct, and liable to no demur; but here the anachronism is made out circumstantially. Hence it is less readily apprehended; and the Boyle party, in their anger or their haste, did in fact misapprehend it; and upon their own blunder they built a charge against Bentley of vicious reasoning, which gave him an opening (not likely to be missed by *him*) for inflicting two courses of the knout instead of one. The case is this: Stesichorus, the lyric poet, had incurred the displeasure of Phalaris, not for writing verses against him, but for overt acts of war; the poet had been levying money and troops, and, in fact, making hostile demonstrations at

* Bentley, upon grounds which are satisfactory, and most elaborately developed, fixes the flourishing of Phalaris to the 57th Olympiad. In this the reader may happen to know that he differed with that learned chronologist, but most confused writer, H. Dodwell. It is important, however, to remark, that, logically speaking, it would be a *circle* (or *petitio principii*) to press Bentley with Dodwell's authority in this particular instance, inasmuch as Dodwell had, in fixing the era of Phalaris, mainly relied upon the very Letters in dispute; at that time unsuspected, or nearly so. That fact, important to Bentley, as disarming the chronological authority of Dodwell, is no less important, as demonstrating that the question of Phalaris is not one of mere taste, but operatively connected with historical results.

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two separate places—*Aluntium* and *Alæsa*. Accordingly, Letter 92 takes him to task, and insinuates an ugly consequence: viz. the chance of being “snapt” (so Bentley calls it) by the bull before he got safe home to Himera. The objection raised upon this passage regards *Alæsa*: Did that town exist so early as the days of Phalaris? No, says Bentley, nor for a hundred and forty years after Phalaris—having been founded by Archonides in the second year of the 94th Olympiad, consequently one hundred and forty years after the death of Phalaris; and then, upon a testimony which cannot be resisted by a Boyle man, viz., the testimony of these very Letters, one hundred and fifty-two *at the very least*, after this particular letter. But might there not be other cities, earlier than this, which bore the same name? There might—in fact there were. How, then, shall it be known whether that particular *Alæsa*, which would involve the anachronism, viz. the *Alæsa* founded by Archonides, is the *Alæsa* of the Letter-writer? As the argument by which Bentley replies to this question has been so much misconceived, and is in fact not very clearly stated in either dissertation, we shall throw it into a formal syllogism.

Major Proposition.—The *Alæsa* of the Pseudo-Phalaris and Ste-sichorus is the maritime *Alæsa*.

Minor Proposition.—The maritime *Alæsa* is the *Alæsa* founded by Archonides.

Ergo.—The *Alæsa* of Archonides (viz., an *Alæsa* of nearly two centuries later than the era of Phalaris) is the *Alæsa* of the Pseudo-Phalaris.

Now comes a famous argument, in which Bentley makes play beautifully. Phalaris had been ill, and, wishing to reward his Greek physician in a manner suitable to a prince, amongst other presents he sends the doctor *ποτηρίων θηρικλείων ζεύγη δέκα, ἰ. ε.* ten couple or pair of Thericlæan cups. What manner of things were these? “They were,” says Bentley, “large drinking cups, of a peculiar shape, so called from the first contriver of them, one Thericles, a Corinthian potter.” Originally, therefore, as to the material, they must have been porcelain—or, however, earthenware of some quality or other, (Pliny having by general consent tripped in supposing Thericles a turner.) But, as often happens, in process of time, “they were called Thericlæan from their *shape*, whatsoever artisan made them, or whether of earth, or of wood, or of metal.” So far well. But “there is another thing,” says Bentley, “besides a pretty invention, very useful to a liar, and that is, a good memory.” For “the next thing to be inquired is—the age of this Thericles; and we learn *that* from Athenæus—one * witness indeed, but as good as a multitude in

* There is, however, a collateral testimony from a poet contemporary with the old age of Thericles, viz., Eubulus, which gives a perfect confirmation to that of Athenæus. In the final dissertation, Bentley brought forward this fragment. In fact, the good luck of Bentley, in meeting all the out-of-the-way evidence which he sometimes required, is not less remarkable than his skill in using it.

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a matter of this nature. *This cup* (says he) *was invented by Thericles, the Corinthian potter who was contemporary with Aristophanes the comedian.*"

This is enough. Bentley goes on to compute, that all the surviving plays of Aristophanes range within a period of thirty-six years; so that, allowing the full benefit of this latitude to the Pseudo-Phalaris, viz. that Thericles invented his cups in the very *first* year of this period, still, even upon that concession, the very earliest baking of the potter's china will be one hundred and twenty years after the final baking of Phalaris himself.

This article in the first Dissertation was short; but the Oxford critique upon it furnished him with an occasion, and almost a necessity, for supporting it, in the second, with a *bravura* display of his learning upon all the collateral points that had been connected with the main question. And, as the attack had been in unusual terms of insolence, (asking him, for instance, how he "durst" oppose such men as Grotius and Scaliger,*) Bentley was under no particular obligation to use his opportunities with forbearance, or to renounce his triumph. This was complete. It is not Boyle, or his half-learned associates, but the very heroes of classical literature for the preceding one hundred and fifty years—Buchanan, Scaliger, Grotius, Casaubon, Salmasius, who on this occasion (respectfully, but, as to the matter, effectually) are shown to be in error. Most readers are aware, that amongst the multifarious researches which belong to what is called learning, the *res metrica* has been developed more slowly than any other. The field, therefore, being so under-cultured, had naturally drawn the attention of an ambitious young scholar like Bentley; and, in his epistle to Mill upon John Malelas, he had already made his name illustrious by the detection of a canon in Anapæstic metre. "Ned," says Dr. Parr, writing to Dr. Maltby in 1814, "I believe Bentley knew nothing scientifically of choral metre." Why, no, Sam, perhaps he did not; neither did Porson, if we speak strictly of choral metre; and for Sam himself, little indeed upon any metre whatsoever, except that he somewhere conceives himself to have corrected a few loose iambics of a Latin comic poet, (a feat which did not require a Titan.) However, at that day (1690) it was no trifle to have revealed a canon which had certainly escaped the most eagle-eyed scholars we have mentioned. On the present occasion, it was an appropriate sequel of that triumph, and one which will remind scholars of a similar feat by Porson with regard to iambic metre, (see Pref. to the *Hecuba* of Euripides,) that a formidable array of passages, objected to by the Boyle party as overthrowing his canon, and twelve others, volunteered by himself, are all corrected in a way which, whilst it delivers his

* This, by the way, shows the variety of hands employed in Boyle's book, and the want of an editor to impress harmony upon them: elsewhere, the Scaligers, and such people, are treated as pedants.

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canon from the supposed contradiction, forces from him the finest display of his own critical sagacity.

The fourth argument exposes an anachronism pretty much like that of *Alæsa* in the second. The Pseudo-Phalaris having occasion to speak of the Zancleans, and in three previous Letters of the Messanians, manifestly betrays that he thought Zancle and Messana two different towns. "Certainly," says Bentley, "the true Phalaris could not write thus; and it is a piece of ignorance inexcusable in our Sophist not to know that these names belonged to one and the same city at different times." But, perhaps, the change from the early name of Zancle, to the latter one of Messana, may have happened during the progress of these very Letters. The present arrangement of the Letters is indeed inconsistent with that supposition; for it is the eighty-fifth which mentions the old name Zancle, whilst the first, twenty-first, and eighty-fourth mention Messana. But that objection, if there were no other, might be eluded by supposing the particular order in which the Letters stand in our present editions to have been either purely accidental, or even arbitrarily devised by some one of the early *librarii*. But allowing all this, the evasion of Bentley's argument will still be impossible on grounds of chronology. Thucydides tells us the occasion of that irreparable expulsion which the Zancleans suffered—and the time, viz. about the last year of the 70th Olympiad. The same author states the circumstances under which the new name Messana arose; and though he does not precisely date this latter incident, he says generally that it was *ὄν πολλῶ ὕστερον*, (*not long after* the other.) Separate parts of this statement are corroborated by other historians; and, upon the whole, taking the *computus* least favourable to Bentley, the new name of Messana appears not to have been imposed by Anaxilaus until more than sixty years after Phalaris was dead and gone.

One objection there is undoubtedly to this argument, and Bentley frankly avows it; Pausanias antedates Anaxilaus by not less than one hundred and eighty years. But there is no need to recite the various considerations which invalidate his authority, since the argument derived from him is one of those which prove too much. Doubtless, it would account for the use of "*Messana*" in the Letters of Phalaris, but so effectually account for it as to make it impossible that *any other* name should have been familiarly employed at an age when "*Zancle*" must have been superannuated by a century. Such is the dilemma in which Bentley has noosed his enemies; skilfully leaving it a matter of indifference to his cause, whether they accept or reject the authority of Pausanias.

From this dilemma, however, Boyle attempts to escape, by taking a distinction between the town and the people who drew their name from it. Zancleans, he thinks, might subsist under that name long after Zancle had changed its masters and forfeited its name. But this hypothesis is destroyed by means of an inscription which Bentley cites from a statue at Olympia, connected with the comment

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of the person who records it : the statue, it seems, had been set up by Evagoras, who inscribed himself upon it as a Zancleæan ; from which single word the recorder infers the antiquity of the statue, arguing that the mere name "*Zancleæan*" sufficiently proved its era to have been anterior to the imposition of the modern name of Messana ; whereas clearly, had there been a race of Zancleæans who survived (under that name) the city of Zancle, this argument would have been without force, and could not have occurred to the writer who builds upon it.

The fifth argument will, perhaps, not be thought so entirely satisfactory as it seemed to Bentley. Phalaris, in threatening the people of Himera, says—*αὐτοὺς ἐκτρέψω πίνυος δίκην—I will extirpate them like a pine-tree* ; that is to say, root and branch. Now, this Delphic threat, and in these identical words, appears first of all in Herodotus, who explains the force of it to lie in this—that of all trees the pine only was *radically* destroyed by mere lopping. That historian ascribes the original use of this significant allusion to Cræsus, who did not *begin* his reign until six years after the pretended use of it by Phalaris. But Bentley conceives that he has sufficient reason to father it upon Herodotus himself ; in which case it will be younger than the age of Phalaris by a century. But we confess ourselves dissatisfied ; or, if that word is too strong, imperfectly satisfied. "We see," says Bentley, "the phrase was then" (*i. e.* in the time of Cræsus) "so new and unheard of, that it puzzled a whole city." But it is probable that accidents of place, rather than of time, would determine the intelligibility of this proverb : wherever the pine-tree was indigenous, and its habits familiarly known, the allusion would suggest itself, and the force of it would be acknowledged, no matter in what age. And as to the remark that Aulus Gellius, in the title of a chapter now lost, seems to consider Herodotus as the real author of the saying, it amounts to nothing : at this day we should be apt to discuss any vulgar error which has the countenance of Shakspeare, under a title such as this—"*On the Shakspearian notion that a toad is venomous,*" meaning merely to remind our readers that the notion has a real popular hold and establishment, not surely that Shakspeare was the originator of it. The authority of Eustathius, so very modern an author, adds no strength at all to Bentley's hypothesis. No real links of tradition could possibly connect two authors removed from each other by nearly two thousand years. Eustathius ascribes, or seems to ascribe, the *mot* to Herodotus, not in a personal sense, but as a short-hand way of designating the *book* in which it is originally found. The truth is, that such a proverb would be coeval and coextensive with the tree. Symbolical forms are always delightful to a semi-barbarous age ; such, for instance, as the emblematic advice of that silent monitor to a tyrant, who, walking through a garden, cut off the heads of all the plants which overtopped the rest. Threats more especially assume this form ; where they are perfectly understood, they are thus made more lively and significant ; and, on the other hand, where they are enigmatical, the uncertainty (according to a

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critical remark of Demetrius Phalereus) points the attention to them under a peculiar advantage of awe and ominous expectation.

The sixth argument is another case of the second and fourth. Phalaris exults that he had routed the Tauromenites and the Zancleans. "But," says Bentley, "there is an old true saying—Πολλὰ καὶ τὰ πολέμου—*many new and strange things happen in war*. We have just now seen those same routed Zancleans rise up again, after a thousand years, to give him a worse defeat. And now the others, too, are taking their time to revenge their old losses: for these, though they are called Tauromenites both here and in three other letters, make protestation against the name, and declare they were called Naxians in the days of the true Phalaris. *Taurominium, quæ antea Naxos*, says Pliny. Whence it is that Herodotus and Thucydides, because they wrote before the change of the name, never speak of Taurominium, but of Naxos."

Yet it will be objected that Bentley himself has made Pythagoras contemporary with Phalaris: now of this very Pythagoras, Porphyry says—"that he delivered Croton, Himera, and *Taurominium* from tyrants;" and Iamblichus says—"that a young man of *Taurominium* being drunk, Pythagoras played him sober by a few airs of grave spondees." A third writer also, Conon, says, of a person in the age of Cyrus the elder, contemporary with Pythagoras and Phalaris, that he "went to *Taurominium* in Sicily." The answer to all this is obvious: *Taurominium* is here used with the same sort of licensed *Prolepsis*, as when we say, *Julius Cæsar conquered France and made an expedition into England*—though we know that Gaul and Britain were the names in that age.

The seventh, eighth, and eighteenth arguments may be thrown together, all turning upon the same objection, viz. that Phalaris is apt to appropriate the thoughts of better men than himself—a kind of robbery which possibly other royal authors have practised, but hardly (like Phalaris) upon men born long after their own time. The three cases of this, cited by Bentley, are of very different weight. Let us begin with the weakest. Writing to Polygnotus, Phalaris is found sporting this sentiment—*λόγος ἔργου σκιά παρὰ τοῖς σωφρονετέροις περὶσσεύει*—*that words are regarded as the shadow of deeds by persons of good sense*. "It is a very notable saying, and we are obliged to the author of it; and, if Phalaris had not modestly hinted that others had said it before him, we might have taken it for his own. But then there was either a strange jumping of good wits, or Democritus was a sorry plagiarist; for he laid claim to the first invention of it. What shall we say to this matter? Democritus had the character of a man of probity and wit. Besides, here are Plutarch and Diogenes, two witnesses that would scorn to flatter. This bears hard upon the author of the Letters. But how can we help it? He should have minded his hits better, when he was minded to play the tyrant. For Democritus was too young to know even Pythagoras;

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τὰ τῶν χρόνων μάχεται—*considerations of chronology are inconsistent with it*; and yet Pythagoras survived Phalaris." Such is Bentley's argument; but undoubtedly it is unfair. He says "*besides*," as though Plutarch and Diogenes were supplementary evidences to a matter otherwise established upon independent grounds; whereas it is from them only, and from Suidas, whom he *afterwards* brought forward, that we know of any such claim for Democritus. Again, Bentley overrates their authority. That of Plutarch, upon all matters of fact and critical history, is at this day deservedly low; and as to Diogenes Laertius, nobody can read him without perceiving that precisely upon this department of his labour, viz. the application of all the stray apophthegms, prose epigrams, and "good things," which then floated in conversation, he had no guide at all. Sometimes there might be a slight internal indication of the author; philosophic sarcasms, for instance, of every age, were ascribed boldly to the cynical Diogenes; sometimes an old tradition might descend with the saying; but much more frequently every aphorism or pointed saying was attributed by turns to each philosopher in succession, who, in his own generation, had possession of the public ear. Just the same thing has happened in England; multitudes of felicitous *mots* have come down through the 18th century to our days—doing duty first under the names of Swift, Dr. Johnson, Sheridan, &c., next of Lord Chesterfield, then of Quin, Foote, and above all, of George Selwyn, who enjoyed a regal benefit of claim over all waifs and derelicts; and, finally, of Jekyll, Brinsley Sheridan, Courtenay, Sam Rogers, and Thomas Moore. Over and above all this, Bentley is obliged to make two concessions, which take the edge off his argument. Michael Psellus ascribes the saying to Simonides; and Isidore, the Pelusiot, generally to the Lacedæmonians. Now, at all events, this breaks the unanimity of the ascription to Democritus, though each for itself should happen to be false. The objection to Simonides is, that he was but seven years old when Phalaris was killed. This, though surely, in a matter so perplexed as the chronology of that era, it is driving rather closely, we may allow. But what objection is there to the Lacedæmonians? Certainly we can discern, in the very nature of the sentiment, a reason that *may* have influenced Isidore for tracing it up to a *Laconic* parentage; but though this is an argument for suspicion, it is none for absolute rejection. Neither does Bentley make any objection of that sort. Here again he seems to rely upon chronology; for his own words are no stronger than these,—that "though the date be undetermined, it might *fairly be presumed* to be more recent than he," (*i. e.* Phalaris.) "*Fairly to be presumed!*" is that all? And why is it to be presumed? Simply because "four parts out of five" among the Lacedæmonian apophthegms collected by Plutarch are, in Bentley's judgment, later than the age of Phalaris. Even this leaves a chance not quite inconsiderable, that the anachronism may not exist in the apophthegm before us. But, finally, had Bentley been called on for his proof of the particular

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proportions here assigned to the Anti-Phalaridean and Post-Phalaridean apophthegms, it would perhaps have appeared that the present argument of his was utterly worthless. For how came he to discriminate two classes? Of necessity, by some marks, (as, suppose diction of a certain quality, more or less archaic, and metrical arrangement, which would belong to all the *γνώμαι* taken from the dramatic writers.) And are these *criteria* sufficient? Undoubtedly they are; for example, before the iambics of the Greek tragedy existed, iambic apophthegms could not be detached from it. No such metrical *γνωμή*, therefore, can pretend to an earlier date than that of the drama itself. Well, then, having so effectual a test, with what propriety could Bentley throw the decision upon a ratio of chances—"four out of five?" For no matter if the chances against a fact had been a thousand to one before examination, yet *it*, after examination and submission to the test, the result were in favour of that fact, it will be established no less certainly than if the chances had been just the other way. The positive application of the test is transcendent to all presumptions and probabilities whatsoever, however reasonable it might have been to rely upon them in a case where no examination had been possible. So much for this section, which—though the weakest of the whole—is wound up in the most stinging manner; for Boyle having argued that apparent plagiarisms in a case like this proved nothing, since, in fact, no absolute originality, and therefore no manifest plagiarism, could be imagined in sentiments which belong to human nature itself, Bentley assures him that he is mistaken—exhibiting in his own person a refutation of that maxim; "for there are many such *nostrums* in his book, such proper and peculiar mistakes, as were never thought on nor said by any man before him."

The argument in the eighteenth section, which would fix upon Phalaris a reference to an epitaph first cited by Demosthenes in his Crown Oration, delivered in the third year of the 112th Olympiad, nearly two hundred and twenty years after his own death, is about as dubious as the last. But the case in the eighth section is unanswerable. Phalaris is made to say—*Θνητὸς γὰρ ὄντας ἀθάνατον ὀργὴν ἔχειν, ὡς φασὶ τινες, οὐ προσήκει*—(i. e. *That we, being ourselves mortal, should cherish immortal anger, is, according to the saying, unfitting*.) Now, here the iambic metre, and the tone of a tragic *γνωμή*, are too evident to leave any doubts about the fountain from which the Pseudo-Phalaris is drawing.

The inference of Bentley is—"that, if this iambic came from the stage, it must be later than Phalaris, let it belong to what poet soever, tragic or comic." Boyle, on the other hand, is "very well satisfied that there were both tragic and comic poets before the days of Phalaris." And upon this, in law phrase, issue is joined.

Comedy is discussed in the present section. Bentley argues the following points against Boyle:—First, that Epicharmus is to be considered the father of Comedy upon more and better authorities than Susarion; Secondly, this being admitted, that upon chrono-

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logical grounds Phalaris could not borrow a verse from comedy; Thirdly, even supposing Susarion to have contributed something to the invention, yet that this could not have availed Phalaris, unless he had come over *incognito* to the villages of Attica, inasmuch as "his plays were extemporal, and never published in writing;" and Fourthly, granting even "that they *were* published, it is more likely they were in tetrametres and other choral measures, than in iambics." And why so? Because, as the Drama grew up from a festival, in which the main elements were singing and dancing, it is certain that the earliest metres were those which adapted themselves to dancing. It is, however, true, though at that time unknown to the learned, that an unpublished MS., of one Diomedes Scholasticus, upon Dionysius Thrax, which MS. is in the King's Library, asserts, that "Susarion was the beginner of comedy in verse, whose plays were all lost in oblivion: but there are two or three iambics of a play of his still remembered. In fact, there are in all five: the first four in this very MS. which had been seen only by Bentley, (and some of them in two other authors;) the last (which, by the way, seems to us a later addition by way of *ἐπιμυθίον*) in Stobæus. We shall give the whole, as the sentiment unfortunately belongs to all ages:

Ἄκουετε, λεῶς· Συσάριον λέγει τάδε
 "Τίος Φιλίνου Μεγαρόθεν Τριποδίοκιος·
 Κακὸν γυναικίκες· ἄλλ' ὁμως, ᾧ δημόται,
 Οὐκ ἔστιν οἰκεῖν οἰκίαν ἄνευ κακοῦ.
 Καὶ γὰρ τὸ γῆμαι, καὶ τὸ μὴ γῆμαι, κακόν.

Hear, O people: thus speaks Susarion, &c. Women are a torment; but still, my countrymen, there is no keeping house without this torment. To marry, then, and not to marry, is alike calamitous. Bentley produces this evidence (which, by the way, he corrects capitally) against himself; but disarms it chiefly by this argument. Susarion is here introduced addressing the audience in his own person; now *that*, taken in connection with the iambic metre, will prove the verses to be no part of a play. For though sometimes the poet *did* address the parterre, yet this was always done through the chorus; and what were the measures that the chorus used at that time? "Never iambics, but always anapæsts or tetrametres; and I believe," says Bentley, "there is not one instance that the chorus speaks at all to the *pit* in iambics; to the actor it sometimes does." Boyle, in treating the case of Susarion, had made much use of a passage in the Arundel Marbles. Unfortunately the words, which he particularly relied on, were mere emendations of Palmerius and Selden. Now it happened that Selden, whose Greek knowledge we ourselves consider miserably inaccurate, had in this instance made but a very imperfect examination of the marble chronicle itself. The consequence was, that Boyle had here unintentionally prepared an opening for a masterly display of skill on the part of Bentley, who had the pleasure at one and the

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same moment of exhibiting his Greek without ostentation—of doing a critical service to that famous Arundelian monument, on which so many learned heads had been employed—of dragging after him, as captives, a whole host of heroes in literature, whom he had indisputably defeated—and finally, of establishing his triumph in the question immediately before him.* All this learning, however, Bentley fails not to remind his readers, is *ex abundantia*, so much over and above what was necessary to decide the dispute, and, in fact, an *excursus* forced from him by his antagonist. For in reality certain words in the apophthegm, no ways essential to its expression, are proofs (or so Bentley regards them) that the Pseudo-Phalaris was borrowing not merely from the Greek drama before it existed, but from a specific dramatist, Euripides, to wit; and a specific tragedy now lost, viz. Philoctetes. However, we must own that this part of the argument appears to us questionable at least, and perhaps positively wrong; questionable, because Bentley has laid far too much stress on two words so exceedingly common as *ἔχειν* and *προσῆκει*, the rest being (as he himself admits) absolutely indispensable to the expression of the thought, and therefore sure to occur to any writer having occasion to express it. To these two words confessedly he commits the entire burden of the tragedian's claim; and upon the ground, that, where so many equivalent expressions were at hand, it was hardly to be supposed that two persons writing independently, "would have hit upon the same by chance." But we reply, that the words *ἔχειν* and *προσῆκει*, each containing an iambus, are convenient, and likely to offer to any man writing in iambic metre, which several of Bentley's equivalents are not. At any rate, the *extent* of the coincidence is not sufficient. But secondly, we think that unques-

* Seldom, perhaps, has there been a more ingenious correction than that of Selden's *ἐν Ἀθήναις* on the Arundel Marble. Bentley had remarked elsewhere that the marble uniformly said *Ἀθήνησι*: why, then, should it suddenly, and in this place only, say *ἐν Ἀθήναις*, (which was Selden's suggestion for filling up the EN A . . . ΑΙΣ?) Bentley's reading of *ἐν ἀπῆναις*, in *plaustris*, immediately recalls the line of Horace,

"Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis."

No less important is Bentley's confirmation of a reading formerly proposed by one who distrusted it. Palmerius, much against his will, (for he could find no sense in the words,) had made out upon the marble that the inventor of Comedy received as his prize *ισχάδων ἄρριχον, πίθον ὄνου*—a basket of figs, and a hogshhead of wine. Bentley produced an unpublished couplet of Dioscorides, the last line of which fully confirms the marble:

Χ' ὠπτικὸς ἦν Σύκων ἄρριχος ἄθλος ἔτι—

i. e. and a basket of figs besides was the Attic prize. Another reading of this line, which substitutes *ἄθλος* for *ἄθλος*, we need not notice more particularly, as it is immaterial to the point before us.

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tionably the apophthegm was *not* the fragment of the Philoctetes; for the words there stand thus :

Ὡσπερ εἰς θνητὸν καὶ τὸ σώμ' ἡμῶν ἔφω,
οὕτω προσήκει μηδὲ τὴν ὀργὴν ἔχειν
'Αθάνατον.

In this there is some difference, even as to the form of the thought ; and the Pseudo-Phalaris must greatly have disturbed the order, *and*, without *apparent reason*, to obtain his own. But the best answer is this, that the words, as they now stand, are in a natural iambic arrangement—

Θνητοὺς μὲν ὄντας ἀθάνατον ὀργὴν ἔχειν
'Ου ————— προσήκει.

The defect in the second line might be supplied in a thousand ways. And we therefore throw Bentley back upon that general form of his argument, which he imagined to be superseded by a special one : King Phalaris, in any case, is detected borrowing from a tragic drama, if not from this particular drama of Euripides ; and as elsewhere we have seen him drawing loans from cities before they were founded, so here he is manifestly borrowing a sentiment from some tragedian unknown, before tragedy itself existed.

The two next arguments may be thrown together. In the first of them, Phalaris is convicted of borrowing a phrase (τὸν ὄλεθρον εὖρε) from Callimachus ; and another (ἕτερον δαίμονι, in the sense of *bad fortune*) perhaps also from Callimachus—if not, from Pindar ; no matter which, since either way there would be an anachronism. These cases are, perhaps doubtful ; in fact, the acknowledged coincidence of two original poets shows that the last phrase, at any rate, had gained a sort of proverbial footing. Not so with regard to the word *philosopher*, which furnishes the matter for another section. The 56th Letter is addressed to *Pythagoras the Philosopher* ; this being only the superscription, may have been the addition of a copier ; and, if so, the argument of Bentley would be eluded ; but in the 23d Letter, the word *philosophy* cannot be detached from the context. Now, it is universally agreed, that Pythagoras himself introduced *

* In saying that Pythagoras introduced the term *philosopher*, we must be understood to mean, (and Bentley, we presume, meant,) that he first gave currency to that particular determination of the word "philosopher" by which, under the modest εὐφημισμὸς of an amateur or dilettante in wisdom, was understood an investigator of first causes, upon a particular scheme ; else, in the general and unlimited sense of the word, merely as a lover of wisdom, and nothing masked under that title, there can be no doubt that Pythagoras did *not* introduce the word. The case is the same as that of the modern *illuminati* ; as a general and unrestricted term, it is, of course, applicable to all men—each in his degree—who can make any pretensions to intellectual culture. But, in the particular sense of Adam Weishaupt, and many

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the word; a fact which hardly needs an attestation; however, from a crowd of authors, Bentley quotes Cicero to the following effect: "That, when Pythagoras had discoursed before Leon, (the tyrant of Sicyon,) that prince, much taken with his wit and eloquence, asked him what art or trade he possessed. 'Art,' says Pythagoras, 'I profess none; I am a philosopher.' Leon, in admiration of the newness of the name, inquired what these philosophers were, and wherein they differed from other men." On this, says Bentley, "What a difference is here between the two tyrants! The one knows not what philosopher means: the other seems to account it as threadbare a word as the name of wise men of Greece; and that, too, before he had ever spoken with Pythagoras. We cannot tell which conversation was first. If Phalaris was the first, the Epistles must be a cheat. But, allowing Leon's to be the first, yet it could not be long after the other; and it is very hard to believe that the fame of so small a matter could so soon reach Phalaris's ear in his castle, through his guard of blue-coats, and the loud bellowing of his bull." In a note on the word blue-coats,* Bentley says, "This is not said at random; for I find the Agrigentines forbade their citizens to wear blue clothes, because blue was Phalaris's livery."

Boyle's answer is characteristic at once of his breeding as a man of quality, and his pursuits as a scholar: for he takes a scholarlike illustration, and he uses it like a courtier. Queen Elizabeth, it seems, in addressing one of the universities, introduced, upon her own authority, the word *Feminilis*. Now, could that learned body have paid her a more delicate compliment, asks Boyle, than by using the royal word in its answer? Bentley rejects this as a piece of unworthy adulation; not that Bentley was always above flattering; but his mind was too coarse and plain to enter into the spirit of such romantic and Castilian homage: his good sense was strong, his imaginative gallantry weak. However, we agree with him that, previously to any personal conversation with Pythagoras, the true Phalaris could not possibly have used this new designation "as familiarly as if it had been the language of his nurse," but "would have ushered it in with some kind of introduction."

other mystical enthusiasts of modern Germany, that term designated a secret society, whose supposed objects and purposes have been stated by Robinson and the Abbé Baruel with a degree of circumstantiality which must have been rather surprising to the gentlemen themselves.

* The meaning of Bentley's joke, as well as odd coincidence in the Agrigentine regulation, is now obsolete. It must be remembered, therefore, that all the menial retainers of English noblemen, from a very early period of our history—and, from this passage, it seems that the practice still subsisted in Bentley's time—received at stated intervals an ample blue coat. This was the *generic* distinction of their order; the *special* one was the badge or cognizance appropriated to the particular family under which they took service; and from the periodical *deliveries* of these characteristic articles of servile costume, came our word *livery*.

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In the following section comes on to be argued, the great question of the age of Tragedy. The occasion is this: In the 63d Epistle, Phalaris "is in great wrath with one Aristolochus, a tragic poet, that nobody ever heard of, for writing tragedies against him." Bentley amuses himself a little with the expression of "writing tragedies *against* a man;" and with the name of Aristolochus, whom he pronounces a *fairy* poet, for having kept himself invisible to all the world since his own day; though Boyle facetiously retorts, that, judging by the length of his name, he must have been a giant, rather than a fairy. But the strength of Bentley's objection is announced in this sentence:—"I must take the boldness to tell Phalaris, who am out of his reach, that he lays a false crime to the poet's charge; for there was no such thing nor word as tragedy when he tyrannized at Agrigentum." Upon this arose the dispute concerning the earliest date of tragedy.

In treating this interesting question, Bentley first addresses himself to the proof that Thespis, and not Epigenes or Phrynicus, was the true and original inventor of tragedy; and that no relics of any one Thespian drama survived in the age of Aristotle; consequently, that those fragments which imposed upon Clemens Alexandrinus and others, were forgeries; and he points out even the particular person most liable to the suspicion of the forgery, viz. Heraclides Ponticus, a scholar of Aristotle's. The fact of the forgery is settled indeed upon other evidence; for these four monstrous words, Κραξιβι, Χθυπηης, Φλεγμων, Δροψ occur in the iambics attributed to Thespis. Now these words are confessedly framed as artificial contrivances for including the entire twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet. But Bentley makes it tolerably evident that no more than eighteen, certainly not twenty-four, existed in the age of Thespis. The lines, then, are spurious; and the imaginary evidences for the fact of Thespis having written anything, are got rid of. And as to any supplementary argument from the *Alcestis*, supposed to be ascribed to him by the Arundel Marbles, that is overthrown—1. By the received tradition that Thespis admitted no female character into his plays: *à fortiori*, then, that he could not have treated a subject, the whole passion of which turned upon a female character; but, 2. More effectually by the triumphant proof which Bentley gives, that the Arundelian *Alcestis* was a pure fiction of Selden's, arising out of imperfect examination. Next, however, let it be conceded that Thespis *did* write, will that be of any service to Boyle? This introduces the question of the precise era of Thespis. Now, on the Oxford Marble, most unfortunately the letters which assign this are obliterated by time and weather. But Bentley suggests an obvious remedy for the misfortune, which gives a *certain* approximation. The name of Thespis stands between two great events, viz. the defeat of Croesus by Cyrus, immediately preceding, and the accession of Darius, immediately following. The first of these is placed by all great chronologists in the first year of the 59th Olympiad; the last, in the second year of the 65th Olympiad. *Between* these

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dates, then, it was (a latitude of twenty-five years) that Thespis founded the tragic drama. And this being so, it follows, obviously, that Phalaris, who perished in the third year of the 57th Olympiad, could not have afforded a subject to tragedy during his lifetime. Boyle most idly imagines an error in the marble chronicle, through an omission of the sculptor. Certainly the *σφαλματα operarum* are well known to literary men of our times, but hardly where the proof-sheets happen to be marble; and after all, Bentley shows him that he would take no benefit by this omission. Three collateral disquisitions on Phrynichus, the successor of Thespis, on Solon, and on the origin of the word *tragedy*, are treated elaborately, and with entire success; but they depend too much on a vast variety of details to admit of compression.

In the Twelfth Section, Bentley examines the dialect. "Had all other ways failed us," says he, "of detecting this impostor, yet his very speech had betrayed him; for his language is Attic; but he had forgotten that the scene of these Epistles was not Athens, but Sicily, where the Doric tongue was generally spoken and written. Pray, how came that idiom to be the court language at Agrigentum?" Athens, the *μισοτύραννος*, or tyrant-hating, by old prerogative, was not likely to be a favourite with the greatest of tyrants. And above all, we must consider this—that in the age of Phalaris, before literature had given to the Attic dialect, that supremacy which it had afterwards, there was no one reason for valuing this exotic dialect, (as it was to Phalaris,) or giving it any sort of preference to the native dialect of Sicily.

But it is objected that Phalaris was born at Astypalæa, an island where, in early times, there existed an Attic colony. Now, in answer to this—waiving the question of fact, would he, who for twenty years had been a tax-gatherer in Sicily, have not learned the Doric? Studying popularity, would he have reminded the natives, by every word he uttered, that he was a foreigner? But perhaps he was *not* born at Astypalæa: there is a strong presumption that he was born in Sicily: and even in Astypalæa, there is "direct evidence that it was a Dorian colony, not an Athenian; for it was planted by the Megarians."

But other eminent Sicilians, it may be said, quitted the Doric for the Attic in their writings. True: but *that* was in solemn compositions addressed to the world, epic poems and histories—not in familiar letters, "mostly directed to the next towns, or to some of his own domestics, about private affairs, or even the expenses of his family, and never designed for the public view."

"Yet," retorts Boyle, "we have a letter of Dion of Syracuse to Dionysius the Tyrant, and a piece of Dionysius's, both preserved among Plato's Epistles, and written in such a dialect as if both prince and philosopher (to use the Doctor's phrase) had gone to school at Athens."

Here, rejoins Bentley, he is "very smart upon me; but he lashes himself; for the philosopher really *did* go to school at Athens, and

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lived with Plato and Speusippus: " and as to the prince, though he " did not go to Athens, yet Athens, as I may say, went to him; for not Plato only, but several other philosophers, were entertained by him at his court in Syracuse."

But again, says Boyle, thinking to produce a memorable and unobjectionable case, because taken from Scripture, Epimenides the Cretan did not write in the Cretic dialect; for, in the line cited from him by St. Paul,—

Κρήτες ἀεὶ ψευσαι, κακὰ θηρία, γασέρες ἀργαί,

the word ἀεὶ would in the Cretic dialect have been αἰεσ. Even from this position, so difficult as it might seem at this time of day to dispute, Bentley's unrelenting scourge immediately forces him: he produces a Cretic epistle and a Cretic inscription, (of absolute authority, being on marble,) both of which present the form ἀεὶ. But, even had it been otherwise, we must remember, that from a poem to a familiar epistle, *non valet consequentia*; the latter could not abandon the dialect native to the writer, without impeaching its credit. And so *fatal* is Bentley's good luck, here as everywhere, that he produces a case where a letter of this very Epimenides, which still survives, was denounced as spurious by an ancient critic, (Demetrius the Magnesian,) for no other reason than because it was not Cretic in its dialect, but Attic.

With his customary bad fortune, Boyle next produces Alcæus and Sappho, as persons " who were born in places where the Ionic was spoken, and yet wrote their lyric poems in Æolic or Doric." For this assertion he really had some colourable authority, since both Ælian and Suidas expressly rank Lesbos among the Ionian cities. Yet, because Meursius, and before him, Brodæus, and after both, Bentley himself, had all independently noticed the word Lesbos as an error for Lebedos, Bentley replies in the following gentle terms:—" I protest I am ashamed even to refute such miserable trash, though Mr. Boyle was not ashamed to write it. What part is it that I must teach him? That Alcæus and Sappho were natives of Lesbos? But it is incredible he should be ignorant of that. Or, that the language of Lesbos was Æolic? Yes, *there* his learning was at a loss; he believed it was Ionic." It is then demonstrated, by a heap of authorities, not only that Lesbos was an Æolian city, but that, (as Strabo says,) in a manner, it was the metropolis of Æolian cities.

Well, but Agathyrside, at least, quitted his Samian or Doric dialect for Ionic. Answer: There was no such person; nor did the island of Samos speak Doric, but Ionic Greek.

Andronicus of Rhodes, then, in his still surviving Commentary on Aristotle's Ethics. The Commentary does indeed survive; but that the author was a Rhodian, is a mere conceit of a modern,

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and a very unlearned person.* This fact had been already stated by Daniel Heinsius, the original editor of Andronicus.

Well, at any rate, Dionysius of Halicarnassus: that case is past disputing. Why, yes, he was of Doric birth undoubtedly, and undoubtedly he wrote in the Attic dialect. But then, in the first place, he *lived* amongst those who had nothing to do with the Doric—which was one reason for abjuring his native dialect; and, secondly, which is the material difference between him and Phalaris, he wrote in the age of Augustus Cæsar—when the Attic dialect had been established for four centuries as the privileged language of Grecian literature.

“*But the most remarkable instance of all,*” says Boyle, “*is that of Zaleucus, King of the Locrians, a Doric colony: the preface to whose laws is preserved, and has plainly nothing of the Doric dialect in it.*” Sad fate of this strongest of all instances! His inexorable antagonist sets to work, and, by arguments drawn from place, time, and language, makes it pretty nearly a dead certainty that the pretended laws of Zaleucus were as pure a fabrication as the Letters of Phalaris. Afterwards he makes the same scrutiny, and with the same result, of the laws attributed to Charondas; and in the end, he throws out a conjecture that both these forgeries were the work of some sophist not even a native Greek; a conjecture which, by the way, has since been extended by Valckenaer to the Pseudo-Phalaris himself, upon the authority of some Latin idioms.†

[N. B. Any future editor of Bentley's critical works ought to notice the arguments of Warburton, who, in the *Divine Legation*, endeavours to support the two lawgivers against Bentley.]

The use of the Attic dialect, therefore, in an age when as yet no conceivable motive had arisen for preferring that to any other dialect, the earliest morning not having dawned of those splendours which afterwards made Athens the glory of the earth, is of itself a perfect detection of the imposture. But let this be waived. Conceive that mere caprice, in a wilful tyrant like Phalaris, led him to adopt the Attic dialect: *stet pro ratione voluntas*. Still, even in such a case, he must have used the Attic of his own day. Caprice

* It is, however, still reprinted at intervals by the Clarendon Press, as the work of Andronicus Rhodius.

† Valckenaer's argument is good as far as it goes; pity that so exquisite a Grecian should not have detected many more flaws of the same quality! But in this respect the letters of Phalaris seem to enjoy that sort of unaccountable security which hitherto has shielded the forgeries of Chatterton. No man, with the slightest ear for metre, or the poorest tact for the characteristic marks of modern and ancient style of poetic feeling, but must at once acknowledge the extravagance of referring these poems to the age of Henry IV. Yet, with the exception of an illusion to the technical usages of horse-racing, and one other, we do not remember that any specific anachronisms, either as to words or things, have been yet pointed out in Chatterton.

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might go abroad, or it might go back in point of time; but caprice could not prophetically anticipate, as Phalaris does, the diction of an age long posterior to his own. Upon this subject Bentley expresses himself in a more philosophic tone than he usually adopts. "Every living language," says he, "like the perspiring bodies of living creatures, is in perpetual motion and alteration. Some words go off, and become obsolete; others are taken in, and by degrees grow into common use; or the same word is inverted to a new sense and notion; which, in tract of time, makes as observable a change in the air and features of a language, as age makes in the lines and mien of a face." Boyle, however, admitting this as a general law, chooses to suppose that the Greek language presented an eminent exception to it; insomuch that writings, separated by an interval of two thousand years, were, in his judgment, nearer to each other in point of phraseology, than English works separated by only two centuries. And as the reason of this fancied stability, he assigns the extended empire of the Greeks. Bentley disputes both the fact and the reason. As to the fact, he says that the resemblance between the old and modern Greek literature was purely mimetic. Why else, he asks, arose the vast multitude of scholiasts? Their aid was necessary to explain phrases which had become obsolete. As to extensive empire, no better cause can be assigned why languages are *not* stationary. In the Roman language, for example, more changes took place during the single century between the Duilian column (*i. e.* the first naval victory of the Romans) and the comedies of Terence, than during the four centuries preceding. And why? Because in that century the Roman eagles first flew beyond the limits of Italy. Again, with respect to the Athenian dialect, we find, from Dionysius of Halicarnassus, that already by the time of the great orators, the peculiar Attic of Plato and Thucydides had become antiquated, although these last stood in the same relation of time to Demosthenes, that Dryden did to Pope. Now this is sufficiently explained by the composition of the Athenian population in the 110th Olympiad, as afterwards recorded by Athenæus. At that time there were twenty-one thousand citizens, ten thousand naturalized foreigners, and four hundred thousand slaves. Under this proportion of nineteen foreigners * to one native, well might the dialect suffer rapid alterations.

Thus far Bentley maintained his usual superiority. But in the particular examples which he adduced, he was both unexpectedly penurious and not always accurate. The word *θυγατέρες*, *daughters*, used in the Hebrew manner for *young women*, was indisputably a neologism impossible to the true Phalaris. So also of *προτρέπειν* used for *προάγειν*. With respect to the phrase *παιδων ἐρασαί*, used for *lovers of children*, which Bentley contends must have been equivalent in

* Bentley here, rather too hastily, takes credit for as many foreigners as slaves, forgetting the *vernacular* slaves—(though certainly they were less numerous than among the Romans.)

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the elder ages to the infamous word Παιδερασαι, it has been since supposed that he was refuted by Markland, and v. 1088 of the *Supplices* of Euripides; but on the whole, we are of opinion that Bentley was right. It was the prerogative of the Tragic Drama, as of poetry in general, to exalt and ennoble: Thus, for instance, "filled her with thee a goddess fair," in Milton's *L'Allegro*, would in plain prose become almost an obscene expression; but, exalted and sustained by the surrounding images, it is no more than allowably voluptuous. In the absolute prose of Phalaris, we think with Bentley that the phrase could not have borne an innocent meaning. Thus far Bentley was right, or not demonstrably wrong; but in the two next instances he errs undeniably; and the triumph of Boyle, for the first time and the last, cannot be gainsaid. Bentley imagined that προδιδωμι, in the unusual sense of *giving beforehand*, (instead of *betraying*.) had no countenance from the elder writers; and he denounced the word διωκω when applied to the *pursuing an object of desire*, believing that it was applicable only to the case of *an enemy pursuing one who fled*. Here we see the danger, in critical niceties, of trusting to any single memory, though the best in the world. And we can well believe Bentley when he charges his oversight upon the hurry of the "press staying for *more copy*." Having erred, however, the best course is to confess frankly and unreservedly; and this Bentley does. But in one point he draws from his very error an advantageous inference: his Oxford enemies had affected to regard him as a mere index-hunter; and Alsop had insolently described him as "*virum in volvendis Lexicis satis diligentem*." Now, says Bentley, it was just because I was *not* what they would represent me, just because I too much neglected to search Lexicons and Indexes, and too entirely relied on my own reading and unassisted memory, that this one sole error in my first hasty dissertation remained, like the heel of Achilles, to show a touch of human infirmity, in what else might have claimed the immaculateness of a divine origin.

Upon a final examination of the Letters, Bentley detected three other words, which manifestly belonged to a later and a philosophic era—viz. Πρόνοια, used not in the sense of *foresight* but of *Divine Providence*; Στοιχείον, which at first meant a *letter* or an element of words, used for *element* in the natural philosopher's sense: and Κοσμος for *the world*. But the truth is, that this line of argument threw Bentley upon the hard task of proving negatives. It might be easy, as occasions offered, to show that such a word was used by a particular age; one positive example sufficed for *that*: but difficult indeed to show that it was *not*. The whole is a matter of practice and feeling; and without any specific instances of modern idiom, which yet might perhaps still be collected by a very vigilant critic, no man of good taste, competently prepared, will hesitate to condemn the Letters as an imposture, upon the general warrant of the style and quality of the thoughts; these are everywhere redolent of a state of society highly artificial and polished, and argue an era of

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literature matured, or even waning, as to the division of its several departments, and the pretensions of its professors.

The argument which succeeds in the Fourteenth and Nineteenth Sections, is equally ludicrous and convincing. Throughout the Letters, Phalaris sports a most royal munificence and gives away *talents* with as much ease as if they had been sixpences. Now, the jest of the matter is, that Sicilian talents were really not much more. The Attic forger of the Letters, naturally thinking of the Attic talent, (worth about 18*ol.*.) forgot, or he never learned, that the Sicilian talent was literally *two thousand times* less in value. Thus Phalaris complains of a hostile invasion, as having robbed him of *seven talents*; which, if they could be supposed Attic talents, make 126*ol.* sterling; but being Sicilian talents, no more than 12*s.* 7*d.* Again, he gives to a lady, as her marriage portion, five talents, meaning, of course, Attic talents (*i. e.* 90*ol.*); but what the true Phalaris must have understood by that sum was—nine shillings! And in other places he mentions *Δραχμα* coins which were not Sicilian. Boyle endeavoured to resist these exposures, but without any success; and the long dissertation on Sicilian money which his obstinacy drew upon Bentley, remains a monument of the most useful learning, as it corrects the errors of Gronovius, and other first-rate authorities, upon this very complex topic.

Meantime, the talent everywhere meant to be understood was the Athenian; and upon that footing the presents made by Phalaris are even more absurd by their excess, than upon the Sicilian valuation of the talent by their defect. Either way, the Pseudo-Phalaris is found offending against the possibilities of the time and of the place. One instance places the absurdity in a striking light, both as respects the giver and the receiver. Gold was at that time very scarce in Greece, so that the Spartans could not, in every part of that country, collect enough to gild the face of a single statue; and they finally bought it in Asia of Cræsus. Nay, long afterwards, Philip of Macedon, being possessed of one golden cup, weighing no more than half a pound Troy, could not sleep, if it were not placed under his pillow. But, perhaps, Sicily had what Greece wanted? So far from it, that, above seventy years after Phalaris, Hiero, King of Syracuse, could not obtain gold enough for a single tripod and a Victoria, until after a long search, and a mission to Corinth; and even then his success was an accident. So much for the powers of the giver. Now for the receiver. A physician in those days was not paid very liberally; and even in a later age, the following are the rates which the philosopher Crates assigns as a representative scale for the practice of rich men:—“To a cook, 3*ol.*; to a physician, 8*d.*; to a toad-eater, 90*ol.*; to a moral adviser—*smoke*; to a courtesan, 18*ol.*; to a philosopher, 4*d.*” But this was satire. True: yet seriously, not long after the death of Phalaris, we have an account of the fees paid to Democedes, the most eminent physician of that day. His salary for a whole year from the people of Ægina was 180*l.* The following

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year he was hired by the Athenians for 300*l.*; and the year after that by a prince, richer than Phalaris, for 360*l.*; so that he never got so much as a guinea a-day. Yet, in the face of these facts, Phalaris gives to *his* physician, Polycletus, the following presents for a single cure:—four goblets of refined gold, two silver bowls of unrivalled workmanship, ten couple of large Thericlæan cups, twenty young boys for his slaves, fifteen hundred pounds in ready money, besides a pension for life, equal to the highest salaries of his generals or admirals; all which, says Bentley, though shocking to common sense, when supposed to come from Phalaris, a petty prince of a petty district in Sicily, “is credible enough, if we consider that a sophist was the paymaster;” who, as the actors in the Greek comedy paid all debts with lupins, pays *his* with words.

As his final argument, Bentley objects that the very invention of letter-writing was due to Atossa the Persian Empress, younger than Phalaris by one or two generations. This is asserted upon the authority of Tatian, and of a much more learned writer, Clement of Alexandria. But, be that as it may, every person who considers the general characteristics of those times, must be satisfied that, if the epistolary form of composition existed at all, it was merely as a rare agent in sudden and difficult emergencies—rarer, perhaps, by a great deal, than the use of telegraphic dispatches at present. As a species of literary composition, it could not possibly arise until its use in matters of business had familiarized it to all the world. Letters of grace and sentiment would be a remote afterthought upon letters of necessity and practical negotiation. Bentley is too brief, however, on this head, and does not even glance at some collateral topics, such as the Lacedæmonian Caduceus and its history, which would have furnished a very interesting *excursus*. His reason for placing this section last is evident. The story of Mucianus, a Roman of consular rank, who had been duped by a pretended letter of Sarpedon’s (that same Sarpedon, *si Diis placeat*, who is killed in the Iliad by Patroclus,) furnishes him with a parting admonition, *personally* appropriate to his antagonist—that something more even than the title of *Honourable* “cannot always secure a man from cheats and impostures.”

In the Sixteenth Section, which might as properly have stood last, Bentley moves the startling question, (able of itself to decide the controversy,) “in what secret cave” the letters had been hidden, “so that nobody ever heard of them for a thousand years?” He suggests that some trusty servant of the tyrant must have buried them under ground; “and it was well he did so; for if the Agrigentines had met with them, (who burned both him and his relations and his friends,) they had certainly gone to pot.” [The foreign translator of the two Phalaris Dissertations (whose work, by the way, was revised by the illustrious Valckenaer) is puzzled by this phrase of “*going to pot*,” and he translates it conjecturally in the following ludicrous terms: “*Si enim eas invenissent Agritentini, sine dubio tergendis natibus inserviissent.*”] Boyle, either himself in a mist,

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or designing to mystify his readers, cites the cases, as if parallel cases, of Paterculus and Phædrus, the first of whom is not quoted by any author now extant till Priscian's time—five hundred years later than his own era—and not again until nine hundred years after Priscian: as to Phædrus, supposed to belong to the Augustan era, he is first mentioned by Avienus, four hundred years after this epoch, and never once again, until his works were brought to light by Pithou late in the sixteenth century. These cases Boyle cites as countenancing that of Phalaris. But Bentley will not suffer the argument to be so darkened: the thousand years which succeeded to Priscian and Avienus were years of barbarity; there was little literature, and little interest in literature, through that long night in Western Europe. This sufficiently accounts for the obscurity in which the two Latin authors slumbered. But the thousand years which succeeded to Phalaris, Solon, and Pythagoras, were precisely the most enlightened period of that extent, and, in fact, the only period of one thousand successive years, in the records of our planet, that has uninterruptedly enjoyed the light of literature. So that the difference between the case of Phalaris, and those which are alleged as parallel by Boyle, is exactly this: that the Pseudo-Phalaris was first heard of in "the very dusk and twilight before the long night of ignorance;" whereas Phædrus, Lactantius, &c., suffered the more natural effect of being eclipsed by that light. The darkness which extinguished the genuine classics, first drew Phalaris into notice. Besides, that in the cases brought forward to countenance that of Phalaris, the utmost that can be inferred is no more than a negative argument, those writers are simply not quoted; but from *that* no argument can be drawn, concluding for their non-existence. Whereas, in the case of Phalaris, we find various authors—Pindar, for instance, Plato, Aristotle, Timæus, Polybius, and others, down even to Lucian—talking of the man in terms which are quite inconsistent with the statements of these letters. And we may add, with regard to other distinguished authors, as Cicero in particular, that on many occasions, their very silence, under circumstances which suggested the strongest temptation to quote from these letters, had they been aware of their existence, is of itself a sufficient proof that no such records of the Sicilian tyrant had ever reached them by report.

Finally, the *matter* of the letters, to which Bentley dedicates a separate section of his work, is decisive of the whole question to any man of judgment who has reviewed them without prejudice or passion. Strange it is at this day to recollect the opposite verdicts on this point of the controversy, and the qualifications of those from whom they proceeded. Sir William Temple, an aged statesman, and practised in public business, intimate with courts, a man of great political sagacity, a high-bred gentleman, and of brilliant accomplishments, singles out these letters not merely as excellent in their kind, but as one argument amongst others for the unapproachable supremacy in all intellectual pretensions of the ancients; on the other hand, Bentley, a young scholastic clergyman of recluse

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habits, comparatively low in rank, and of humble breeding, pronounces the letters to be utterly despicable, and unworthy of a prince. On such a question, and between such judges, who would hesitate to abide by the award of the sage old diplomatist? Yet a single explanation discredits his judgment: he was angry and prejudiced. And the actual result is—that every reader of sense heartily accedes to Bentley's sentence—"You feel, by the emptiness and deadness of them, that you converse with some dreaming pedant with his elbow on his desk; not with an active, ambitious tyrant, with his hand on his sword, commanding a million of subjects."

It remains that we should say a few words on Bentley's character, and the general amount of his claims. This part of his task, Dr. Monk, for a reason quite unintelligible to us, has declined; and Dr. Parr has attempted it with his usual sonorous tympany of words, but with no vestiges of distinct meaning, or of appropriate commendation. We do not design, on this occasion, to supply their omissions by a solemn and minute adjudication of Bentley's *quantum meruit* in every part of his pretensions; that will be a proper undertaking, and one from which we shall not shrink, in connection with some general review of the leading scholars since the restoration of letters, English and continental. At present, we shall confine ourselves to a brief and unpretending suggestion of some few principal considerations, which should guide our estimate of Bentley's services to literature.

Bentley was a man of strong "mother wit," and of masculine good sense. These were his primary advantages; and he had them in excess, if excess belongs to gifts of that quality. They are gifts which have not often illuminated the labours of the great classical scholar; who, though necessarily a man of talent, has rarely been a man of powerful understanding. In this there is no contradiction; it is possible to combine great talents with a poor understanding; and such a combination is, indeed, exceedingly common. The Scaligers, perhaps, were men of commanding sense. Isaac Casaubon, who has been much praised for his sense, (and of late more than ever by Messrs. Southey and Savage Landor,) was little above mediocrity in that particular. His notices of men and human life are, for the most part, poor and lifeless commonplaces. Salmasius, a great scholar, was even meaner as a thinker. To take an illustration or two from our own times, Valckenaer and Porson—the two best Grecians, perhaps, since Bentley—were both poor creatures in general ability and sense. Porson's *jeux d'esprit*, in the newspapers of his day, were all childish and dull beyond description: and, accordingly, his whig friends have been reduced to the sad necessity of lying and stealing on his behalf, by claiming (and even publishing) as Porson's, a copy of verses, (*The Devil's Sunday Thoughts*,) of which they are well assured he did not write a line. Parr, again, a good Latin scholar, though no Grecian, for general power of thought and sense, was confessedly the merest driveller of

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his age. But Bentley was not merely respectable in this particular: he reached the level of Dr. Johnson, and was not far short of the powers which would have made him a philosopher.

The next great qualifications of Bentley were, ingenuity, and (in the original sense of that term) sagacity. In these he excelled all the children of men; and as a verbal critic will probably never be rivalled. On this point we remember an objection to Bentley, stated forcibly by Mr. Coleridge; and it seemed, at the time, unanswerable; but a little reflection will disarm it. Mr. Coleridge had been noticing the coarseness and obtuseness of Bentley's poetic sensibilities, as indicated by his wild and unfeeling corruptions of the text in *Paradise Lost*. Now, here, where our knowledge is perfectly equal to the task, we can all *feel* the deficiencies of Bentley; and Mr. Coleridge argued, that a Grecian or Roman of taste, if restored to life, would, perhaps, have an equally keen sense of the ludicrous, in most of the emendations introduced by Bentley into the text of the ancient classics; a sense which, in these instances, is blunted or extinguished to us by our unfamiliar command over the two languages. But this plausible objection we have already answered in another place. The truth is, that the ancient poets are much more than the Christian poets within the province of unimaginary good sense. Much might be said, and many forcible illustrations given, to show the distinction between the two cases; and that from a poet of the Miltonic order, there is no inference to a poet such as Lucan, whose connections, transitions, and all the process of whose thinking, go on by links of the most intelligible and definite ingenuity; still less any inference to a Greek lexicographer like Suidas, or Hesychius, whose thoughts and notices proceed in the humblest category of mere common sense. Neither is it true, that, with regard to Milton, Bentley has always failed. Many of his suggestions are sound. And, where they are not, this does not always argue bluntness of feeling; but, perhaps, mere defect of knowledge. Thus, for example, he has chosen, as we remember, to correct the passage,

“ That on the *secret* top
Of Horeb or of Sinai,” &c.

into *sacred* top; for he argued, that the top of a mountain, exposed to the whole gaze of a surrounding country, must of all places be the least private or secret. But, had he happened to be familiar with mountains, though no higher than those of England, he would have understood that no secrecy is so complete, and so undisturbed by sound or gaze from below, as that of a mountain-top such as Helvellyn, Great Gaval, or Blencathara. Here, therefore, he spoke from no defect of feeling, but from pure defect of knowledge. And, after all, many of his better suggestions on the text of Milton will give an English reader an adequate notion of the extraordinary ingenuity with which he corrected the ancient classics.

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A third qualification of Bentley, for one province of criticism at least, was the remarkable accuracy of his ear. Not that he had a peculiarly fine sense for the rhythmus of verse,—else the divine structure of the Miltonic blank verse would have preserved numerous fine passages from his “slashing” proscription. But the independent beauty of sounds, and the harsh effect of a jingle of syllables, no critic ever felt more keenly than he; and hence, on many occasions, he either derived originally, or afterwards supported, his corrections.

This fineness of ear perhaps first drew his attention to Greek metre, which he cultivated with success, and in that department may be almost said to have broken the ground.

The Digamma, and its functions, remain also trophies of his exquisite sagacity in hunting backward, upon the dimmest traces, into the aboriginal condition of things. The evidences of this knowledge, however, which Heyne used and published to the world, are simply his early and crude notes on the margin of his Homer. But the systematic treatise, which he afterwards developed upon this foundation, was unknown to Heyne, and it is still unknown to the world. This fact, which is fully explained in Mr. Sandford's late excellent edition of Thiersch's Greek Grammar (p. 312-13), has been entirely overlooked by Dr. Monk.

The same quality of sagacity, or the power of *investigating* backward, (in the original sense of that metaphor,) through the corruptions of two thousand years, the primary form of the reading which lay buried beneath them, a faculty which in Bentley was in such excess, that it led him to regard every MS. as a sort of figurative Palimpsest, in which the early text had been overlaid by successive layers of alien matter, was the fruitful source both of the faults and the merits of his wonderful editions. We listen with some impatience to Dr. Monk, when he falls in with the common cant on this subject, as though Bentley had injured a reader by his new readings. Those whose taste is really fine enough to be offended by them, (and we confess, that in a poet of such infinite delicacy as Horace, we ourselves are offended by the obtrusion of the new lections into the text,) are at liberty to leave them. If but here and there they improve the text, (and how little is *that* to say of them!) *lucro ponatur*. Besides, the received text, which Bentley displaced, was often as arbitrary as his own. Of this we have a pleasant example in the Greek Testament: that text which it was held sacrilege in Bentley to disturb, was in fact the text of Mr. Stephens, the printer, (possibly of a clever compositor,) who had thus unintentionally become a sort of *conscience* to the Protestant churches. It was no more, therefore, than a fair jest in Bentley, upon occasion of his own promised revision of the text,—“Gentlemen, in me behold your Pope.”

Dr. Monk regrets that Bentley forsook Greek studies so often for Latin; so do we; but not upon Dr. Monk's reason. It is not that Bentley was inferior, as a Latin scholar, to himself as a Grecian

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it is, that Grecians, as good as he, are much rarer than Latinists of the same rank.

Something must be said of Bentley's style. His Latinity was assailed with petty malignity, in two set books, by Ker and Johnson. However, we see no justice in Dr. Monk's way of disparaging their criticisms, as characteristic of schoolmasters. Slips are slips; faults are faults. Nor do we see how any distinction can be available between schoolmasters' Latin and the Latin of sublimer persons in silk aprons. The true distinction which would avail Bentley we take to be this. In writing Latin there are two distinct merits of style; the first lies in the mere choice of the separate words; the second, in the structure and mould of the sentence. The former is within the reach of a boy armed with a suitable dictionary, which distinguishes the gold and silver words, and obolizes the base Brummagem copper coinage. The other is the slow result of infinite practice and original tact. Few people ever attain it; few ever *could* attain it. Now, Bentley's defects were in the first accomplishment; and a stroke of the pen would everywhere have purified his *lexis*. But his great excellence was in the latter,—where faults, like faults in the first digestion, are incapable of remedy. No corrections, short of total extirpation, will reach *that* case: blotting will not avail: "*una litura potest.*" His defect, therefore, is in a trifle; his success in the rarest of attainments. Bentley is one of those who *think* in Latin, and not among the poor frosty translators into Latin under an overruling tyranny of English idiom. The phrase *puritas sermonis*, used for *purity of style*, illustrates Bentley's class of blemishes. We notice it, because Ker, Dr. Monk, and Dr. Parr, have all concurred in condemning it. *Castitas* might be substituted for *puritas*; as to *sermonis*, (*pace virorum tantorum*,) it admits of apology.

Bentley's English style was less meritorious; but it was sinewy, native, idiomatic, though coarse and homely. He took no pains with it: where the words fell, there they lay. He would not stop to modulate a tuneless sentence; and, like most great classical scholars of that day, he seemed to suppose that no modern language was capable of a better or worse. How much more nobly did the Roman scholars behave—Cicero, Varro, &c.—who, under every oppression of Greek models, still laboured to cultivate and adorn their own mother tongue! And even the example of Addison, whom Bentley so much admired, might have taught him another lesson; for though this great writer, unacquainted with the real powers of the English language,* had flippantly pronounced it a "brick" edifice, by comparison with the marble temples of the ancients, yet

* It is a fact that Addison has never cited Shakspeare but once; even that was a passage which he had carried away from the theatre. Sir W. Temple knew of no Lord Bacon; Milton and Jeremy Taylor knew not of each other; and Addison had certainly never read Shakspeare.

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he did not the less take pains to polish and improve it. Brick, even, has its own peculiar capacities of better and worse. Bentley's lawless pedantries of "*putid*" and "*negoce*," though countenanced by equal filth in L'Estrange and many writers of the day, must, in any age, have been saluted with bursts of laughter; and this formal defence of the latter word was even more insufferably absurd than the barbarism which he justified. On the other hand, the word *ignore*, which he threw in the teeth of Mr. Boyle, had been used by that gentleman's uncle in many of his works: it is, in fact, Hibernian, which Bentley did not know; and in England is obsolete, except in the use of grand juries. Being upon this subject, we must take the liberty of telling Dr. Monk, that his own expressions of "*overhaul*," for *investigate*, and "*attackable*," are in the lowest style of colloquial slang. The expression of a "*duty*" being "*due*," which is somewhere to be found in his book, is even worse.

As a Theologian, Bentley stood in the same circumstances as the late Bishop of Llandaff. Both were irregularly built for that service; both drew off the eyes of the ill-natured, and compensated their deficiencies by general ability; both availed themselves of a fortunate opportunity for doing a *popular* service to Christianity, which set their names above the more fully accomplished divines of their day; both carried, by a *coup-de-main*, the King's professorship of divinity at Cambridge, which is the richest in the world; and, finally, both retreated from its duties.

In conclusion, we shall venture to pronounce Dr. Bentley the greatest *man* amongst all scholars. In the complexion of his character, and the style of his powers, he resembled the elder Scaliger, having the same hardihood, energy, and elevation of mind. But Bentley had the advantage of earlier polish, and benefitted by the advances of his age. We should pronounce him, also, the greatest of *scholars*, were it not that we remember Salmasius. Dr. Parr was in the habit of comparing the Phalaris dissertation with that of Salmasius *De Lingua Hellenistica*. For our own parts, we have always compared it with the same writer's *Plinian Exercitations*. Both are among the miracles of human talent: but with this difference, that the Salmasian work is crowded with errors; whilst that of Bentley, in its final state, is absolutely without spot or blemish.

DR. PARR AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

The Works of Samuel Parr, LL.D., with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, and a Selection from his Correspondence. By JOHN JOHNSTONE, M.D.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Opinions of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D. With Biographical Notices of many of his Friends, Pupils, and Contemporaries. By the REV. WILLIAM FIELD.

Parriana; or, Notices of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D. By E. H. BARKER, Esq.

PART I.

THE time is come when, without offence, the truth may be spoken of Dr. Parr. Standing by the side of the grave, men's eyes, as it were, fastened upon the very coffin of an excellent person, all literary people under any restraint of honourable feelings—all writers who have trained themselves to habits of liberal sympathy and of generous forbearance—everybody, in short, but the very rash or very juvenile, the intemperate or malignant—put a seal upon their lips. Grief, and the passionate exaggerations of grief, have a title to indulgent consideration, which, in the upper walks of literature, is not often infringed; amongst polished Tories, amongst the coterie of this journal, we may say—*never*. On this principle it was that we prescribed to ourselves most willingly a duty of absolute silence at the time of Dr. Parr's death, and through the years immediately succeeding. The sorrow of his numerous friends was then keen and raw. For a warm-hearted man—and Dr. Parr was such—there is an answerable warmth of regret. Errors and indiscretions are forgotten. virtues are brought forward into high relief; talents and accomplishments magnified beyond all proportions of truth. These extravagances are even graceful and becoming under the immediate impulses which prompt them: and for a season they are, and ought to be, endured. But this season has its limits. Within those limits the rule is—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Beyond them, and when the privilege of recent death can no longer be sustained, this rule gives way to another—*De mortuis nil nisi verum et probabiliter demonstratum*. This canon has now taken effect with regard to Dr. Parr. The sanctities of private grief have been sufficiently respected, because the grief itself has submitted to the mitigation of time. Enough has been conceded to the intemperance of sorrowing friendship; the time has now arrived for the dispassionate appreciation of equity and unbiassed judgment.

Eighteen years have passed away since we first set eyes upon Dr. Samuel Parr. Off and on through the nine years preceding, we had

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heard him casually mentioned in Oxford, but not for any good. In most cases, the anecdote which brought up his name was some pointless parody of a Sam-Johnsonian increpation, some Drury-Lane counterfeit of the true Jovian thunderbolts:

“Demens qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen
Ære et cornipedum sonitu simularet equorum.”

In no instance that we recollect had there appeared any felicity in these colloquial fulminations of Dr. Parr. With an unlimited license of personal invective, and with an extravagance of brutality not credible, except in the case of one who happened to be protected by age and by his petticoats,—consequently with one power more than other people enjoy, who submit themselves to the restraints of courtesy, and to the decencies of social intercourse,—the Doctor had yet made nothing of his extra privilege, nor had so much as once attained a distinguished success. There was labour, indeed, and effort enough, preparation without end, and most tortuous circumgyration of periods; but from all this sonorous smithery of hard words in *osity* and *ation*, nothing emerged—no wrought massy product—but simply a voluminous smcke. Such had been the fortune, whether fairly representing the general case or not, of our own youthful experience at second-hand in respect to Dr. Parr, and his colloquial prowess. When we add, that in those years of teeming and fermenting intellects, at a crisis so agitating for human interests upon the very highest scale, no mere philologists or *grammaticaster*—though he had been the very best of his class—could have held much space in our thoughts; and, with respect to Dr. Parr in particular, when we say that all avenues to our esteem had been foreclosed from our boyish days by one happy sarcasm of the Pursuits of Literature, where Parr had been nicknamed, in relation to his supposed model, *the Birmingham Doctor*; * and finally, when we assure the reader that he was the one sole specimen of a Whig parson that we had ever so much as heard of within the precincts of the Church of England;—laying together all this, it may be well presumed, that we did not anticipate much pleasure or advantage from an hour's admission to Dr. Parr's society. In reality having heard all the fine colloquial performers of our own times, we recoiled from the bare possibility of being supposed to participate in the curiosity or the interest which,

* One of Dr. Parr's biographers argues that his *soubriquet* had no foundation, in fact, the Doctor not being either by birth or residence a denizen of this great *officina* for the arts of imitative and counterfeit manufacture. But the truth is, that he had sufficiently connected himself with Birmingham in the public mind, by his pointed intercourse with the Dissenters of that town, and by the known proximity to Birmingham of his common and favourite residence, to furnish a very plausible basis to a cognomen that was otherwise specially fitted to express the relations of his style and quality of thinking to those of Johnson.

in various degrees, possessed most of those who on that morning surrounded us. The scene of this little affair was—a front drawing-room in the London mansion of one of Dr. Parr's friends. Here was collected a crowd of morning visitors to the lady of the house: and in a remote back drawing-room was heard, at intervals, the clamorous laugh of Dr. Samuel Parr, then recently arrived from the country upon a visit to his London friend. The miscellaneous company assembled were speedily apprised *who* was the owner of that obstreperous laugh—so monstrously beyond the key of good society; it transpired, also, *who* it was that provoked the laugh; it was the very celebrated *Bobus* Smith. And, as a hope was expressed that one or both of these gentlemen might soon appear amongst us, most of the company lingered in the reasonable expectation of seeing Dr. Sam—we ourselves, on the slender chance of seeing Mr. Bobus. Many of our junior readers, who cannot count far beyond the year in question (1812), are likely to be much at a loss for the particular kind of celebrity, which illustrated a name so little known to fame in these present days, as this of Bobus Smith. We interrupt, therefore, our little anecdote of Dr. Parr, with the slightest outline of Mr. Smith's story and his pretensions. Bobus, then (who drew his nickname, we conjecture, though the *o* was pronounced long, from subscribing the abbreviated form of *Bobus*, for his full name *Robertus*)—a brother of the Rev. Sydney Smith, who now reposes from his jovial labours in the Edinburgh Review, upon the bosom of some luxurious English Archdeaconry, — had first brought himself into great notice at Cambridge by various specimens of Latin verse, in the Archaic style of Lucretius. These we have sought for in vain; and, indeed, it appears from a letter of Mr. Smith's to Dr. Parr, that the author himself has retained no copies. These Latin verses, however, were but bagatelles of sport. Mr. Smith's serious efforts were directed to loftier objects. We had been told, as early as 1806, (how truly we cannot say,) that Mr. Bobus had publicly avowed his determination of first creating an ample fortune in India, and then returning home to seize the post of Prime Minister, as it were by storm; not that he could be supposed ignorant, how indispensable it is in ordinary cases, that good fortune, as well as splendid connections, should concur with commanding talents, to such a result. But a condition, which for other men might be a *sine qua non*, for himself he ventured to waive, in the audacity, said our informant, of conscious intellectual supremacy. So at least the story went. And for some years, those who had heard it continued to throw anxious gazes towards the Eastern climes, which detained her destined premier from England. At length came a letter from Mr. Bobus, saying, "I'm coming." The fortune was made; so much, at least, of the Cambridge menace had been fulfilled; and in due time Bobus arrived. He took the necessary steps for prosecuting his self-created mission: he caused himself to be returned to Parliament for some close borough: he took his seat: on a fitting occasion he prepared to utter his maiden oration: for that purpose he raised himself bolt-

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apright upon his pins: all the world was hushed and on tiptoe when it was known that Bobus was on his legs: you might have heard a pin drop. At this critical moment of his life, upon which, as it turned out, all his vast cloud-built fabrics of ambition were suspended, when, if ever, he was called upon to rally, and converge all his energies, suddenly his presence of mind forsook him: he faltered: rudder and compass slipped away from him: and—oh! Castor and Pollux!—Bobus foundered! nor, from that day to this, has he been heard of in the courts of ambition. This catastrophe had occurred some time before the present occasion; and an event which had entirely extinguished the world's interest in Mr. Bobus Smith had more than doubled ours. Consequently we waited with much solicitude. At length the door opened; which recalls us from our digression into the high road of our theme: for not Mr. Bobus Smith, but Dr. Parr entered.

Nobody announced him; and we were left to collect his name from his dress and his conversation. Hence it happened, that for some time we were disposed to question ourselves whether this might not be Mr. Bobus even, (little as it could be supposed to resemble him,) rather than Dr. Parr, so much did he contradict all our rational pre-conceptions. "A man," said we, "who has insulted people so outrageously, ought not to have done this in single reliance upon his professional protections; a brave man, and a man of honour, would here have carried about with him, in his manner and deportment, some such language as this,—'Do not think that I shelter myself under my gown from the natural consequences of the affronts I offer: mortal combats I am forbidden, sir, as a Christian minister, to engage in; but, as I find it impossible to refrain from occasional license of tongue, I am very willing to fight a few rounds, in a ring, with any gentleman who fancies himself ill-used.'" Let us not be misunderstood; we do not contend that Dr. Parr should often, or regularly, have offered this species of satisfaction. But we *do* insist upon it—that no man should have given the very highest sort of provocation so wantonly as Dr. Parr is recorded to have done, unless conscious that, in a last extremity, he was ready, like a brave man, to undertake a short turn-up, in a private room, with any person whatsoever whom he had insulted past endurance. A doctor, who had so often tempted a cudgelling, ought himself to have had some ability to cudgel. Dr. Johnson assuredly would have acted on that principle. Had volume the second of that same folio with which he floored Osborn, happened to lie ready to the prostrate man's grasp, nobody can suppose that Johnson would have gainsaid his right to retaliate; in which case, a regular succession of rounds would have been established. Considerations such as these, and the Doctor's undeniable reputation (granted even, by his most admiring biographers) as a sanguinary flagellator, throughout his long career of pedagogue, had prepared us—nay, entitled us—to expect in Dr. Parr a huge carcass of man, fourteen stone at the least. Even his style, pury and bloated, and his sesquipedalian words, all warranted

the same conclusion. Hence, then, our surprise, and the perplexity we have recorded, when the door opened, and a little man, in a buzz wig, cut his way through the company, and made for a *fauteuil* standing opposite to the fire. Into this he *lunged*; and then forthwith, without preface or apology, began to open his talk upon us. Here arose a new marvel and a greater. If we had been scandalized at Dr. Parr's want of thews and bulk, conditions so indispensable for enacting the part of Samuel Johnson, much more, and with better reason, were we now petrified with his voice, utterance, gestures, and demeanour. Conceive, reader, by way of counterpoise to the fine* enunciation of Dr. Johnson, an infantine lisp—the worst we ever heard—from the lips of a man above sixty, and accompanied with all sorts of ridiculous grimaces and little stage gesticulations. As he sat in his chair, turning alternately to the right and to the left, that he might dispense his edification in equal proportions amongst us, he seemed the very image of a little French gossiping abbé.

Yet all that we have mentioned, was, and seemed to be, a trifle by comparison with the infinite pettiness of his matter. Nothing did he utter but little shreds of calumnious tattle—the most ineffably silly and frivolous of all that was then circulating in the Whig *salons* of London against the Regent. He began precisely in these words: "Oh! I shall tell you" (laying a stress upon the word *shall*, which still further aided the resemblance to a Frenchman) "a sto-hee" (lispingly for story) "about the Pince Thegent" (such was his nearest approximation to *Prince Regent*.) "Oh, the Pince Thegent—the Pince Thegent!—what a sad, sad man he has turned out? But you *shall* hear. Oh! what a Pince! what a Thegent!—what a sad Pince Thegent!" And so the old babbler went on, sometimes wringing his little hands in lamentation, sometimes flourishing them with French grimaces and shrugs of shoulders, sometimes expanding and contracting his fingers like a fan. After an hour's twaddle of the lowest and most scandalous description, suddenly he rose and hopped out of the room, exclaiming all the way, "*Oh! what a Pince, oh, what a Thegent,—did anybody ever hear of such a sad Pince—such a sad Thegent, such a sad, sad Pince Thegent? Oh, what a Pince,*" &c., *da capo*.

Not without indignation did we exclaim to ourselves, on this winding up of the scene, "And so that then, that lithping slander-monger, and retailer of petty scandal and gossip, fit rather for washerwomen over their tea, than for scholars and statesmen, is the champion whom his party propound as the adequate antagonist of Samuel Johnson! Faugh!"—We had occasion, in this instance, as in so many others which we have witnessed, to remark the conflict between the natural and the artificial (or adopted) opinions of the world, and the practical triumph of the first. A

* Boswell has recorded the remarkably distinct and elegant articulation and intonation of Johnson's English.

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crowd of ladies were present: most of them had been taught to believe that Dr. Parr was a prodigious scholar, and in some mysterious way, and upon something not exactly known or understood except by learned men, a great authority, and, at all events, what is called—a *public character*. Accordingly, upon his first entrance, all of them were awed—deep silence prevailed—and the hush of indefinite expectation. Two minutes dispersed that feeling; the Doctor spoke, and the spell was broken. Still, however, and long afterwards, some of them, to our own knowledge, continued to say—“We suppose” (or, “we have been told”) “that Dr. Parr is the modern Johnson.” Their artificial judgments clung to them after they had *evidently* given way, by a spontaneous movement of the whole company, to the natural impression of Dr. Parr’s conversation. For no sooner was the style and tendency of Dr. Parr’s gossip apparent, than a large majority of those present formed themselves into little parties, entered upon their own affairs, and, by a tacit convention, agreed to consider the Doctor as addressing himself exclusively to the lady of the house and her immediate circle. Had Samuel Johnson been the talker, nobody would have presumed to do this; secondly, nobody, out of regard to his own reputation, would have been so indiscreet as to do this; he would not have acknowledged weariness had he felt it; but, lastly, nobody would have wished to do this; weariness was impossible in the presence of Samuel Johnson. Nether let it be said, that perhaps the ladies present were unintellectual, and careless of a scholar’s conversation. They were not so: some were distinguished for ability—all were more or less tintured with literature. And we can undertake to say, that any man of tolerable colloquial powers, speaking upon a proper topic, would have commanded the readiest attention. As it was, every one felt, (if she did not even whisper to her neighbour,) “Here, at least, is nothing to be learned.”

Such was our first interview with Dr. Parr; such its issue. And now let us explain our drift in thus detailing its circumstances. Some people will say, the drift was doubtless to exhibit Dr. Parr in a disadvantageous light — as a petty gossiper, and a man of mean personal appearance. No; by no means. Far from it. We have a mean personal appearance ourselves; and we love men of mean appearance. Having one spur more than other men to seek distinction in those paths where nature has not obstructed them, they have one additional chance (and a great one) for giving an extended development to their intellectual powers. Many a man has risen to eminence under the powerful re-action of his mind in fierce counter-agency to the scorn of the unworthy, daily evoked by his personal defects, who with a handsome person would have sunk into the luxury of a careless life under the tranquillizing smiles of continual admiration. Dr. Parr, therefore, lost nothing in *our* esteem by showing a mean exterior. Yet even this was worth mentioning, and had a value in reference to our present purpose. We like Dr. Parr: we may say even, that we love him for some noble qualities of heart that

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really *did* belong to him, and were continually breaking out in the midst of his singular infirmities. But this, or even a still nobler moral character than Dr. Parr's, can offer no excuse for giving a false elevation to his intellectual pretensions, and raising him to a level which he will be found incapable of keeping when the props of partial friendship are withdrawn. Our object is to value Dr. Parr's claims, and to assign his true station both in literature and in those other walks of life upon which he has come forward as a public man. With such a purpose before us, it cannot be wholly irrelevant to notice even Dr. Parr's person, and to say, that it was at once coarse, and in some degree mean; for his too friendly biographers have repeatedly described his personal appearance in flattering terms, and more than once have expressly characterized it as "dignified;" which it was *not*, according to any possible standard of dignity, but far otherwise; and it is a good inference from such a misstatement to others of more consequence. His person was poor; and his features were those of a clown—coarse, and ignoble, with an air, at the same time, of drollery, that did not sit well upon age, or the gravity of his profession. Upon one feature, indeed, Dr. Parr valued himself exceedingly; this was his eye: he fancied that it was peculiarly searching and significant: he conceited, even, that it frightened people; and had a particular form of words for expressing the severe use of this basilisk function: "I *inflicted* my eye upon him," was his phrase in such cases.* But the thing was all a mistake: his eye could be borne very well: there was no mischief in it. Doubtless, when a nervous gentleman, in a pulpit, who was generally the subject of these inflictions, saw a comical looking old man, from below, levelling one eye at him, with as knowing an expression as he could throw into it,—mere perplexity as to the motive and proper construction of so unseasonable a personality might flutter his spirits; and to the vain, misjudging operator below, might distort this equivocal confusion, arising out of blank ignorance of his meaning, into the language of a conscious and confessing culprit. Explanations, in the nature of the thing, would be of rare occurrence: for some would not condescend to complain; and others would feel that the insult, unless it was for the intention, had scarcely body enough and tangible shape to challenge inquiry. They would anticipate, that the same man, who, in so solemn a situation as that between a congregation and their pastor, could offer such an affront, would be apt to throw a fresh ridicule upon the complaint itself, by saying,—"Fix

* Lord Wellesley has been charged with a foible of the same kind; how truly, we know not. More than one person of credit assured us, some six-and-twenty years ago, that at his levees, when Governor-General of India, he was gratified, as by a delicate stroke of homage, upon occasionally seeing people throw their eyes to the ground—dazzled, as it were, by the effulgent lustre of *his*. This is possible; at the same time we cannot but acknowledge that our faith in the story was in some slight degree shaken by finding the same foppery attributed (on tradition, however,) to Augustus Cæsar, in the Memoirs of Suetonius.

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my eye upon you, did I? Why, that's all my eye with a vengeance. Look at you, did I? Well, sir, a cat may look at a king." This said in a tone of sneer: and then, with sneer and strut at once, "I trust, sir,—humbly, I take leave to suppose, sir, that Dr. Parr is not so obscure a person, not so wholly unknown in this sublunary world, but he may have license to look even at as great a man as the Reverend Mr. So-and-so." And thus the worthy doctor would persevere in his mistake, that he carried about with him, in his very homely collection of features, an organ of singular power and effect for detecting hidden guilt.

A mistake at all events it was; and his biographers have gone into it as largely under the delusions of friendship, as he under the delusions of vanity. On this, therefore, we ground what seems a fair inference—that, if in matters so plain and palpable as the character of a man's person, and the expression of his features, it has been possible for his friends to fall into gross errors and exaggerations, much more may we count upon such fallacies of appreciation in dealing with the subtler qualities of his intellect, and his less determinable pretensions as a scholar. Hence we have noticed these lower and trivial misrepresentations as presumptions with the reader, in aid of our present purpose, for suspecting more weighty instances of the same exaggerating spirit. The *animus*, which prompted so unserviceable a falsification of the real case, is not likely to have hesitated in coming upon ground more important to Dr. Parr's reputation, and at the same time, much more susceptible of a sincere latitude of appraisal, even amongst the neutral. It is so with a view to a revision of too partial an adjudication, that we now institute this inquiry. We call the whole estimates to a new audit; and submit the claims of Dr. Parr to a more equitable tribunal. Our object, we repeat, is—to assign him his true place, as it will hereafter be finally assigned in the next, or more neutral generation. We would anticipate the award of posterity; and it is no fault of ours, that, in doing so, it will be necessary to hand the doctor down from that throne in the cathedral of English clerical merit, on which the intemperate zeal of his friends has seated him for the moment, into some humble prebendal stall. Far more agreeable it would naturally have been to assist in raising a man unjustly depreciated, than to undertake an office generally so ungracious as that of repressing the presumptuous enthusiasm of partizans, where it may seem to have come forward, with whatever exaggerations, yet still in a service of disinterested friendship, and on behalf of a man, who, after all, was undeniably clever, and, in a limited sense, learned. The disinterestedness, however, of that admiration which has gathered about Dr. Parr is not so genuine as it may appear. His biographers (be it recollected) are bigots, who serve their superstition in varnishing their idol: they are Whigs, who miss no opportunity of undervaluing Tories and their cause: they are Dissenters, who value their theme quite as much for the collateral purpose which it favours of attacking the Church of England, as for its direct and

avowed one of lauding Dr. Parr. Moreover, in the letters (which, in the undigested chaos of Dr. Johnstone's collection, form three volumes out of eight) Dr. Parr himself obtains a mischievous power, which, in a more regular form of composition, he would not have possessed, and which, as an honest man, we must presume that he would not have desired. Letters addressed to private correspondents, and only by accident reaching the press, have all the license of private conversation. Most of us, perhaps, send a little treason or so at odd times through the post-office; and as to *scand. magn.*, especially at those unhappy (luckily rare) periods when Whigs are in power, if all letters are like our own, the Attorney-General would find practice for a century in each separate day's correspondence. In all this there is no blame. *Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.* But publication is another thing. Rash insinuations, judgments of *ultra* violence, injurious anecdotes of loose or no authority, and paradoxes sportively maintained in the certainty of a benignant construction on the part of the individual correspondent—all these, when printed, become armed, according to circumstances of time and person, with the power of extensive mischief. It is undeniable, that through Dr. Parr's published letters are scattered some scores of passages, which, had he been alive, or had they been brought forward in a direct and formal address to the public, would have called forth indignant replies of vehement expostulation or blank contradiction. And many even of his more general comments on political affairs, or on the events and characters of his times, would have been overlooked only upon the consideration that the place which he occupied, in life or in literature, was not such as to aid him in giving effect to his opinions.

In many of these cases, as we have said already, the writer had a title to allowance, which those who publish his letters have *not*. But there are other cases which call for as little indulgence to him as to them. In some of his political intemperances, he may be considered as under a twofold privilege: first, of place—since, as a *private* letter-writer, he must be held as within the protection and the license of his own fireside; secondly, of time—since, on a general rule of construction, it may be assumed that such communications are not deliberate, but thrown off on the spur of the occasion: that they express, therefore, not a man's settled and abiding convictions, but the first momentary impulses of his passion or his humour. But in many of his malicious sarcasms, and disparaging judgments, upon contemporaries who might be regarded, in some measure, as competitors with himself, either for the prizes of clerical life, or for public estimation, Dr. Parr could take no benefit by this liberal construction. The sentiments he avowed in various cases of this description were not in any respect hasty or unconsidered ebullitions of momentary feeling. They grew out of no sudden *occasions*; they were not the product of accident. This is evident; because uniformly, and as often almost as he either spoke or wrote upon the persons in question, he gave vent to the same bilious jealousy in

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sneers or libels of one uniform character; and, if he forbore to do this in his open and avowed publications, the fair inference is, that his fears or his interest restrained him; since it is notorious, from the general evidence of his letters and his conversation, that none of those whom he viewed with these jealous feelings could believe that they owed anything to his courtesy or his moderation.

For example, and just to illustrate our meaning, in what terms did he speak and write of the very eminent Dean of Carlisle, and head of Queen's College, Cambridge—the late Dr. Isaac Milner? How did he treat Bishop Herbert Marsh? How, again, the illustrious Bishop Horsley? All of them, we answer, with unprovoked and slanderous scurrility; not one had offered him any slight or offence,—all were persons of gentlemanly bearing, though the last (it is true) had shown some rough play to one of Parr's pet heresiarchs,—all of them were entitled to his respect by attainments greatly superior to his own,—and all of them were more favourably known to the world than himself, by useful contributions to science, or theologic learning. Dean Milner had ruined his own activities by eating opium; and he is known, we believe, by little more than his continuation of the Ecclesiastical History, originally undertaken by his brother Joseph, and the papers which he contributed to the London Philosophical Transactions. But his researches and his accomplishments were of wonderful extent; and his conversation is still remembered by multitudes for its remarkable compass, and its almost Burkian* quality of elastic accommodation to the fluctuating accidents of the occasion. The Dean was not much in the world's eye: at intervals he was to be found at the tables of the great; more often he sought his ease and consolations in his honourable academic retreat. There he was the object of dislike to a particular intriguing *clique* that had the ear of Dr. Parr. He was also obnoxious to the great majority of mere worldlings, as one of those zealous Christians who are usually denominated *evangelical*, and by scoffers are called *the saints*; that is to say, in common with the Wilberforces, Thorntons, Hoares, Elliots, Babingtons, Gisbornes, &c., and many thousands of less distinguished persons in and out of Parliament,—Dean Milner assigned a peculiar emphasis, and a more significant interpretation, to those doctrines of original sin, the terms upon which redemption is offered—regeneration, sanctifica-

* Those who carry a spirit of distinguishing refinement into their classifications of the various qualities of conversation, may remark one peculiar feature in Edmund Burke's style of talking, which contra-distinguished it from Dr. Johnson's: it grew—one sentence was the rebound of another—one thought rose upon the suggestion of something which went before. Burke's motion, therefore, was all a going forward. Johnson's, on the other hand, was purely regressive and analytic. That thought which he began with, contained, by involution, the whole of what he brought forth. The two styles of conversation corresponded to the two theories of generation,—one (Johnson's) to the theory of *Preformation* (or Evolution),—the other (Burke's) to the theory of *Epigenesis*.

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tion, &c., which have the appearance of being the *characteristic* and peculiar parts in the Christian economy. Whether otherwise wrong or right in these views, it strikes us poor lay critics (who pretend to no authoritative knowledge on these great mysteries), that those who adopt them have, at all events, a *primâ facie* title to be considered less worldly, and more spiritual-minded, than the mass of mankind; and such a frame of mind is at least an argument of fitness for religious contemplations, in so far as temper is concerned, be the doctrinal (or merely intellectual) errors what they may. Consequently, for our own parts, humbly sensible as we are of our deficiencies in this great science of Christian philosophy, we could never at any time join in the unthinking ridicule which is scattered by the brilliant and the dull upon these peculiarities. Wheresoever, and whensoever, we must freely avow that evidences of real non-conformity to the spirit of this impure earth of ours command our unfeigned respect. But *that* was a thing which the worthy Dr. Parr could not abide. He loved no high or aerial standards in morals or in religion. Visionaries, who encouraged such notions, he viewed (to express it by a learned word) as ἀεροβατούρας, and as fit subjects for the chastisement of the secular arm. In fact, he would have persecuted a little upon *such* a provocation. On Mr. Pitt and the rest who joined in suspending the *Habeas Corpus* Act, Dr. Parr was wont to ejaculate his pastoral benediction in the following after-dinner toast—“*Qui suspenderunt, suspendantur!*” And afterwards upon occasion of the six bills provoked by the tumults at Manchester, Glasgow, &c., his fatherly blessing was daily uttered in this little fondling sentiment,—“Bills for the throats of those who framed the bills?” On the same principle, he would have prayed fervently—had any Isaac Milner infested his parish—“Let those who would exalt our ideals of Christianity, be speedily themselves exalted!” And therefore, if any man inquires upon what grounds it was that Dr. Parr hated with an intolerant hatred—scorned—and sharpened his gift of sneer upon—the late Dean of Carlisle—we have here told him “the reason why;” and reason enough, we think, in all conscience. For be it known, that, over and above other weighty and obvious arguments for such views, Dr. Parr had a standing personal irritation connected with this subject—a continual “thorn in the flesh”—in the relations subsisting between him and his principal, the incumbent of his own favourite and adopted parish. As the positions of the parties were amusing to those who were in possession of the key to the right understanding of it, viz. a knowledge of their several views and opinions, we shall pause a moment to describe the circumstances of the case.

Dr. Parr, it is well known, spent a long period of his latter life at Hatton, a village in Warwickshire. The living of Hatton belonged to Dr. Bridges, who, many a long year ago, was well known in Oxford as one of the Fellows in the magnificently endowed college of Magdalen; that is to say, Dr. Bridges was the incumbent at the time when some accident of church preferment brought Dr. Parr

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into that neighbourhood. By an arrangement which we do not exactly understand, the two doctors, for their mutual convenience, exchanged parishes. We find it asserted by Dr. Johnstone, that on Dr. Parr's side the exchange originated in a spirit of obliging accommodation. It may be so. However, one pointed reservation was made by Dr. Bridges [whether in obedience to church discipline or to his private scruples of conscience—we cannot say] viz.—that, once in every year, (according to our remembrance, for a series of six consecutive Sundays,) he should undertake the pulpit duties of the church. On this scheme the two learned clerks built their *alterni fœdera regni*; and, like two buckets, the Drs. Bridges and Parr went up and down reciprocally for a long succession of years. The waters, however, which they brought up to the lips of their parishioners, were drawn from two different wells; for Dr. Bridges shared in the heresy of the Dean of Carlisle. Hence a system of energetic (on Dr. Parr's side, we may say—of fierce) mutual counteraction. Each, during his own reign, laboured to efface all impressions of his rival. On Dr. Bridges's part, this was probably, in some measure, a necessity of conscience; for he looked upon his flock as ruined in spiritual health by the neglect and ignorance of their pastor. On Dr. Parr's, it was the mere bigotry of hatred, such as all schemes of teaching are fitted to provoke which appeal to a standard of ultra perfection, or exact any peculiar sanctity of life. Were Bridges right, in that case, it was clear that Parr was wrong by miserable defect. But, on the other hand, were Parr right, then Bridges was wrong only by superfluity and redundancy. Such was the position, such the mutual aspects, of the two doctors. Parr's wrath waxed hotter and hotter. Had Dr. Bridges happened to be a vulgar sectarian, of narrow education, of low breeding, and without distinguished connections,—those *etesian* gales or annual monsoons, which brought in his periodical scourge, would have been hailed by Parr as the harbingers of a triumph in reversion. Yielding the pulpit to his rival for a few Sundays, he would have relied upon the taste of his parishioners for making the proper distinctions. He would have said,—“You have all eyes and ears—you all know that fellow; you all know me: I need say no more. Pray, don't kick him when he comes again.” But this sort of contempt was out of the question, and that kindled his rage the more. Dr. Bridges was a man of fortune; travelled and accomplished; familiar with courts and the manners of courts. Even that intercourse with people of rank and fashion, which Parr so much cultivated in his latter years, and which, to his own conceit, placed him so much in advance of his own order, gave him no advantage over Dr. Bridges. True, the worthy fanatic (as some people called him) had planted himself in a house at Clifton near Bristol, and spent all his days in running up and down the lanes and alleys of that great city, carrying Christian instruction to the dens of squalid poverty, and raising the torch of spiritual light upon the lairs of dissolute wretchedness. But, in other respects, he was a man *comme il faut*. However his mornings might be spent,

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his *soirées* were elegant ; and it was not a very unusual event to meet a prince or an ambassador at his parties. Hence, it became impossible to treat him as altogether abject, and a person of no social consideration. In that view, he was the better man of the two. And Parr's revenge, year after year, was balked of its food. In this dilemma of impotent rage, what he could — he did ! — And the scene was truly whimsical. Regularly as Dr. Bridges approached, Dr. Parr fled the country. As the wheels of Dr. Bridges were heard muttering in advance, Dr. Parr's wheels were heard groaning in retreat. And when the season of this annual affliction drew to a close, when the wrath of Providence was spent, and the church of Hatton passed from under the shadows of eclipse into renovated light, then did Dr. Parr — cautiously putting out his feelers to make sure that the enemy was gone — resume the spiritual sceptre. He congratulated his parish of Hatton that their trials were over ; he performed classical *lustrations*, and Pagan rites of expiation ; he circled the churchyard nine times *withershins* (or inverting the course of the sun) ; he fumigated the whole precincts of Hatton church with shag tobacco ; and left no stone unturned to cleanse his little Warwickshire fold from its piacular pollution.

This anecdote illustrates Dr. Parr's temper. Mark, reader, his self-contradiction. He hated what he often called "rampant orthodoxy," and was never weary of running down those churchmen who thought it their duty to strengthen the gates of the English church against Popish superstitions and Popish corruptions on the one hand, or Socinianism on the other. Yet, let anything start up in the shape of zealous and fervid devotion—right or wrong—and let it threaten to displace his own lifeless scheme of ethics, or to give a shock of galvanism to his weekly paralytic exhortations "not upon any account or consideration whatsoever to act *improperly* or in opposition to the dictates of reason, decorum, and prudence ;" let but a scintillation appear of opposition in that shape, and who so ready to persecute as Dr. Parr ? Fanaticism, he would tell us, was what he could not bear ; fanaticism must be put down : the rights of the church must be supported with rigour ; if needful, even with severity. He was also a great patron of the church as against laymen ; of the parson as against the churchwarden ; of the rector's right to graze his horse upon the graves ; of the awful obligation upon his conscience to allow of no disrespectable, darned, or ill-washed surplice ; of the solemn responsibility which he had undertaken in the face of his country to suffer no bell-ringing except in canonical hours ; to enforce the decalogue, and also the rubric : to obey his ecclesiastical superiors within the hours of divine service ; and finally, to read all proclamations or other state documents sent to him by authority, with the most dutiful submission, simply reserving to himself the right of making them as ridiculous as possible by his emphasis and cadence.* In this fashion Dr. Parr manifested his reverence for the

* Dr. Parr's casuistry for regulating his practice in the case of his being

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church establishment; and for these great objects it seemed to him lawful to persecute. But as to purity of doctrine, zeal, primitive devotion, the ancient faith as we received it from our fathers, or any service pretending to be more than lip service, for all such questionable matters it was incumbent upon us to show the utmost liberality of indifference on the most modern and showy pattern, and, except for Popery, to rely upon Bishop Hoadly. This explanation was necessary to make the anecdote of Dr. Bridges fully intelligible; and that anecdote was necessary to explain the many scornful allusions to that reverend gentleman, which the reader will find in Dr. Johnstone's collection of letters; but above all, it was necessary for the purpose of putting him in possession of Dr. Parr's character and position as a member of the Church of England.

To return from this digression into the track of our speculations, Dean Miller and Dr. Bridges stood upon the same ground in Dr. Parr's displeasure. Their offence was the same; their criminality perhaps equal; and it was obviously of a kind that, for example's sake, ought not to be overlooked. But Herbert Marsh was not implicated in their atrocities. No charge of that nature was ever preferred against *him*. His merits were of a different order; and confining our remarks to his *original* merit, and that which perhaps exclusively drew upon him the notice of Mr. Pitt's government, not so strictly clerical. His earliest public service was his elaborate statement of the regal conferences at Pilnitz, and his consequent justification of this country in the eyes of Europe, on the question then pending between her and the French Republic, with which party lay the *onus* of first virtual aggression, and with which therefore, by implication, the awful responsibility for that deluge of blood and carnage which followed. This service Herbert Marsh performed in a manner to efface the remembrance of all former attempts. His next service was more in the character of his profession—he introduced his country to the very original labours in theology of the learned Michaelis, and he expanded the compass and value of these labours by his own exertions. Patriots, men even with the feeblest sense of patriotism, have felt grateful to Dr. Marsh for having exonerated England from the infinite guilt of creating a state of war lightly—upon a weak motive—upon an unconsidered motive—or indeed upon any motive or reason whatsoever; for a reason supposes choice and election of the judgment, and choice there can be none

called upon to read occasional forms of prayer, proclamations, &c., which he did not approve as a politician (and observe, he never *did* approve them) was this: read he must, was his doctrine; thus far he was bound to dutiful submission. *Passive* obedience was an unconditional duty, but not *active*. Now it *would* be an active obedience to read with proper emphasis and decorum. Therefore everybody sees the logical necessity of reading it into a farce, making grimaces, "inflicting one's eye," and in all ways keeping up the jest with the congregation. Was not this the boy for Ignatius Loyola?

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without an acknowledged alternative. Now, it was the triumphant result of Dr. Marsh's labours, that alternative there was practically none, under the actual circumstances, for Great Britain; and that war was the mere injunction of a flagrant necessity, coupling the insults and the menaces of France with what are now known to have been the designs, and indeed the momentary interests, of the predominant factions at that epoch. Herbert Marsh has satisfied everybody almost but the bigots (if any now survive) of Jacobinism, as it raged in 1792 and 1793, when it held its horrid Sabbaths over the altar and the throne, and deluged the scaffolds with innocent blood. All but those he has satisfied. Has he satisfied Dr. Parr? No. Yet the Doctor was in absolute frenzy of horror, grief, and indignation, when Louis XVI. was murdered. And, therefore, if the shedding of what he allowed to be the most innocent blood could justify a war, and the refusal of all intercourse but the intercourse of vengeance with those who, at that period, ruled the scaffold, then, in that one act (had there even been wanting that world of weightier and prospective matter, which did in fact impel the belligerents), Dr. Parr ought in reason to have found a sufficient justification of war. And so perhaps he would. But *Dis aliter visum est*; and his *De* and *De majorum gentium*—paramount to reason, conscience, or even to discretion, unless such as was merely selfish, were the Parliamentary leaders from whom he expected a bishopric, (and would very possibly have got it, had some of them lived a little longer in the first decade of this century, or he himself survived to the end of this present decade.*) Hence it does not much surprise us, that, in spite of his natural and creditable horror, on hearing of the fate of the French king, he relapsed into Jacobinism so fierce, that two years after, a friend, by way of agreeable flattery, compliments him as being only "*half a sans-culotte*;" a compliment, however, which he doubtless founded more upon his confidence in Dr. Parr's original goodness of heart, and the almost inevitable contagion of English society, than on any warrant which the Doctor had yet given him by words or by acts, or any presumption even which he was able to specify, for so advantageous an opinion. Well, therefore, might Herbert Marsh displease Dr. Parr. He was a Tory, and the open antagonist of those by whom only the fortunes of *sans-culottes*, thorough-bred or half-bred, had any chance of thriving; and he had exposed the hollowness of that cause to which the Doctor was in a measure sold.

As to Horsley, his whole life, as a man of letters and a politician, must have won him the tribute of Dr. Parr's fear and hatred; a tribute which he paid as duly as his assessed taxes. Publicly, indeed, he durst not touch him; for the horrid scourge which Horsley

* Had Mr. Fox lived a little longer, the current belief is, that he would have raised Dr. Parr to the mitre; and had the Doctor himself survived to November of this present year, Lord Grey would perhaps have tried his earliest functions in that line upon him.

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had wielded at one time, in questions of scholarship and orthodoxy, still resounded in his ears. But in his letters and conversation, Dr. Parr fretted for ever at his eminence, and eyed him grudgingly and malignly; and those among his correspondents, who were not too generous and noble-minded to pay their court through his weaknesses, evidently were aware that a sneer at Bishop Horsley was as welcome as a basket of game. Sneers, indeed, were not the worst: there are to be found in Dr. Parr's correspondence some dark insinuations, apparently pointed at Horsley, which involve a sort of charges that should never be thrown out against any man without the accompaniment of positive attestations. What may have been the tenour of that bishop's life and conversation, we do not take upon us to say. It is little probable, at this time of day, under the censorious vigilance of so many unfriendly eyes, and in a nation where even the persons upon the *judicial* bench exhibit in their private lives almost a sanctity of deportment, that a dignitary of the English Church will err by any scandalous immorality. Be that, however, as it may, and confining our view to Horsley in his literary character, we must say, that he is far beyond the reach of Dr. Parr's hostility. His writings are generally excellent: as a polemic and a champion of his own church, he is above the competition of any modern divine. As a theologian, he reconciles the nearly contradictory merits of novelty and originality with well-meditated orthodoxy: and we may venture to assert, that his *Sermons* produced the greatest impression, and what the newspapers call "sensation," of any English book of pure divinity, for the last century. In saying this, we do not speak of the sale; what that might be, we know not; we speak of the strength of the impression diffused through the upper circles, as apparent in the reverential terms, which, after the appearance of that work, universally marked the sense of cultivated men in speaking of Bishop Horsley—even of those who had previously viewed him with some dislike in his character of controversialist. Let the two men be compared; not the veriest bigot amongst the Dissenters, however much he would naturally prefer as a companion, or as a subject for eulogy, that man who betrayed* the interests of his own church to him who was its column of support and ornament, could have the hardihood to insinuate that Dr. Horsley was properly, or becomingly, a mark for the scurrilities of Dr. Parr. In what falls

* We shall have an opportunity farther on of showing what was Parr's conduct to the church of which he professed himself a member, and in what sense he could be said to have betrayed it. At present we shall protect ourselves from misconstruction, by saying that his want of fidelity to the rights and interests of the church was not deliberate or systematic; in this, as in other things, he acted from passion—often from caprice. He would allow only this or that doctrine of the church to be defended; he would ruinously limit the grounds of defence; and on these great questions, he gave way to the same rank personal partialities, which, in the management of a school, had attracted the notice, and challenged the disrespect, of boys.

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within the peculiar province of a schoolmaster, we think it probable (to make every allowance which candour and the simplicity of truth demand) that Dr. Parr had that superior accuracy which is maintained by the practice of teaching. In general reach and compass of intellect, in theology, in those mixed branches of speculative research which belong equally to divinity and to metaphysics (as in the Platonic philosophy, and all which bears upon the profound doctrine of the Trinity), or (to express the matter by a single word) in philosophic scholarship, and generally in vigour of style and thought, we suppose Horsley to have had, in the eyes of the public, no less than in the reality of the case, so prodigiously the advantage, that none but a sycophant, or a false friend, would think of suggesting seriously a comparison so disadvantageous to Dr. Parr. But at all events, let the *relations* of merit be what they may in Horsley, certainly his absolute merit is unquestionable; and the continued insults of Dr. Parr are insufferable.

Upon these flagrant justifications, individual attacks past counting, besides a general *system* of disparagement and contumely towards the most distinguished pretensions in church and state, unless ranged on the side of the Whigs, or even if presuming to pause upon those extremities which produced a schism in the Whig club itself, we stand for a sufficient apology in pressing the matter strongly against Dr. Parr. A rejoinder on *our* side has in it something of vindictive justice. Tories, and not Tories only, but all who resist anarchists (for that Dr. Parr did not blazon himself in that character, was due to the lucky accident which saved him from any distressing opportunities of *acting* upon his crazy speculations), have an interest in depressing to their proper level those who make a handle of literature for insidious party purposes, polluting its amenities with the angry passions proper to our civil dissensions, and abusing the good nature with which we Tories are always ready to welcome literary merit, without consideration of politics, and to smile upon talent though in the ranks of our antagonists. The Whigs are once more becoming powerful, and we must now look more jealously to our liberalities. Whigs are not the kind of people to be trusted with improper concessions: Whigs "rampant" (to use Dr. Parr's word), still less. Had Dr. Parr been alive at this hour, he would have stood fair for the first archbishopric vacant; for we take it for granted that the Duke of Wellington, according to his peculiar system of tactics, would long ere now have made him a bishop. Let us therefore appraise Dr. Parr; and to do this satisfactorily, let us pursue him through his three characters, the triple *rôle* which he supported in life—of Whig politician; secondly, of scholar (or, expressing our meaning in the widest extent, of literary man); and finally of theologian.

These questions we shall discuss in a separate paper; and, from the many personal notices which such a discussion will involve, and the great range of literary topics which it will oblige us to traverse, we may hope to make it not unamusing to our readers. There are,

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in every populous community, many different strata of society, that lie in darkness, as it were, to each other, from mere defect of mutual intercourse; and in the literary world there are many chambers that have absolutely no communication. Afterwards, when twenty—thirty—sixty years have passed away—by means of posthumous memoirs, letters, anecdotes, and other literary records—they are all brought in a manner face to face; and we, their posterity, first see them as making up a whole, of which they themselves were imperfectly conscious. Every year makes further disclosures; and thus a paradox is realized—that the more we are removed from personal connection with a past age of literature, the better we know it. Making Dr. Parr for the moment a central figure to our groups, we shall have it in our power to bring upon the stage many of the persons who figured in that age as statesmen, or leaders in political warfare; and most of those who played a part, prominent or subordinate, in literature; or who conspicuously filled a place amongst the civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the state.

Meantime, as an appropriate close to this preliminary paper, we shall put a question—and, in a cursory way, we shall discuss the proper answer to it—upon Dr. Parr as a man of the world, and ambitious candidate for worldly distinctions; in short, as the architect of his fortunes. Was he, in this light, an able and successful man? Or, separating the two parts of that question which do not *always* proceed concurrently, if he were not successful in a degree corresponding to his own wishes and the expectations of his friends, if it is notorious that he missed of attaining those prizes which he never hesitated to avow as the objects that stimulated his ambition, in what degree are we to ascribe his failure to want of talent, to misdirection of his talent, to a scrupulous and fastidious integrity, to the injustice of his superiors, or, finally, to mere accidents of ill luck? One man in each ten thousand comes into this world, accordingly to the homely saying, “with a silver spoon in his mouth;” but most of us have a fortune to make—a station to create. And the most general expression, by far the most absolute and final test, of the degrees in which men differ as to energy and ability, is to be found in the large varieties of success which they exhibit in executing this universal object. Taking life as a whole, luck has but little sway in controlling its arrangements. Good sense and perseverance, prudence and energy, these are the fatal deities that domineer over the stars and their aspects. And when a man’s coffin knocks at the gates of the tomb, it is a question not unimportant, among other and greater questions, What was he on beginning life, what is he now? Though in this, as in other things, it is possible to proceed in a spirit of excess, still, within proper restrictions, it is one even of a man’s moral obligations, to contend strenuously for his own advancement in life; and, as it furnishes, at the same time, a criterion as little ambiguous as any for his intellectual merits, few single questions can be proposed so interesting to a man’s reputation, as that which demands the amount of his

success in playing for the great stakes of his profession or his trade. What, then, was the success of Dr. Parr?

The prizes which the Doctor set before his eyes from his earliest days, were not very lofty, but they were laudable; and he avowed them with a *naïveté* that was amusing, and a frankness that availed at least to acquit him of hypocrisy. They were two—a mitre and a coach-and-four. "I am not accustomed," says he, (writing to an Irish bishop,) "to dissemble the wishes I once had" [this was in 1807, and he then had them more than ever] "of arriving at the profits and splendour of the prelacy, or the claims to them which I believe myself to possess." The bishopric he did not get; there he failed. For the coach-and-four, he was more fortunate. At the very latest period of his life, when the shades of death were fast gathering about him, he found himself able to indulge in this luxury—and, as his time was obviously short, he wisely resolved to make the most of it; and upon any or no excuse, the Doctor was to be seen flying over the land at full gallop, and scouring town and country with four clerical-looking long-tailed horses. We believe he even meditated a medal, commemorating his first ovation by a faithful portrait of the coach and his own episcopal wig in their meridian pomp; he was to have been represented in the act of looking out of the window, and "inflicting his eye" upon some hostile parson picking his way through the mud on foot. On the whole, we really rejoice that the Doctor got his coach and his four resounding coursers. The occasional crack of the whip must have sounded pleasantly in his ears at a period when he himself had ceased to operate with that weapon—when he was no more than an *emeritus* professor and *μαστιγοφορος* no longer. So far was well; but still, we ask, how came it that his coach panels wanted their appropriate heraldic decoration? How was it that he missed the mitre?—Late in life, we find him characterizing himself as an "unpreferred, calumniated, half-starving country parson;" no part of which, indeed, was true; but yet, we demand,—How was it that any colourable plea existed, at that time of his career, to give one moment's plausibility to such an exaggeration? Let us consider.

Dr. Parr was the son of a country practitioner in the humbler departments of medicine. Parr, senior, practised as a surgeon, apothecary, and accoucheur. From him, therefore, his son could expect little assistance in his views of personal aggrandizement. But *that* was not necessary. An excellent Latin scholar, and a man who brought the rare sanction (sanctification—we were going to say) of clerical co-operation and countenance to so graceless and reprobate a party as the Whigs, who had scarcely a professional friend to say grace at their *symposia*, must, with any reasonable discretion in the conduct of his life, have been by much too valuable an article on the Whig establishment to run any risk of neglect. The single clerk, the one sole *reverend* man of letters, who was borne upon their books, must have had a priceless value in the eyes of that faction—when "taking stock," and estimating their alliances. To them he

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must have been what the *Emperor of Morocco* is to the collector of butterflies. To have lost this value, to have forfeited his hold upon their gratitude, and actually to have depreciated as he grew older, and better known to the world, implies too significantly some gross misconduct, or some rueful indiscretions. The truth is this; and for Parr's own honour, lest worst things should be thought of him than the case really warrants, his friends ought to make it known—though a man of integrity, he could not be relied upon: in a muster of forces, he was one of the few that never could be absolutely reckoned and made sure of. Neither did his scruples obey any known law: he could swallow a camel, and strain at a gnat, and his caprice was of the most dangerous kind; not a woman's caprice, which is the mere mantling of levity, and readily enough obeys any fresh impulse, which it is easy to apply in an opposite direction. Dr. Parr's caprices grew upon another stock; they were the fitful outbreaks of steady, mulish wrong-headedness. This was a constitutional taint, for which he was indebted to the accoucheur. Had the father's infirmity reached Dr. Parr in his worldly career, merely in that blank neutral character, and affected his fortunes through that pure negative position of confessed incapacity to help him, which is the whole extent of disastrous influence that the biographical records ascribes to him—all would have been well. But the old mule overruled his son to the end of his long life, and controlled his reiterated opportunities of a certain and brilliant success, by the hereditary taint in the blood which he transmitted to him, in more perhaps than its original strength. The true name for this infirmity is, in the vulgar dialect, *pig-headedness*. Stupid imperturbable adherence, deaf and blind, to some perverse view that abruptly thwarted and counteracted his party, making his friends stare, and his opponents laugh; in short, as we have said, pure pig-headedness,—that was the key to Dr. Parr's lingering preferment: and, we believe, upon a considerate view of his whole course, that he threw away ten times the amount of fortune, rank, splendour, and influence that he ever obtained; and with no countervailing indemnity from any moral reputation, such as would attend all consistent sacrifices to high-minded principle. No! on the contrary, with harsh opposition and irritating expressions of powerful disgust from friends in every quarter—all conscious that, in such instances of singularity, Dr. Parr was merely obeying a demon, that now and then mastered him, of wayward, restive, moody self-conceit, and the blind spirit of contradiction. Most of us know a little of such men, and occasionally suffer by such men in the private affairs of life—men that are usually jealous of slights, or insufficient acknowledgments of their personal claims and consequence: they require to be courted, petted, caressed: they refuse to be compromised or *committed* by the general acts of their party; no, they must be especially consulted; else they read a lesson to the whole party on their error, by some shocking and revolting act of sudden desertion, which, from a person of different character, would have been considered

perfidy. Dr. Johnstone himself admits, that Parr was "jealous of attention, and indignant at neglect;" and on one occasion endeavours to explain a transaction of his life, by supposing that he may have been "hurried away by one of those torrents of passion, of which there are too many instances in *his* life."* Of the father, Parr obstetrical, the same indulgent biographer remarks, (p. 10,) that he was "distinguished by the rectitude of his principles;" and, in another place, (p. 21,) he pronounces him, in summing up his character, to have been "an honest, well-meaning Tory;" but, at the same time, confesses him to have been "the petty tyrant of his fireside,"—an amiable little feature of character, that would go far to convince his own family, that "rectitude of principles" was not altogether incompatible with the practice of a ruffian.

Tory, however, Parr, senior, was *not*: he was a Jacobite, probably for the gratification of his spleen, and upon a conceit that this arrayed him in a distinct personal contest with the House of Hanover; whereas, once confounded amongst the prevailing party of friends to that interest, as a man-midwife, he could hardly hope to win the notice of his Britannic Majesty. His faction, however, being beaten to their heart's content, and his own fortune going overboard in the storm, he suddenly made a bolt to the very opposite party: he ratted to the red-hot Whigs: and the circumstances of the case, which are as we have here stated them, hardly warrant us in putting a very favourable construction upon his motives. As was the father, so was the son: the same right of rebellion reserved to himself, whether otherwise professing himself Jacobite or Whig; the same peremptory duty of passive obedience for those of his household; the same hot intemperances in politics; the same disdain of accountableness to his party leaders; and, finally, the same "petty tyranny of the fire-side." This last is a point on which all the biographers are agreed: they all record the uncontrollable ill temper and hasty violence of Dr. Parr within his domestic circle. And one anecdote, illustrating his intemperance, we can add ourselves. On one occasion, rising up from table in the middle of a fierce discussion with Mrs. Parr, he took a carving knife, and applying it to a portrait hanging upon the wall, he drew it sharply across the jugular, and cut the throat of the picture from ear to ear, thus murdering her in effigy.

This view of Parr's intractable temper is necessary to understand his life, and in some measure to justify his friends. Though not (as he chose himself to express it, under a momentary sense of his slow progress in life, and the reluctant blossoming of his preferment) "a half-starved parson," yet most unquestionably he reaped nothing at

* Page 307, vol. i.—The Doctor adds—"As in the lives of us all." But, besides that this addition defeats the whole meaning of his own emphasis on the word *his*, it is not true that men generally yield to passion in their political or public lives. Having adopted a party, they adhere to it; generally for good and for ever. And the passions, which occasionally govern them, are the passions of their party—not their own separate impulses as individuals.

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all from his long attachment to Whiggery, by comparison with what he would have reaped had that attachment been more cordial and unbroken, and had he, in other respects, borne himself with more discretion; and above all, had he abstained from offensive personalities. This was a rock on which Parr often wrecked himself. Things, and principles, and existing establishments, might all have been attacked with even more virulence than he exhibited, had his furious passions allowed him to keep his hands off the persons of individuals. Here lay one class of the causes which retarded his promotion. Another was his unbecoming warfare upon his own church. "I am sorry," said one of his earliest, latest, and wisest friends, (Bishop Bennet,)—"I am sorry you attack the church, for fear of consequences to your own advancement." This was said in 1792. Six years after, the writer, who had a confidential post in the Irish government, and saw the dreadful crisis to which things were hurrying, found it necessary to break off all intercourse with Dr. Parr; so shocking to a man of principle was the careless levity with which this minister of peace, and his immediate associates, themselves in the bosom of security, amongst the woods of Warwickshire, scattered their firebrands of inflammatory language through the public, at a period of so much awful irritation. Afterwards, it is true, that when the Irish crisis had passed, and the rebellion was suppressed, his respect for Parr as a scholar led him to resume his correspondence. But he never altered his opinion of Parr as a politician; he viewed him as a man profoundly ignorant of politics; a mere Parson Adams in the knowledge of affairs, and the real springs of political action, or political influence; but unfortunately with all the bigotry and violent irritability that belong to the most excited and interested partizan; having the passions of the world united with the ignorance of the desert; coupling the simplicity of the dove with the fierce instincts of the serpent.

The events of his life moved under this unhappy influence. Leaving college prematurely upon the misfortune* of his father's death, he became an assistant at Harrow under the learned Dr. Sumner. About five years after, on Dr. Sumner's death, though manifestly too young for the situation, he entered into a warm contest for the vacant place of head-master. Notwithstanding the support of Lord Dartmouth and others, he lost it; and unfortunately for his peace of mind, though, as usual, he imagined all sorts of intrigues against himself, yet the pretensions of his competitor, Benjamin Heath,

* Even *that* was possibly barbed in some of its consequences to Parr, by his own imprudence. The widow (his stepmother) is said to have injured Parr by her rapacity. But, if so, Parr had certainly himself laid the foundation of an early hatred between them, by refusing to lay aside his mourning for his own mother, on the marriage day of this second Mrs. Parr with his father. We do not much quarrel with his conduct on that occasion, considering his age (sixteen) and the relation of her for whom he mourned. But still the act was characteristic of the man, and led to its natural results.

were such as to disabuse all the world of any delusive conceit, that justice had not been done. Parr, it must be remembered, then only twenty-five years old, had, in no single instance, distinguished himself; nor had he even fifty years after—no, nor at the day of his death—given any evidences to the world that he was comparable to Heath as a Grecian. The probable ground of Heath's success was a character better fitted to preside over a great school, (for even the too friendly biographers of Parr admit that he did not command the respect of the boys,) and his better established learning. Naturally enough, Parr was unwilling to admit these causes, so advantageous to his rival, as the true ones. What then, is *his* account of the matter? He says, that he lost the election by a vote which he had given to John Wilkes, in his contest for Middlesex. To John Wilkes—mark *that*, reader! Thus early had this “gowned student” engaged his passions and his services in the interest of brawling, intriguing faction.

This plan failing, he set up a rival establishment in the neighbourhood of Harrow, at Stanmore; and never certainly did so young a man, with so few of the ordinary guarantees to offer—that is to say, either property, experience, or connections—meet with such generous assistance. One friend lent him two thousand pounds at two per cent., though his security must obviously have been merely personal. Another lent him two hundred pounds without any interest at all. And many persons of station and influence, amongst whom was Lord Dartmouth, gave him a sort of countenance equally useful to his interests, by placing their sons under his care. All came to nothing, however; the establishment was knocked up, and clearly from gross defects of management. And, had his principal creditor pressed for repayment, or had he shown less than the most generous forbearance, which he continued through twenty-one years, (in fact until the repayment was accomplished without distress,) Parr must have been ruined; for in those days there was no merciful indulgence of the laws to hopeless insolvents; unless by the favour of their creditors, they were doomed to rot in prison. Now, in this one story we have two facts illustrated, bearing upon our present inquiry—first, the extraordinary good luck of Parr; secondly, his extraordinary skill in neutralizing or abusing it.

What young man, that happens to be penniless at the age of twenty-five, untried in the management of money, untried even as the *presiding* master in a school, would be likely to find a friend willing to intrust him, on his personal responsibility, (and with no prospect for the recovery of his money, except through the tardy and uncertain accumulation of profits upon an opposition school,) with so large a sum as two thousands pounds? Who, in an ordinary way, could count upon the support of a nobleman enjoying the ear and confidence of royalty? Lastly, who would so speedily defeat and baffle, by his own unassisted negligence and flagrant indiscretions, so much volunteer bounty? At this time of his life, it strikes us, in fact, that Dr. Parr was mad. The students at Stan-

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more were indulged in all sorts of irregularities. *That*, perhaps, might arise from the unfortunate situation of the new establishment—too near to its rival; and in part, also, from the delicate position of Parr, who, in most instances, had come under an unfortunate personal obligation to the young gentlemen who followed him from Harrow. But in his habits of dress and deportment, which drew scandal upon himself, and jealousy upon his establishment, Parr owed his ill success to nobody but himself. Mr. Roderick, his assistant, and a most friendly reporter, says, that at this time he “brought upon himself the ridicule of the neighbourhood and passengers by many foolish acts; such as riding in high prelatical pomp through the streets on a black saddle, bearing in his hand a long cane or wand, such as women used to have, with an ivory head *like a crosier*, which was probably the reason why he liked it.” We see by this he was already thinking of the bishopric. “At other times he was seen stalking through the town in a dirty striped morning gown: *Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi.*” When we add, that Dr. Parr soon disgusted and alienated his weightiest friend amongst the residents at Stanmore, Mr. Smith, the accomplished rector of the place, we cannot wonder that little more than five years saw that scheme at an end.*

The school at Stanmore he could not be said to leave; it left *him*: such was his management, that no fresh pupils succeeded to those whom the progress of years carried off to the universities. When this wavering rushlight had at length finally expired, it became necessary to think of other plans, and in the spring of 1777 he accepted the mastership of Colchester school. Even there, brief as his connection was with that establishment, he found time to fasten a quarrel upon the trustees of the school in reference to a lease; and upon this quarrel he printed (though he did not publish) a pamphlet. Sir William Jones, his old schoolfellow, to whom, as a lawyer, this pamphlet was submitted, found continual occasion to mark upon the margin such criticisms as these, “*too violent—too strong.*” The contest was apparently *de lanâ caprinâ*: so at least Sir William thought. †

* Laying together all the incidents of that time, it is scarcely possible to doubt that Parr conducted himself with great impropriety. Benjamin Heath neither answered the letter in which Parr attempted to clear himself from the charge of exciting the boys of Harrow to insurrection against Heath's authority, nor did he so much as leave his card at Stanmore, in acknowledgment of Parr's call upon him. As to Mr. Smith, the rector, celebrated for his wit and ability, the early associate of Johnson and Garrick, from being “the warmest of Parr's friends,” (such is Mr. Roderick's language,) he soon became cool, and finally ceased to speak. Mr. Roderick does not acquit his friend of the chief blame in this rupture.

† Dr. Johnstone, however, speaking of the pamphlet as a composition, discovers in it “all the peculiarities of Parr's style—its vigour, its vehemence, its clearness,” its *et cetera, et cetera*; and lastly, its “splendid imagery:” and

But, luckily, he was soon called away from these miserable feuds to a more creditable sort of activity. In the summer of 1778, the mastership of the public grammar-school at Norwich became vacant: in the Autumn, Parr was elected; and in the beginning of 1779, he commenced his residence in that city. Thus we see that he was unusually befriended in all his undertakings. As a private speculator at Stanmore, as a candidate for Colchester, as a candidate for Norwich, he was uniformly successful as far as it is possible that encouragement the most liberal, on the part of others, can overrule a man's own imprudence. The mastership of Norwich has certainly been considered a valuable prize by others. How it happened that Parr found it otherwise, or whether mere restlessness and love of change were his governing motives, does not appear; but it is certain, that in August, 1785, he sent in his resignation; and at Easter, 1786, he went to reside at the parsonage house at Hatton, in the county of Warwick, where he opened a private academy. And though, as old age advanced, he resigned his pupils, Hatton continued to be his place of residence.

This, then, was the haven, the perpetual curacy of Hatton, into which Dr. Parr steered his little boat, when he had already passed the meridian* of his life. And (except upon a visit) he never again left it for any more elevated abode. For a philosopher, we grant that a much happier situation cannot be imagined than that of an English rural parson, rich enough to maintain a good library. Dr. Parr was exactly in those circumstances: but Dr. Parr was no philosopher. And assuredly this was not the vision which floated before his eyes at Stanmore, when he was riding on his "black saddle," in prelatical pomp, with his ivory crozier in his fist. The coach-and-four and mitred panels, must then have flourished in the foreground of the picture. But at that time he was between twenty-five and thirty: now he was turned forty—an age when, if a man should not have made his fortune, at least he ought to see clearly before him the road by which it *is to be* made. Now what was Parr's condition at this time, in respect to that supreme object of his exertions? We have no letter on that point in this year, 1786: but we have one in 1782, when it does not appear (and indeed can

obviously, by way of a specimen of this last quality, he quotes the following most puerile rhetoric; "I had arrayed myself in a panoply of the trustiest armour—in the breast-plate of innocence, the shield of the law, the sword of indignation, and the helmet of intrepidity. When I first entered the lists against these hardy combatants, I determined to throw away the scabbard," and so forth. The *sword* of indignation! Birch-rod he surely means. However, we must think, that the bombs of contempt, and the mortars of criticism, ought to open upon any person above the age of eight years who could write such stilted fustian.

* By *meridian*, we here mean the month which exactly bisected his life. Dr. Parr lived about eleven months less than eighty years; and he was about two months more than forty when he came to live at Hatton.

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hardly be supposed possible) that his situation was materially different. Writing to a man whom he valued, but then under a cloud of distress, and perhaps wishing to excuse himself for not sending him money, he thus states the result of his labours up to that date:—"You desire my confidence; and I therefore add, that the little progress I have made in worldly matters, the heavy loss I have sustained by the war, the inconsiderable advantages I have gained by a laborious and irksome employment, and the mortifying discouragements I have met with in my clerical profession, have all conspired to depress my spirits, and undermine my constitution. I was content to give up ecclesiastical preferment, while I had a prospect of making some comfortable provision for my old age in my business as a teacher: but the best of my years have now elapsed; and I am, through a most vexatious and trying series of events, not a shilling richer than when I went to Stanmore. I have this very week closed an account, on which I stood indebted near 2000*l.*, which I was obliged to borrow when I launched into active life. My house at Stanmore, I sold literally for less money than I expended on the repairs only. To this loss of more than a thousand pounds, I am to add near 700*l.*, which I *may* lose entirely, and *must* lose in a great measure, by the reduction of St. Vincent and St. Kitt's. My patience, so far as religion prescribes it, is sufficient to support me under this severity of moral trial. But the hour is past in which I might hope to secure a comfortable independency; and I am now labouring under the gloomy prospect of toiling, with exhausted strength, for a scanty subsistence to myself and my family. It is but eighteen months that I could pronounce a shilling my own. Now, indeed, *meo sum pauper in ære*—but my integrity I have ever held fast."

Possibly; but integrity might also have been held fast in a deanery, and certainly Dr. Parr will not pretend to hoax us with such a story, as, that "integrity" was all that he contemplated from his black saddle in Stanmore. Undoubtedly, he framed to himself some other good things, so fortunately arranged, that they could be held *in commendam* with integrity. Such, however, was the naked fact, and we are sorry for it, at the time when Dr. Parr drew near to his fortieth year—at which age, as all the world knows, a man must be a fool if he is not a physician. Pass on, reader, for the term of almost another generation; suppose Dr. Parr to be turned of sixty, and the first light snows of early old age to be just beginning to descend upon him, and his best wig to be turning gray;—were matters, we ask, improved at that time? Not much. Twenty years from that Easter on which he had entered the gates of Hatton, had brought him within hail of a bishopric; for his party were just then in power. Already he could descry his sleeves and his rochet; already he could count the pinnacles of his cathedral;—when suddenly Mr. Fox died, and his hopes evanescenced in spiral wreaths of fuming Orinoco. Unfortunate Dr. Parr! Once before he had conceived himself within an inch of the mitre; *that* was in the king's

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first illness, when the regency intrigue gave hopes, at one time, that Mr. Pitt would be displaced. Dr. Parr had then been summoned up to London; and he had gone so far as to lay down rules for his episcopal behaviour. But the king suddenly recovered; many a grasping palm was then relaxed abruptly; and, alas! for Dr. Parr, whether people died or recovered, the event was equally unfortunate. Writing, on August 25, 1807, to the Bishop of Down, he says,—“If Mr. Fox had lived and continued in power, he certainly would have made me a bishop.” Now if Dr. Parr meant to say that he had a distinct promise to that effect, that certainly is above guessing; else we should almost presume to guess, that Mr. Fox neither would, nor possibly could have made Dr. Parr a bishop. It is true, that Mr. Fox meant to have promoted the Bishop of Llandaff of that day, who might seem to stand in the same circumstances as a literary supporter; at least Lord Holland said to a friend of ours,—“Had our party remained in office, we should have raised the Bishop of Llandaff to the Archbishopric of York.” But then why? Lord Holland’s reason was this,—“For he” (meaning Dr. Watson) “behaved very well, I can assure you, to us,” (meaning by *us* the whole coalition probably of Grenvilles and Foxes.) Now, this reason (we fear) did not apply, in Mr. Fox’s mind, to Dr. Parr; he had behaved violently, indiscreetly, foolishly, on several occasions; he had thoroughly disgusted all other parties; he had not satisfied his own. And once, when, for a very frivolous reason, he gave a vote for Mr. Pitt at the Cambridge election, we are satisfied ourselves that he meditated the notable policy of rattling; conceiving, perhaps, that it was a romantic and ideal punctilio of honour to adhere to a doomed party; and the letter of Lord John Townshend, on that occasion, convinces us that the Whigs viewed this very suspicious act in that light. Even Dr. Johnstone, we observe, doubts whether Mr. Fox would have raised Dr. Parr to the mitre. And, as to everybody else, they shuddered at his very name. The Chancellor, Lord Thurlow, gave him a hearty curse, *more suo*, instead of a prebend; and Lord Grenville assigned, as a reason against making him a bishop, his extreme unpopularity* with his own order. As one proof of that, even the slight distinction of preaching a visitation sermon had never once been offered to Dr. Parr, as he himself tells us in 1816, when he had completed his seventieth year, notwithstanding he had held preferment in five different counties. Nor was it, in fact, offered for six years more; and then, being a hopeful young gentleman of seventy-six, he thought proper to decline the invitation.

* Parr’s extreme and well-merited unpopularity with an order whom he had, through life, sneered at and misrepresented, is a little disguised to common readers by the fact, that he corresponds with more than one bishop on terms of friendship and confidence. But this arose, generally speaking, in later life, when early schoolfellows and pupils of his own, in several instances were raised to the mitre.

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Next, for the emoluments of his profession—Was he better off as regards *them*? Else, whence came the coach-and-four? We answer, that, by mere accidents of good luck, and the falling-in of some extraordinary canal profits, Dr. Parr's prebend in the cathedral of St. Paul's, given to him by Bishop Lowth, upon the interest of Lord Dartmouth, in his last year or two, produced him an unusually large sum; so that he had about three thousand a-year; and we are glad of it. He had also an annuity of three hundred a-year, granted by the Dukes of Norfolk and Bedford in consideration of a subscription made for Dr. Parr by his political friends. But this was a kind of charity which would not have been offered, had it not been felt that, in the regular path of his profession, he had not drawn, nor was likely to draw, any conspicuous prizes. In fact, but for the two accidents we have mentioned, his whole regular income from the church, up to a period of advanced age, when Sir Francis Burdett presented him to a living of about 200*l.* per annum, was 93*l.* on account of his living—and 17*l.* on account of his prebend.

Such were the ecclesiastical honours, and such the regular ecclesiastical emoluments of Samuel Parr. We do not grudge him the addition, as regards the latter, which, in his closing years, he drew from the liberality of his friends and the accidents of luck. On the contrary, we rejoice that his last days passed in luxury and pomp; that he sent up daily clouds of undulating incense to the skies; and that he celebrated his birthday with ducal game and venison from the parks of princes; finally, we rejoice that he galloped about in his coach-and-four, and are not angry that, on one occasion, he nearly galloped over ourselves.

Still, we rejoice that all these luxuries came to him irregularly, and not at all, or indirectly, and by accident, through the church. As regards *that*, and looking not to the individual, but entirely to the example, we rejoice that, both for her honours and emoluments, Dr. Parr missed them altogether. Such be the fate, we pray heartily, of all unfaithful servants, in whatsoever profession, calling, or office of trust! So may *those* be still baffled and confounded, who pass their lives in disparaging and traducing their own honourable brethren; and who labour (whether consciously and from treachery, or half-consciously and from malice and vanity) for the subversion of institutions which they are sworn and paid to defend!

Our conclusion, therefore, the *epimuthion* of our review, is this—that, considered as a man of the world, keenly engaged in the chase after rank and riches, Dr. Parr must be pronounced to have failed; that his rare and late successes were casual and indirect; whilst his capital failures were due exclusively to himself. His two early bosom friends and schoolfellows, Dr. Bennet and Sir W. Jones, he saw raised to the rank of a bishop and a judge—whilst he was himself still plodding as a schoolmaster. And this mortifying distinction in their lots was too obviously imputable, not to any more scrupulous integrity in *him*, flattering and soothing as that hypo-

thesis was to his irritated vanity, but solely to his own hot-headed defect of self-control—baffling the efforts of his friends, and neutralizing the finest opportunities. Both of those eminent persons, the bishop, as well as the judge, deeply disapproved of his conduct; though they agreed in candour, and in the most favourable construction of his meaning; and though they allowed him the largest latitude for his politics—one of them being a liberal Tory, and the other an ardent Whig. And yet, with the full benefit of this large privilege, he could not win their toleration to his indiscretion. So that, purely by his own folly, and in headstrong opposition to the concurring tendencies of his opportunities and his aids, Samuel Parr failed utterly as a man of the world. It remains to inquire—how much better he succeeded in establishing his character as a politician, a scholar, and a divine.

PART II.

READER! perhaps you have heard of churls, who, being embarked in the same ship for an East India voyage, or engaged as associates in the same literary undertakings, have manifested no interest at all in the partners of their hopes and hazards. We, for our parts, have heard of a monster—and otherwise not a bad monster—among the contributors to this very Journal, who sent his “article” most punctually—punctually received his *honorarium*—punctually acknowledged its receipt by return of post, but in no one instance, through a period of several years, thought proper to express satisfaction in any one “article” of his *collaborateurs*, or interest in their characters, or curiosity about their names; who seemed, in fact, wilfully and doggedly unaware of their existence; and, in one word, by a single act of profound selfishness, annihilated, to his own consciousness, all contemporary authors, however closely brought into connection with himself.

Far be such apathy from Christopher North and his friends! The merest *poco-curante*, or misanthrope, whom long experience of the world has brought to the temper of fixed and contemptuous disregard for man as a species, not seldom makes an exception in favour of the particular John, William, or James, whom accident has embarked in the same little boat with himself. Dan Dancer, the miser, fought the battles of the paupers in his own neighbourhood, and headed them in their campaigns for rights of common and turbary with the most disinterested heroism. Elwes, the prince of misers, sometimes laid aside his narrow cares for the duties of a patriot. No man so memorably selfish, who has not, on some occasion of his life, felt the social instinct which connects his else contemptible race, and acknow

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ledged the duties which grow out of it. As to the good and generous, they cannot travel so much as a Jewish Sabbath-day's journey in company with another, participating in common purposes for the time, and liable to common inconveniences of weather or accident, and even to common possibilities of danger, without recognizing something beyond a stranger's claim to offices of kindness or courtesy in the transient relations of a fellow-traveller.

Yet these are, in their nature, felt to be perishable connections; neighbourhood is a relation either purely of accident, or of choice not determined by consideration of neighbours. And the brief associations of public carriages or inns are as evanescent as the sandy columns of the Great Desert, which the caprices of the wind build up and scatter, shape and unshape in a moment. Seldom, indeed, does a second sun shine upon fellow-travellers in modern England. And neighbourhood, if a more durable tie, is often one even less consciously made known to the parties concerned. If, then, connections casual as these, where the *vinculum* of the relation is so finely spun as to furnish rather a verbal classification to the logician than a practical subject of duties to the moralist, are yet acknowledged by the benevolent as imposing some slight obligations of consideration and service, much more ought an author to find, in the important circumstances which connect the ministers of the press, in their extensive fellowship of duties, rights, powers, interests, and necessities, a bond of fraternal alliance, and more than fraternal sympathy. Too true it is, that authors are sometimes blockheads, very probably coxcombs, and by possibility even knaves. Too commonly it happens that, in the occasions and the motives which originally drew them into authorship, there is little or nothing to command respect. *Venter largitor ingeni* is the great feeder of the Metropolitan press; and, amongst the few who commence authors upon arguments less gross and instant, there are not many who do so from impulses entirely honourable.

Considerations such as these are at war with all sentiments of regard for the mere hacks of the press, who, having no *natural* summons to so fine a vocation, pervert literature—the noblest of professions—into the vilest of trades. But wherever *that* is not *primâ facie* presumable, wherever circumstances allow us to suppose that a man has taken up the office of author with adequate pretensions, and a proper sense of his responsibilities—every other author of generous nature will allow him the benefit of that privilege which all over the world attaches to co-membership in any craft, calling, or guild whatsoever—even those which are illiberal or mechanical; *à fortiori* in those which are intellectual. Surgeons bleed surgeons for love, physicians assassinate physicians gratis. Superannuated actors are everywhere free, or ought to be, of the theatre. And an author who has exercised his craft in a liberal and gentlemanly spirit, is entitled in that character to the courtesies of all professional authors, and to entire amnesty as respects his politics. These claims we cheerfully allow; and we come to the con-

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sideration of Dr. Parr as a scholar and as an author with perfect freedom from all prejudice, anxious to give him the fullest benefit of his real merits, and dismissing all unpleasant recollections of thafactious and intemperate character which he put forward in politics and divinity.

Dr. Parr as an author! That very word in our ear sounds ridiculous, apart from every question upon the quality or value of what he wrote. As a literary man, as a scholar, prepared by reading and research for appreciating a considerable proportion of the past and the current literature—we are willing to concede that Dr. Parr stood upon somewhat higher ground than the great body of his clerical brethren. But even this we say with hesitation. For it is scarcely to be believed, except by those who have gone with an observing eye into English society, how many rural clergyman go down to their graves unheard of by the world, and unacquainted with the press, unless perhaps by some anonymous communication to a religious magazine, or by an occasional sermon; who have beguiled the pains of life by researches unusually deep into some neglected or unpopular branches of professional learning. Such persons, it is true, are in general unequally learned; so indeed are most men; so, beyond all men, was Dr. Parr. We do not believe that he possessed any one part of knowledge accurately, unless it were that section of classical learning which fell within his province as a schoolmaster. The practice of a long life naturally made him perfect in that; perfect at least in relation to the standard of that profession. But how small a part of classical researches lies within the prescriptive range of a practising schoolmaster! The duties of a professor in the universities or final schools have a wider compass. But it must be a pure labour of supererogation in a teacher of any school for boys, if he should make his cycle of study very comprehensive. Even within that cycle, as at this time professed by some first-rate teachers, was Dr. Parr master of everything? In some of its divisions was he even master of anything? For example, how much did he know—has he left it upon record, in any one note, exegetical or illustrative, upon any one obscure or disputed passage of any one classic, that he knew anything at all in the vast and interminable field of classical antiquities? The formulæ of the Roman calendar were known to him as a writer of Latin epitaphs. True, but those are mastered easily in ten minutes: did he know, even on that subject, anything farther? To take one case amongst a thousand, when the year 1800 brought up a question in its train—was it to be considered the last year of the eighteenth century, or the first of the nineteenth? Did Dr. Parr come forward with an oracular determination of our scruples, or did he silently resign that pleading to the humble hands of the laureate—Pye? Or again, shifting from questions of time to those of space, has Dr. Parr contributed so much as his mite to the very interesting, important, and difficult subject of classical geography? Yet these were topics which lay within his beat as a schoolmaster. If we should come

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upon the still higher ground of divinity, and Christian antiquities, perhaps upon those it might appear that Dr. Parr had absolutely no pretensions at all. But not to press such questions too closely or invidiously, whatever might be the amount of his attainments under these heads, were it little or were it much, scanty as the measure of our faith in them, or co-extensive with the vaunts of his friends—still all this has reference only to his general capacity as a man of letters: whereas we are called upon to consider Dr. Parr also as an author; indeed we have now no other means for estimating his *posse* as a scholar, than through his *esse* as a writer for the press.

This is our task; and this it is which moves our mirth, whilst it taxes the worthy doctor and his friends with a spirit of outrageous self-delusion. Dr. Parr as an author! and what now might happen to be the doctor's works? For we protest, upon our honour, that we never heard their names. Was ever case like this? Here is a learned doctor, whose learned friend has brought him forward as a first-rate author of his times; and yet nothing is extant of his writing, beyond an occasional preface, or a pamphlet on private squabbles. But are not his *Opera Omnia* collected and published by this friendly biographer, and expanded into eight enormous tomes? True, and the eight tomes contain, severally, the following hyperbolic amount of pages:—

| Vol. | I. | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | PAGES. |
|------|-------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------|
| | II. | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 850 |
| " | III. | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 701 |
| " | IV. | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 715 |
| " | V. | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 718 |
| " | VI. | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 715 |
| " | VII. | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 699 |
| " | VIII. | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 680 |
| " | VIII. | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 656 |

Total, 5734

Yes! Five thousand seven hundred and thirty-four octavo pages, many of them printed in a small type, are the apparent amount of Samuel Parr's works in the edition of Dr. Johnstone; and it is true, besides, that the very *élite* of his papers are omitted—such as his critical notices of books in the Monthly and Critical Reviews, or the British Critic, and his essay on the word *Sublime*, addressed to Mr. Dugald Stewart. Add what is omitted, and the whole would be little short of seven thousand pages. And yet, spite of that, not one work of Dr. Parr's is extant, which can, without laughter, assume that important name. The preface to Bellenden is, after all, by much the weightiest and most regular composition, and the least of a fugitive tract. Yet this is but a *jeu d'esprit*, or classical prolusion. And we believe the case to be unexampled, that, upon so slender a basis, a man of the world, and reputed a man of sense, should set up for an author. Well might the author of the *Pursuits of Literature* (1797) demand—"What has Dr. Parr written? A sermon or two,

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rather long; a Latin preface to Bellendenus, (rather long too,) consisting of a cento of Latin and Greek expressions, applied to political subjects; another Preface to some English Tracts; and two or three English Pamphlets about his own private quarrels—and this man is to be compared with Dr. Samuel Johnson!!” [7th Edit. p. 219.]

Certainly the world had never before seen so great a pomp of pretension rising from so slight a ground. The delusion was absolutely unrivalled, and prevailed throughout Dr. Parr’s long life. He and his friends seemed constantly to appeal to some acknowledged literary reputation, established upon foundations that could not be shaken, and notorious to all the world. Such a mistake, and in that extent, was never heard of before. Dr. Parr talked, and his friends listened, not only as giving and receiving oracles of moral wisdom, but of wisdom owned as such by all the world; whereas, this *auctoritas* (to borrow a Roman word for its Roman sense) whether secretly due to the doctor or not, evidently could not exist as a fact, unless according to the weight and popularity of published works, by which the world had been taught to know him and respect him. Starting, originally, from the erroneous assumption insinuated by his preposterous self-conceit, that he was Johnson redivivus, he adopted Johnson’s colloquial pretensions; and that was vain-glorious folly; but he also conceived that these pretensions were familiarly recognized; and that was frenzy. To Johnson, as a known master in a particular style of conversation, everybody gave way; and upon all questions with *moral* bearings, he was supposed to have the rights and precedency of a judicial chair. But this prerogative he had held in right of his works; works—not which he *ought* to have written, (see Dr. Johnstone’s Memoirs of Parr, p. 464,) but which he *had* written, printed, and published. Strange that Dr. Parr should overlook so obvious a distinction! Yet he *did* so for fifty years. Dining for instance, at Norfolk House, the Duke having done him the honour to invite him to the same table with the Prince of Wales, such was his presumption in the presence of the heir apparent, of the Premier Peer of England, and all the illustrious leaders from the Opposition side of the two houses, that he fully believed it to be his vocation to stand forward as the spokesman of the company. It gave him no check, it suggested no faltering scruple, that Mr. Fox was on one side the table, and Sheridan on the other. His right he conceived it to be to play the foremost part, and to support the burden of conversation between His Royal Highness and the splendid party assembled to meet him. Accordingly, on some casual question arising as to the comparative merits of Bishop Hurd and Archbishop Markham, as Greek scholars, in which the Prince delivered a plain and sensible evidence in favour of the latter, from facts of his own youthful experience;—Parr strutted forward with the mingled license of jacobinism and paradox, to maintain a thesis against him. “I,” said the Prince of Wales, “esteem Markham a much greater, wiser, and more learned man than Hurd, and a better teacher; and you will

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allow me to be a judge, for they were both my preceptors." Here was a direct opinion; and the Prince afterwards gave reasons for it equally direct. A simple answer, as brief as the original position, was all that good breeding or etiquette allowed. But Dr. Parr found an occasion for a *concio*, and prepared to use it. "Sir," said he, "is it your Royal Highness's pleasure that I should enter upon the topic of their comparative merits as a subject of discussion?"—"Yes," said the Prince. "Then, sir," said Dr. Parr, "I differ entirely from your Royal Highness in opinion."—One would suppose by his formal preparation, that Parr was some serjeant-at-law rising to argue a case before the judges in Westminster Hall. The Prince, however, had permitted him to proceed: what else could a gentleman do? And, by way of acknowledging this courteous allowance, Parr with the true soul of a low-bred democrat, starts with a point blank contradiction of his Royal Highness, put as broadly and as coarsely as he knew how: this was to show his "independence," for Jacobins always think it needful to be brutal, lest for one moment they might pass for gentlemen.*

* As disputing with a Prince of Wales is something rarer even than waltzing with a Lord Chancellor, or smoking a cigar with the Pope—things which have been done, however—we suppose it may entertain our readers to see the rest of the discussion; especially as it concerns two persons eminent in their day, and one of them still interesting to our literature:—

"As I knew them both so intimately, (replied the Prince,) you will not deny, that I had the power of more accurately appreciating their respective merits than you can have had. In their manner of teaching, you may judge of my estimation of Markham's superiority—his natural dignity and authority, compared with the Bishop of Worcester's smoothness and softness, and I now add, (with proper submission to your authority on such a subject,) his experience as a schoolmaster, and his better scholarship."—"Sir, (said Parr,) your Royal Highness began this conversation; and, if you permit it to go on, must tolerate a very different inference."—"Go on, (said the Prince;) I declare that Markham understood Greek better than Hurd; for, when I read Homer, and hesitated about a word, Markham immediately explained it, and then we went on; but, when I hesitated with Hurd, he always referred me to the dictionary; I therefore conclude he wanted to be informed himself."—"Sir, (replied Parr,) I venture to differ from your Royal Highness's conclusion. I am myself a schoolmaster; and I think that Dr. Hurd pursued the right method, and that Dr. Markham failed in his duty. Hurd desired your Royal Highness to find the word in the lexicon, not because he did not know it, but because he wished you to find by search, and learn it thoroughly. Dr. Hurd was not eminent as a scholar; but it is not likely that he would have presumed to teach your Royal Highness, without knowing the lesson himself."—"Have you not changed your opinion of Dr. Hurd?" exclaimed the Prince. "I have read a work in which you attack him fiercely."—"Yes, sir, I attacked him on one point which I thought important to letters; and I summoned the whole force of my mind, and took every possible pains to do it well; for I consider Hurd to be a great man. He is celebrated as such by foreign critics, who appreciate justly his wonderful acuteness, sagacity, and dexterity, in doing what he has done with his small stock of learning. There is no com-

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Perhaps there are not ten men in Europe, occupying at the time no higher station than that of *country* schoolmaster, who would have had the front—in the presence of the Prince of Wales, or the Dauphin of France—to step before the assembled wits of Paris or London, and the great leaders of parties, as the rightful claimant of the royal ear, and natural representative of the illustrious party assembled at Norfolk House—all distinguished by high birth, talents, or station. Brass, triply bronzed, was requisite for this. “Thou art the great toe of this society; because that thou, being lowest, basest, meanest, still goest foremost.” But arrogance towards his fellow-claimants was not enough for Dr. Parr, unless he might also be arrogant towards the prince. In high-bred society, all disputation whatsoever—nay, all continued discussion—is outrageously at war with the established tone of conversation; a dispute must be managed with much more brilliancy, much more command of temper, a much more determinate theme, and a much more obvious progress in the question at issue, than are commonly found—not to prove grievously annoying to all persons present, except the two disputants. High-breeding and low-breeding differ not more in the degrees of refinement, which characterize their usages, than in the good sense upon which these usages have arisen. Certainly mere good sense is sufficient, without any experience at all of high life, to point out the intolerable absurdity of

parison, in my opinion, between Markham and Hurd as men of talents. Markham was a pompous schoolmaster—Hurd was a stiff and cold, but a correct gentleman. Markham was at the head of a great school, then of a great college, and finally became an archbishop. In all these stations he had trumpeters of his fame, who called him great, though he published one *concio* only, which has already sunk into oblivion. From a farm-house and village school, Hurd emerged, the friend of Gray, and a circle of distinguished men. While fellow of a small college, he sent out works praised by foreign critics, and not despised by our own scholars. He enriched his understanding by study, and sent from the obscurity of a country village, a book, sir, which your royal father is said to have declared made him a bishop. He made himself unpopular in his own profession by the defence of a fantastical system. He had decriers; he had no trumpeters; he was great in and by himself; and perhaps, sir, a portion of that power and adroitness, you have manifested in this debate, might have been owing to him.”—Fox, when the prince was gone, exclaimed in his high tone of voice, “He thought he had caught you! but he caught a Tartar.”

In the last words only Parr seems to have remembered that he was addressing a prince: in what he said of Hurd's Greek scholarship, and motive of referring the prince to the lexicon, though probably wrong as to the matter of fact, he might be right as to the principle; and at least he was there talking on a point of his own profession, which he might be presumed to understand better than the rest of the company. But who can forbear smiling, and thinking of the professor who lectured Hannibal on the art of war at that passage, where Parr, addressing the Prince of Wales, undertakes to characterize Hurd's pretensions as a gentleman?

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allowing two angry champions to lock up and sequestrate, as it were, the whole social enjoyment of a large party, and compel them to sit "in sad civility" witnesses of a contest, which can interest the majority neither by its final object nor its management. *Social* pleasure is the end and purpose of society; and whatsoever interferes with that should be scourged out of all companies. But, if disputing be intolerable, what shall we say of blank contradiction offered to a Prince of Wales—not in prosecution of some point of public service, but as an eloquent condiment to the luxuries of colloquial intercourse? To turn your back upon the king, to put a question to him, to pull out your watch in his presence—all these are notorious trespasses against the etiquette of courts, and reasonably so; because they are all habits which presuppose a carelessness of demeanour, incompatible with that reverence and decorous homage which should never slumber in the presence of a king, considered not as an individual, but as a state creature, embodying the majesty of a great nation. A Prince of Wales, or whosoever occupies that near relation to the throne, has the same sanctity of public character; and a man of sense, though a red-hot republican from the banks of the Potomac, would as little allow himself to forget *that*, as to insult a judge upon the bench.

Had the matter in dispute been some great question of constitutional policy, or in any way applicable to the Prince's future behaviour in life, or in many other circumstances that might be imagined, we can suppose a sort of propriety in the very breach of propriety. But the question was, in this case, too trivial to justify the least eccentricity of manner. He who courts the character of an *abnormissapiens*, should be careful that his indecorums and singularity cover some singular strength of character or some weight of fine sense. As it was, Dr. Parr was paradoxical and apparently in the wrong; the Prince, direct and rational. With what disadvantage to Dr. Parr, on this occasion, and afterwards in his relation to Queen Caroline, do we recall the simple dignity of Dr. Johnson,* when presented to George III.! Dr. Parr's introduction was at a dinner-table; Dr. Johnson's in a library; and in their separate styles of behaviour, one might fancy each to have been governed by the presiding genius of the place. Johnson behaved with the dignity of a scholar and a loyal son of the Muses, under the inspiration of "strong book-mindedness;" Parr with the violence of a pedagogue, under the irritations of wine and indigestion. In reality, Dr. Parr's effrontery

* Johnson had many of the elements to the composition of a gentleman in a very high degree, though it is true that these were all neutralized, at times, by some one overmastering prejudice or disgust. His silent acquiescence in the royal praise, and the reason on which he justified his acquiescence—that it did not become him to bandy compliments with his Sovereign, is in the finest spirit of high breeding, and reminds us of a similar test of gentlemanly feeling, applied to the English Ambassador by the Regent Duke of Orleans.

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was chiefly to be traced to that one fact in his life—that, for forty years, he swayed the sceptre of a pedagogue. Native arrogance was the root; but the “bright consummate flower” was unfolded and matured by his long reign as a tyrant over schoolboys. To borrow his own words with one slight omission, in speaking of a Cambridge head, his “manners and temper were spoiled by the pendartries, and pomposities, and fooleries which accompany the long exercise of petty archididaschalian authority.”

“*Petty archididaschalian authority!*” Thanks to Dr. Parr for one, at least, of his sesquipedalian words; for *that* one contains the key to his whole life, and to the else mysterious fact—that a pamphleteer, a party pamphleteer, a pamphleteer in the service of private brawls, trod the stage, on all occasions, with the air of some great patriarch of letters or polemic champion of the church. Who could believe that Dr. Parr’s friend and biographer, in the very act of publishing eight volumes, entitled, “*Works of Dr. Parr,*” should yet have no better answer to the contemptuous demand of the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*—“What has Dr. Parr written?” than simply an expression of regret, (vol. i. p. 464,) “that with such powers, and such means of gathering information from every quarter, Dr. Parr did *not* produce some great work on some great subject.” He goes on to lament that he did not, “like Clarendon, give the history of that awful period of which he saw the spring-tide, and in part the issue; or, like Burnet, that he did not relate, in a familiar manner, the transactions of the period in which he lived; or, like Tacitus, paint in caustic and living colours the atrocities, of some of which he was a witness, and deliver, as an everlasting memorial to posterity, the characters of those who bore a part in them.” But, with submission, Posterity are a sort of people whom it is very difficult to get at; whatever other good qualities they may have, accessibility is not one of them. A man may write eight quartos to them, *à fortiori* then, eight octavos, and get no more hearing from the wretches, than had he been a stock and they been stones. As to those “everlasting memorials,” which Dr. Johnstone and Thucydides talk of, it is certainly advisable to “deliver” them—but troublesome and injurious to the digestive organs.

Another biographer, who unites with Dr. Johnstone in lamenting, “that he did not undertake some work of a superior kind calculated for permanent utility and more durable fame,” goes on in the following terms: “It is hinted, however, by a periodical writer, that he *could not* produce more creditable works; and for this reason—that he was, as it were, overlaid with acquired knowledge; the flood of his memory burst in on his own original powers and drowned them.” But, in that case, we shall venture to hope that some *Humane Society*, like that on the banks of the Serpentine, will arise to save hopeful young men from such sad catastrophes; so that “acquired knowledge” may cease to prove so fatal a possession, and native ignorance be no longer a *conditio sine qua non* for writing “credit-able works.” Meantime, whatever were the cause, the fact, we see,

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is admitted by Dr. Parr's best friends—that he did not write any great, durable, or creditable work; and the best excuse for him which Dr. Johnstone's ingenuity can devise is—that neither Archbishop Markham, nor Dean Cyril Jackson wrote anything better. True: but the reason which makes such an excuse not entirely available to the case is this—that neither the Archbishop nor the Dean arrogated that place and authority in letters which they had not won: they had both been employed in the same sort of labour as Dr. Parr; they had severally assisted in the education of a great prince, and they were content with the kind of honour which that procured them. And for Cyril Jackson in particular, he was content with less: for he persisted to the last in declining the mitre which he had earned. No: the simple truth is, as we have stated, that Dr. Parr assumed his tone of swagger and self-sufficiency in part, perhaps, from original arrogance of nature and a confidence which he had in his own powers, but chiefly from a long life of absolute monarchy within the walls of a school-room. The nature of his empire was absolute and unlimited despotism, in the worst form described by Aristotle in his politics. There is no autocrat so complete, not the Czar of all the Russias, as the captain of a king's ship, and the head master of a grammar school. Both of them are irresponsible, ἀνυπευθύντοι, in the utmost degree. And for Parr in particular, not only was he an autocrat, but, if he is not greatly belied, he was a capricious tyrant, an Algerine tyrant, who went the whole length of his opportunities for showing partial favour, or inflicting savage punishment. And he had this peculiarity, that whilst other tyrants find a present gratification in their severities, but shrink from their contemplation, Parr treated *his* as Plato suppers—they were luxuries for the moment, and subjects of continued exultation in the retrospect. Long after a man had entered the world as an active citizen, Dr. Parr used to recall, as the most interesting tie which could connect him with himself, that at some distant period he had flogged him: and from one biographer it appears that, in proportion to his approbation of a boy, and the hopes with which he regarded him, were the frequency and the severity of his flagellations. To a man who reigned in blood, and fed (like Moloch) with din of children's cries, we may suppose that resistance was unheard of: and hence, we repeat, the arrogance with which he came abroad before the world. But what, it will be asked, on the side of the public, gave success to this arrogance? How was it that in his lifetime this insolence of assumption *fit fortune*? Partly, we answer, through the insolence itself: in all cases that does wonders. The great majority of men are ready to swear by any man's words if he does but speak with audacity.

In process of time, however, this resource will fail a man, unless reinforced by auxiliary means; and these we conceive to have lain in two circumstances, without which Parr never would have gained a height so disproportioned to his performances. The circumstances

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were first, that Parr was a Whig; and the Whigs, as the party militant, make much of all who stick by them. Hence the excessive compliments which flowed in upon Dr. Parr from Edinburgh, and from persons such as Dugald Stewart, who had otherwise no particular value for Dr. Parr's pretensions. The Whigs are wise in their generation; and, like the Dissenters from the Church of England, they make men sensible that it is good to be of their faction; for they never forsake those who stick closely to them. Dr. Parr, indeed, was rather a slippery partizan; but this was not generally known. His passions carried him back to Whiggism; and his general attachment was notorious, whilst his little special perfidies or acts of trimming were secrets to all but a very few. The other circumstance in his favour was this—that, as a schoolmaster, he was throwing into public life a continual stream of pupils, who naturally became partizans and obstinate *proneurs*. In some instances, he educated both father and son; and, though it is true that here and there an eccentric person retains too lively a remembrance of past flagellations, and is with some difficulty restrained from cudgelling or assassinating the flagellator—still, as a general case, it may be held that such recollections of the boy do not weigh much in the feelings of the man. Most certain it is, that, had Dr. Parr been other than an active Whig in politics—or had he not been a schoolmaster of ancient and extensive practice, he never could, as a literary man, have risen so abruptly above the natural level of his performances as in fact he did. And now that he is dead, and the activity of such adventitious aids is rapidly beginning to fail him, he will sink doubtless quite as abruptly to his just standard; or, perhaps, by the violence of the natural reaction, will be carried below it.

There is another scale, in which it is probable that some persons may have taken their literary estimate of the Doctor, viz., the scale *avoirdupois*. For, it is very possible that, upon putting the eight volumes of *works* (as edited by Dr. Johnstone) on a butcher's steelyard, they may have ascertained that they draw against a weight of three stone six pounds. Infinite levity in particular cases amounts to gravity; and a vast host of fluttering pamphlets, and stray leaves, make up one considerable mass. It becomes necessary, therefore, to state the substance of the whole eight volumes. Briefly, then, the account stands thus: Volume the First contains Memoirs, (with some Extracts from Letters.) The last two contain Correspondence. Three other volumes contain sermons: of which two volumes are mere parish discourses, having no more right to a place in a body of literary works than the weekly addresses to his congregation of any other rural clergyman. Thus, out of six volumes, one only is really privileged to take its rank under the general title of the Collection. The two remaining volumes, (the Third and Fourth,) contain Dr. Parr's miscellaneous pamphlets, with some considerable omissions not accounted for by the Editor. These two volumes are, in fact, all that can properly be described as of a literary nature; and to these we shall resort for matter in the close of our review.

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Meantime, we are satisfied that the correspondence of Dr. Parr and his friends, for the very reason that it was written with no view (or no uniform view) to the press, is that part of the whole collection which will be read by most readers, and with most interest by all readers. We shall throw a glance on such parts of this correspondence as have a value in reference to the development of Dr. Parr's character, or any singular interest on their own account.

Among the earliest of the literary acquaintances which Dr. Parr had the opportunity of forming was that of Dr. Johnson. Writing in 1821 (Jan. 6th), to Mr. Joseph Cradock, who had said a few days before, that perhaps, upon the death of Dr. Strahan, he himself "must be the oldest of Dr. Johnson's friends, who knew him intimately during the last five or six years of his life," Dr. Parr takes occasion to retrace the nature of his own connection with that eminent person: "Well, dear sir, I sympathize with you in your pleasure and in your pride, when you represent yourself as the oldest remaining scholar who lived upon terms of intimacy with Samuel Johnson. You saw him often, and you met him often, in the presence of Goldsmith, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other literary heroes. I acknowledge the great superiority of your claims. Lord Stowell, I should suppose, will stand in the next place; and I challenge for myself the third. For many years, I spent a month's holidays in London, and never failed to call upon Johnson. I was not only admitted, but welcomed. I conversed with him upon numberless subjects of learning, politics, and common life. *I traversed the whole compass of his understanding*; and, by the acknowledgment of Burke and Reynolds, I distinctly understood the peculiar and transcendental properties of his mighty and virtuous mind. I intended to write his life. I laid by sixty or seventy books for the purpose of writing in such a manner as would do no discredit to myself. I intended to spread my thoughts over two volumes quarto; and if I had filled three pages, the rest would have followed. Often have I lamented my *ill fortune* in not building this monument to the fame of Johnson, and (let me not be accused of arrogance when I add) my own."

William Wordsworth, when he dedicated, in a few lines at once modest and dignified, his "Excursion" to the present Lord Lonsdale, with that accurate valuation of words which is one of his greatest poetical accomplishments, offers it as

"A token—*may it prove* a monument—
Of honour," &c.

A token, or pledge of his attachment, the poem was, at any rate, by the act of dedication; whether it should also be a monument, a monumental token, that was for posterity to determine; and if others were at liberty to anticipate that result, the author at least was not. And, at all events, the mere logic of the case made it inevitable, that whatever proved a monument to the fame of Dr. Johnson, should be

so to the fame of him who raised it ; for of a structure which should happen to be durable as a record of Dr. Johnson, it is mere tautology to say that it must also be durable as the workmanship of Dr. Parr. One and the same work could not have a divided character, or a separate destiny in its different relations.

But we cannot imagine that Dr. Parr's clumsy masonry could raise a monument to anybody. For Dr. Johnson, in particular, all that he could have done with effect would have been a short *excursus* or appendix to Boswell, on the pretensions of Johnson as a classical scholar. These were greater than it is the custom to suppose. Dr. John Johnstone, indeed, somewhere has thought fit to speak of him in that character as immeasurably inferior to Parr. This is not true. Certainly, we are satisfied that Dr. Johnson was no very brilliant Grecian ; the haste and trepidation which he showed in declining Dr. Burney's application for assistance on the Greek tragedians, sufficiently establish *that*. But there is no reason to suppose, that, in this part of scholarship, Dr. Parr had the least advantage of him : if he had, why are the evidences of his superiority so singularly wanting ? or in what corner of forgotten literature are we to seek them ? As Latin scholars, both were excellent : Parr, from practice, had the greater command over the delicacies and varieties of prose diction : Johnson, from natural talent, had by much the greater facility in verse. Elaborate ingenuity is far more in request for metrical purposes in Latin—knowledge of the idiom for prose. It might be shown, indeed, that exquisite facility in the management of thoughts, artifices of condensation, or of substitution, of variation or inversion, are for the writer of Latin verse, transcendent to any acquaintance with the Latin idiom : the peculiar treatment of an idea, which metre justifies and vindicates from what would else seem affectation, creates its own style. Johnson, in those relics of his Latin verses which have been preserved, benefitted by that advantage ; Parr, writing in Latin prose, and writing purely as a rhetorician, was taxed in the severest degree for a command over the idiomatic wealth of the language, and, for what is still less to be obtained from dictionaries, for a command over a Latin structure of sentence, and over the subsidiary forms of connection and transition. In the preface to Bellenden, he answered the demand upon him, and displayed very unusual skill in the accomplishments of a Latin scholar. Latin composition, in fact, if we except bell-ringing, was the one sole thing, in the nature of accomplishments, which Dr. Parr seems to have possessed. Among the fine arts, certainly, we admit, that he understood bell-ringing thoroughly ; and we were on the point of forgetting to add, that in the art of slaughtering oxen, which he cultivated early as an amateur, his merit was conspicuous. Envy itself was driven to confess it ; and none but the blackest-hearted Tory would go about at this time of day to deny it.* Still, of these

* "The doctor begged me one morning to take him into S. P.'s belfry. Secure from interruption, he proceeded with his intended object, which was,

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three accomplishments, one only seems available to a biography of Dr. Johnson; and that would barely have sufficed for the least important chapter of the work.

After all, was Parr really intimate with Johnson? We doubt it: for he must in that case have submitted to a kind of dissimulation bitter to a proud spirit. He was a Jacobite by inheritance: that would have pleased Dr. Johnson well; but then by profession he was a Whig—a sort of monster which the Doctor could not abide; and (worse than that!) he was a Whig renegado—such a combination of monstrous elements in a man's character as none of us can abide. To be a Whig is bad—to be a traitor is bad—but to be a Whig *and* a traitor is too much for humanity. Such features of his character Parr must have dissembled; and this would at once pique his self-love, and limit his power. One anecdote, rich in folly and absurdity, is current about an interview between Johnson and Parr, in which the latter should have stamped whenever the other stamped; and being called upon to explain this sonorous antiphony, replied, that he could not think of allowing his antagonist to be so much as a stamp ahead of him. Miss Seward, we think, was in the habit of telling this story: for she was one of the dealers in marvels, who are for ever telling of “gigantic powers” and “magnificent displays,” in conversation, beyond anything that her heroes were ever able to effect in their writings. We remember well that she used to talk of a particular dispute between Johnson and Parr, which in her childish conceit (for she had not herself been present) was equal to some conflict between Jupiter and one of the Titans. Possibly it was the stamping dispute, which we may be assured was a fiction. No man falling into any gesticulation or expression of fervour from a natural and uncontrollable impulse, would bear to see his own involuntary acts parodied and reverberated as it were in a cool spirit of mimicry; that would be an insult; and Johnson would have resented it by flooring his man *instantly*—a matter very easy indeed to him—for in every sense he was qualified to “take the conceit” out of Dr. Parr. Or, perhaps, though we rather incline to think that Miss Seward's dispute turned upon some political question, the following, as recorded by Parr himself, (*Parriana*, p. 321,) might be the particular case alluded to:—“Once, sir, Sam and I” [*i. e.* Sam Johnson] “had a vehement dispute upon that most difficult of all subjects—the origin of evil. It called forth all the powers of our minds. No

to raise and full (pull?) scientifically the tenth or largest bell. He set to work in silent, solemn formality. It took some time, I suppose a full quarter of an hour; for there was the raising, the full funeral toll, and the regular toll. When it was over, he stalked about the belfry in much pomposity. On recomposing himself, he looked at me with a smile, and said, ‘There, what think you of that?’ He was evidently very proud of the effort.” In a Greek character of Dr. Parr by Sir William Jones, among the *κειμηλια* of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, neither the bell-ringing nor the ox-massacreing is overlooked; “*και τὸ ἄλον κωδωνίζεῖν δυνατὸς, καὶ παρονομάζειν, αἱ δισκεύειν, καὶ ταυροκοπεῖν.*”

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two tigers ever grappled with more fury. But we never lost sight of good manners. There was no Boswell present to detail our conversation. Sir, he would not have understood it. And then, sir, who do you think was the umpire between us? That fiend Horsley."

Miserable fudge! "Grappling like tigers" upon the origin of evil! How, but by total confusion of mind, was that possible upon such a question? One octavo page would state the outline of all that has ever been accomplished on this subject;—and the German philosopher, Kant, whom Dr. Parr professed to have studied, and from whom he borrowed one polysyllable, and, apparently, one solitary idea, has in a short memoir sketched the outline of all past attempts, (especially that of Leibnitz,) and the causes of failure. Libraries may be written upon any question; but the whole nodus of this, as of most questions, lies in a single problem of ten words: and, as yet, no real advance has been made in solving it. As to Dr. Johnson, we all happen to know what he could do in this matter; for he has given us the cream of his meditations in a review of Soame Jenyns. Trifling more absolute, on a philosophic subject, does not exist. Could Dr. Parr do better? Had he one new idea on the question? If so, where is it? We remember obscurely some sentence or other of purest commonplace on this point in one of his sermons. Further on we may have an occasion for producing it. At present it is sufficient to say—that, as philosophers only, could Parr and Johnson ever converse upon equal terms; both being equally blind by natural constitution of mind, and equally unprepared by study or reading in that department, there was no room for differences between them, except such as were extra-essential or alien to the subject. On every other topic that could have arisen to divide them, Johnson, with one grasp of his muscular hand, would have throttled the whole family of Parrs. Had Parr presumed to talk that sort of incendiary politics in which he delighted, and which the French revolution ripened into Jacobinism, Johnson would have committed an assault upon him. As that does not appear to have happened, we venture to suppose that their intercourse was but trifling; still, for one who had any at all with Johnson, many of his other acquaintance seem a most incongruous selection. The whole orchestra of rebels, incendiaries, state criminals, all who hated the church and state, all who secretly plotted against them, or openly maligned them, the faction of Jacobinism through its entire gamut, ascending from the first steps of disaffection or anti-national feeling, to the full-blown activity of the traitor and conspirator, had a plenary indulgence from the curate of Hatton, and were inscribed upon the roll of his correspondents. We pause with a sense of shame in making this bold transition from the upright Sam Johnson, full of prejudice, but the eternal champion of social order and religion, to the fierce Septembrizers who came at intervals before us as the friends, companions, or correspondents, (in some instances as the favourites,) of Dr. Parr. Learning and good morals are aghast at the association!

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It is singular, or at first sight it seems so, that brigaded with so many scowling republicans are to be found as occasional correspondents of Dr. Parr, nearly one-half of our aristocracy—two or three personages of royal blood, eight dukes, five marquesses, six-and-twenty earls, thirteen viscounts, one-and-thirty barons, or courtesy lords; to say nothing of distinguished women—a queen, several duchesses, countesses, and daughters of earls, besides baronesses and honourables in ample proportion. Many of these, however, may be set down as persons altogether thoughtless, or as systematically negligent of political principles in correspondents of no political power. But what are we to think of ten judges (besides Lord Stowell) addressing, with the most friendly warmth, one who looked upon all their tribe as the natural tools of oppression; and no fewer than forty bishops, and four archbishops, courting the notice of a proud priest, who professed it as an axiom that three out of every five on the Episcopal bench were downright knaves. Oh! for a little homely consistency; and, in a world where pride so largely tyrannizes, oh for a little in the right place! Dr. Parr did not in so many words proclaim destruction to their order as a favourite and governing principle: but he gave his countenance to principles that would, in practice, have effected that object, and his friendship to men that pursued no other.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex opens the correspondence, according to the present arrangement of the letters; if that may be called arrangement, where all is anarchy. At first we anticipated, from this precedence granted to a Prince, that the peerage and the Red Book would dictate the principle of classification; this failing, we looked to the subject, and next to the chronology. But at length we found that pretty much the same confusion obtains as in a pack of cards, that has first of all been accurately arranged in suits, and then slightly shuffled: in such a case, symptoms occur of the sorting continually disturbed by symptoms of the shuffling; two or three hearts, crossed by two or three spades; and a specious promise of diamonds suddenly thrown into the shade by a course of clubs. Letters from the same person are usually thrown together, and sometimes a vein of the same subject prevails through a considerable tract of pages. But, generally speaking, a printer's devil seems to have determined the order of succession.

The Duke of Sussex, who has actually placed the bust of a hack dissenting book-maker, (Dr. Rees, to wit,) rather than that of Aristotle or Lord Bacon, as the presiding and tutelary genius of his fine library in Kensington palace, could not, of course, find any objections to Dr. Parr in his hostility to the Church of England. His Royal Highness is probably indifferent on this point; whilst others, as Mr. Jeremy Bentham, can hardly fail to esteem a defect in "*Church of Englandism*" one amongst the Doctor's very positive recommendations to their favour. The Duke's letters are amiable and pleasing in their temper, but otherwise (for want of a specific subject) not very interesting. Mr. Bentham, in more senses

than one the Lucifer of the radical politicians, is still less so; and simply because he affects the humorous, in a strain of very elaborate and very infelicitous trifling, upon the names of Parr and Fox, (which he supposes to have been anticipated by Homer, in the address to Paris, *Δυσπαρι*, &c., and in the description of Thersites, *φοξος ἐν κεφαλῇ*, &c.) In a second letter, (Feb. 17, 1823,) which abundantly displays the old gentleman's infirmity, who (like Lord Byron) cannot bear a rival in the public interest, no matter whether otherwise for good or for bad, there is one passage, which, amusing on its own account, furnishes also an occasion for bringing forward one of Parr's most extravagant follies in literature. It is this:—"The 1st of March," says Mr. Bentham, "or the 1st of April, comes out a number of the European Magazine, with another portrait of ME by another hand; *considerable expectations are entertained of this likewise*. When you see a copy of a print of the House of Lords, at the time of the Queen's Trial, in the hand of Bowyer, and expected to come out in a month or two, you will (if Bowyer does not deceive me) see the phiz of your old friend" [Jeremy, to wit] "among the spectators; and these, how small soever elsewhere, will, in this print, forasmuch as their station is in the foreground, be greater than lords. Oddly enough made up the group will be. Before me he had got an old acquaintance of mine of former days—Sir Humphry Davy: he and I might have stood arm in arm. *But then came the servile poet and novelist; and then the ultra-servile sack guzzler*. Next to him, the old radical. What an assortment!" Certainly a strange lot of clean and unclean beasts were in that ark at that time; what with Mr. Bentham's "assortment"—what with the *non mi ricordo* Italians—the lawyers, *pro* and *con*—and some others that we could name. But with regard to Mr. Jeremy's companions in Bowyer's print, does the reader take his meaning? We shall be "as good as a chorus" to him, and interpret:—The "servile poet and novelist" is Sir Walter Scott; the "ultra-servile sack guzzler," Mr. Southey, a pure and high-minded man; the "old radical," Mr. Corporal Cobbett. Now with regard to the last of these, Dr. Parr considered him a very creditable acquaintance: he visited the Corporal at Botley; and the Corporal wrote him a letter, in which he talked of visiting Hatton. (What a glorious blunder, by the way, if the old ruffian had chanced to come whilst Dr. Bridges was on duty!) Cobbett would do: but for Sir Walter, in Dr. Parr's estimation, he was stark naught. One reason may be guessed at—the Queen; * there may have been others; but

* We are the last persons to apologize for that most profligate woman. That men of sense and honour could be found who seriously doubted of her guilt, is the strongest exemplification, to our minds, of the all-levelling strength of party rage that history records. As little are we likely to join the rare and weak assailants of Sir Walter Scott, whose conduct, politically, and as a public man, has been as upright and as generous as his conduct in private life. Yet in one single instance, Sir Walter departed from his usual chivalry of

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this was the main reason, and the reason of that particular year. Well: so far we can all allow for the Doctor's spite. Queen Caroline was gracious and confiding towards the Doctor, until, by some mysterious offence, he had incurred her heavy displeasure. It was natural that a person in Parr's rank should be grateful for her notice; and that a person of Parr's politics should befriend her cause. In that same degree, it was natural, perhaps, that he should dislike Sir Walter Scott, and look with jealousy upon his public influence, as pledged to the service of her enemies. Both were in this case party men, with the single difference in Sir Walter's favour, that he was of the right party; a fact that Dr. Parr could not be expected to perceive. But was any extremity of party violence to be received as an apology for the Doctor's meanness and extravagant folly in treating so great a man (which uniformly he did) as a miserable pretender in literature? Not satisfied with simply lowering or depreciating his merits, Dr. Parr spoke of him as an arrant *charlatan* and impostor. Discussing Sir Walter's merits as a poet, there is room for wide difference of estimates. But he that can affect blindness to the brilliancy of his claims as a novelist, and generally to the extraordinary grace of his prose, must be incapacitated for the meanest functions of a critic, by original dulness of sensibility. Hear the monstrous verdict delivered by this ponderous mechanist of style, when adjudicating the *quantum meruit* of a writer who certainly has no rival among ancient or modern classics in the rare art of narrating with brilliancy and effect:—"Dr. Parr's taste," says a certain Irish poet, a Rev. Mr. Stewart, of whom or his works the reader probably now hears for the first time—"Dr. Parr's taste was exquisite, his judgment infallible. One morning he sent for me to attend him in his library. I found him seated at one side of the fire, Mrs. Parr leaning against the mantel on the

feeling, and most unseasonably joined in insulting a woman—dissolute, it is true, beyond example, but at that time fallen, and on that very morning reaping the bitter first fruits of her enormous guilt. Describing the morning of her Coronation, and the memorable repulse of the poor misguided Queen, Sir Walter allowed himself to speak of her as *the great Lady, with her body-guard of blackguards*. These words we doubt not that Sir Walter soon, and often, and earnestly deplored; for the anguish of her mortification, by the testimony of all who witnessed the tumultuous succession of passions that shook her, and convulsed her features, as she argued the point with the officer at the entrance of Westminster Hall, was intense; and those pitied her then who never pitied her before. There were also other reasons that must have drawn a generous regret from Sir Walter, upon remembering these words afterwards. But we all know that it was not in his nature to exult over the fallen, or to sympathize with triumphant power. In fact, he could not foresee her near approaching death; and he was reasonably disgusted with her violence at the moment; and finally, the words escaped him under circumstances of hurry, which allowed no time for revision. Few indeed are the writers who have so little to blot as this wonderful man.

opposite side, and a chair placed for me between them. "Mrs. Parr," he began, "you have seen Moore in this spot some time ago, *you now see Mr. Stewart!* the race of true poets is now nearly extinct. There is you, (turning to me,) and Moore, and Byron, and Crabbe, and Campbell—I hardly know of another." [All these, observe, were Whigs!] "You, Stewart, are a man of genius, of real genius, and of science, too, as well as genius. I tell you so. It is here, it is here." shaking his head, and sagaciously touching his forehead with his finger. "I tell you again, it is here. As to Walter Scott, his jingle will not outlive the next century. It is namby-pamby." Dr. Parr is here made to speak of Sir Walter Scott merely as a poet; but for the same person, in any other character, he had no higher praise in reserve. In the heroic and chivalrous spirit of the poetry of Sir Walter, we pardon the Doctor for taking little interest. But what must be the condition of sense and feeling in that writer, who without participating probably in the Doctor's delusions, could yet so complacently report to the world a body of extravagances, which terminated in placing himself, an author unknown to the public, conspicuously above one of the most illustrious writers of any age! Dr. Parr might perhaps plead the privilege of his fireside, kindness for a young friend, and a sudden call upon him for some audacity to give effect and powerful expression to his praise, as the apology for *his* share in such absurdities; but Mr. Stewart, by recording them in print, makes himself a deliberate party, under no apology or temptation whatsoever, to the whole injustice and puerility of the scene.

Mr. Bentham, Dr. Parr, and Mr. Douglas of Glasgow, are probably the three men in Europe, who have found Sir Walter Scott a trifler. Literature, in fact, and the fine arts, hold but a low rank in the estimate of the modern Utilitarian republicans. All that is not tangible, measurable, ponderable, falls with them into the account of mere levities, and is classed with the most frivolous decorations of life: to be an exquisite narrator is tantamount to dressing well; a fine prose style is about equal to a splendid equipage; and a finished work of art is a showy piece of upholstery. In this vulgarity of sentiment, Dr. Parr could not entirely accompany his coarsest friends; for he drew largely on their indulgence himself as a trespasser in the very worst form—he was guilty of writing Latin with fluency and striking effect. It is certain, however, that the modern school of reformers had an injurious effect upon Dr. Parr's literary character, by drawing out and strengthening its hardest features. His politics became harsher, and his intellectual sensibilities coarser, as he advanced in years. How closely he connected himself with these people, we shall show in the sketch we propose to give of his political history. For the present we turn with pleasure to his more elegant, though sometimes not less violent, friends, amongst the old established Whig leaders. These, in their very intemperances, maintained the tone, breeding, and cultivation of gentlemen. They cherished and esteemed all parts of elegant letters; and, however

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much they have been in the habit of shocking our patriotism or constitutional principles, seldom offered annoyance to our tastes, as scholars and men of letters.

Foremost amongst these, as foremost in politics, stood Charles Fox. His letters in this collection are uniformly in the unpretending manner which he courted: what we have too generally to regret—is the absence of Dr. Parr's answers, especially to those letters of Mr. Fox or his friends, which communicated his *jeux d'esprit* in Greek verse. One of these we shall notice. Meantime, as perhaps the most interesting passage in the whole collection of Dr. Parr's correspondence, we shall make the following extract from a letter, in which Mr. Fox states the final state of his feelings with regard to Edmund Burke: the immediate occasion was a plan, at that moment agitated, for raising a monument to his memory. The date of this memorable letter is Feb. 24, 1802:—

“Mackintosh wrote to me upon the subject you mention; and I think he took my answer rather more favourably than he was strictly warranted to do. When he said I would second the proposition, I told him *support* was my word.

“The truth is, though I do not feel any malice against Burke, nor would I have in any degree thwarted any plan for his advantage or honour: though I feel the greatest gratitude for his continued kindness to me during so great a part of our lives, and a strong conviction that I owe to his friendship and conversation, a very great portion of whatever either of political or oratorical merit my friends suppose me to have displayed; notwithstanding all this, I must own, that there are some parts of his conduct that I cannot forgive so entirely as perhaps I ought, and as I wish to do.

“His public conduct may have arisen from mistaken motives of right, carried to a length to which none but persons of his ardent imagination would have pursued them. But the letter to the Duke of Portland and Lord Fitzwilliam, with the worst possible opinion of me, is what I never can think of without sensations which are as little habitual to me as to most men. To attempt to destroy me in the opinion of those whom I so much value, and in particular that of Fitzwilliam, with whom I had lived in the strictest friendship from our infancy; to attempt it, too, at a time and in a way which made it almost certain that they would not state the accusation to me, and consequently, that I should have no opportunity to defend myself—this was surely not only malice, but baseness in the extreme; and if I were to say that I have quite forgiven it, it would be boasting a magnanimity which I cannot feel.

“In these circumstances, therefore, I think that, even not opposing, much more supporting any motion made in honour of his memory as an individual amongst the rest, without putting myself forward as a mover or seconder, is all that can be expected or desired of me by those who are not admirers of hypocrisy. I shall have great pleasure, however, in seeing your plan for an epitaph for him, and will tell you freely my opinion of it, both in general and in the

detail. He was certainly a great man, and had very many good as well as great qualities; but his motto seems the very reverse of *μηδὲν ἄγαν*; and, when his mind had got hold of an object, his whole judgment, as to prudent or imprudent, unbecoming or indecent, nay, right or wrong, was perverted when that object was in question. What Quintilian says of Ovid, 'Si ingenio temperare quam indulgere maluisset,' was eminently applicable to him, even with respect to his passions. 'Si animi sui affectibus temperare quam indulgere maluisset quid vir iste præstare non potuerit?' would be my short character of him. By the way, I do not know that *affectibus* is the right word; but I know no other."

Monstrous as we must consider this view of Mr. Burke's conduct, which, under every provocation from the underlings of Mr. Fox's party, continued irreproachably honourable towards those whom he had been compelled (*and whom others had been compelled*) to abandon,—still, under the perverse prejudices which had possession of Mr. Fox, we must allow his temper and his conduct, as here stated by himself, to have been sincere, manly, and liberal. That he did not speak with more fervour of admiration, in summing up the claims of a man so immeasurably beyond his contemporaries in the fineness and compass of his understanding, is not to be imputed to jealousy of his powers, or to the smothered resentments which Mr. Fox acknowledges—but entirely to the extreme plainness, simplicity, and almost homely character of his own mind, which laboured under a specific natural inaptitude for appreciating an intellect so complex, subtle, and elaborate, as that of Burke.

We see how readily he clings to the slang notion of Burke's "*imagination*" as explaining the differences between them; and how resolutely he mistakes, for an original tendency to the violence of extremes, what in fact was the mere breadth and determinateness of principle which the extremity of that crisis exacted from a mind of unusual energy. Charles Fox had one sole grandeur, one originality, in his whole composition, and that was the fervour, the intensity, the contagious vehemence of his manner. He could not endure his own speeches when stripped of the advantage they had in a tumultuous and self-kindling delivery. "I have always hated the thought," says he to Dr. Parr, "of any of my speeches being published." Why was *that*? Simply because in the mere *matier*, he could not but feel himself, that there was nothing to insure attention, nothing that could give a characteristic or remarkable expression to the whole. The thoughts were everybody's thoughts: Mr. Burke's, on the other hand, were so peculiarly his own, that they might have been sworn to as private property in any court of law.

How was Dr. Parr affected by the great schism in politics, the greatest which ever hinged upon pure difference of abstract principle? A schism which was fatal to the unity of the Whig Club, could not but impress new determinations on the political bias, conduct, and language of every Whig partizan. At the time of the Bellenden Preface, it was a matter of course to praise Burke; he was then the

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ally of Fox, and the glory of the Whigs. But what tone of sentiment did Dr. Parr maintain towards this great man after he had become an alien to the revolutionary cause which he himself continued to patronize, and the party whom he continued to serve? For previously to that change his homage was equivocal. It might be to the man, or it might be to his position.

There are many ways of arriving at a decision: in letters, in tracts, (Letter on Fox's James II.) and in recorded conversations, Dr. Parr's sincere opinions, on this question (a question as comprehensive as any personal question ever can have been) were repeatedly obtained. He wrote, besides, an inscription for Burke's public monument; and this, which (in common with all his epitaphs) was anxiously weighed and meditated in every syllable, happens to have been the most felicitous in the opinion of himself and his friends of all which he executed. What was its prevailing tone? "I remember," says Parr himself, writing to Lord Holland, "one or two of Mr. Burke's admirers said to me that it was cold; and I answered, that I had indeed been successful; for as I really did not feel warmth, I had not attempted to express it." Perhaps in these words, Dr. Parr, with a courtier's consideration of the person whom he was addressing, has done some injustice to himself. Enough remains on record, both in the epitaph and elsewhere, to show that he had not indeed attained to a steady consciousness of Burke's characteristic merits; but it is manifest that he struggled with a reluctant instinct of submission to the boldest of his views, and fought up against a blind sense of his authority as greater than on many accounts it pleased him or suited him to admit.

Even in this personal accident, as it may seem, taken in connection with the fetters of party, lay a snare to the sobriety of Parr's understanding. The French Revolution, with him as with multitudes beside, unhinged the sanity of his moral judgments. Left to the natural influences of things, he, like many of his political friends, might have recovered a steady equilibrium of mind upon this great event, and "all which it inherited." He might have written to others, as Lady Oxford, (once the most violent of democrats,) sickened by sad experience of continental frenzies, had occasion to write to *him*—"Of Burke's writings and principles I am now a very great admirer; he was a great lover of practical liberty. In my days of darkness, prejudice, and folly, I never read a line of Burke; but I am now, thank heaven, in a state of regeneration." Obstinacy, and (except by occasional starts) allegiance to his party, made this noble confession of error impossible to Dr. Parr. And the intellectual results to one who lived chiefly in the atmosphere of politics, and drew his whole animation from the fluctuations of public questions, were entirely mischievous. To those who abided by the necessities of error, which grew upon a systematic opposition to Mr. Burke, the French Revolution had destroyed all the landmarks of constitutional distinctions, and impressed a character of indeterminate meaning upon ancient political principles. From that time

forward, it will be seen, by those who will take the trouble to examine, that Dr. Parr, struggling (as many others did) between the obscure convictions of his conscience, and the demands of his party, or his personal situation, maintained no uniform opinions at all; gave his faith and his hopes by turns to every vagrant adventurer, foreign or domestic, military scourge, or political reformer, whom the disjointed times brought forward; and was consistent in nothing but in those petty speculations of philology, which, growing out of his professional pursuits, served at last no end so useful as that of relieving the asperities of his political life.

PART III.

HOW peculiarly painful it is to all parties—judges and juries, government, the public in general, the culprit, and his friends in particular—when a literary man falls under the lash of the law! How irritating to himself and others that he should be transported—how disgusting that he should be hanged! Such fates, however, befel some of Dr. Parr's dearest connections; he lived to see his most valued pupil expatriated, in company with felons, to "the Great Botanic Bay;" and he lived to accompany another friend, (who also by one biographer is described as a pupil) to the foot of the gallows.

We mention not these things by way of reproach to Dr. Parr's memory. The sufferings of his unhappy friends, *after* they came into trouble, called out none but the good qualities of his nature. Never, indeed, was Samuel Parr seen to greater advantage, than when animating the hopes, supporting the fortitude, or ministering to the comforts of the poor dejected prisoner in his gloomy cell, at a time when self-reproaches had united with the frowns of the world to make the consolations of friendship somewhat more than usually trying to the giver, and a thousand times more valuable to the receiver. When all others forsook the wretched and fled, Dr. Parr did not; his ear was open to the supplications of all who sate in darkness and sorrow; and wherever the distress was real, remembering that he himself also was a poor frailty-laden human creature, he did not think it became him too severely to examine in what degrees guilt or indiscretion had concurred to that effect. Sam Parr! these things will make the earth lie light upon your last abode; flowers will flourish on its verdant roof; and gleams of such remembrances extort an occasional twinge of compunction even from us—at the very moment when we are borrowing old Sir Christopher's gentler knout [No. 3—his *scutica*, no this *flagellum*] gently to "*perstringe*" your errors.

Sam Parr! we love you; we said so once before. But *perstringe*, which was a favoured word of your own, was a no less favoured

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act. You also in your lifetime perstringed many people; some of whom perstringed you, Sam, smartly in return; some kissed the rod; and some disdained it in silence. Complaint, therefore, on your behalf, would be unreasonable; that same *parresia*, which in your lifetime furnished a ground for so many thousand discharges of the same Grecian pun on your own name, (each duly delivered by its elated author as the original explosion,) obliges us to deal frankly with your too frequent errors, even when we are most impressed by the spectacle of your truly Christian benignity. Indeed, the greater your benignity, the better is our title to tax those errors which so often defeated it. For why, let us ask of Dr. Parr's friends, should he choose to testify his friendship to men, in standing by them and giving his countenance to their affliction, rather than in the wiser course—so suitable to his sacred calling—of interposing his gentler counsels between their frantic designs, and the dire extremities which naturally conducted to that affliction? In Gerrald's case, he certainly *had* counselled and warned him of the precipice on which he stood, in due season. But to him, as to the chamois hunter of the Alps, danger was a temptation even for its own sake: he hungered and thirsted after political martyrdom. And it is possible, that in that case, Dr. Parr found no grounds of self-reproach. *Possible*, we say; even here we speak doubtingly, because, if Dr. Parr applied sedatives to his fiery nature in 1794, he had in 1790-92 applied stimulants; if, finally, when Mr. Pitt and the French Reign of Terror showed that no trifling could be allowed, he pulled vainly at the curb-rein (as his letters remain to show)—originally, it is beyond all doubt that he used the spur. Violence and intemperance, it is true, in Mr. Gerrald, were constitutional; yet there can be little doubt that, for the republican direction which they took, his indiscreet tutor was nearly altogether answerable.

Joseph Gerrald was a man of great talents: his defence upon his trial shows it; and we have the assurance of an able critic, who was himself present at its delivery, in March, 1794, that no piece of forensic eloquence on record better deserved the profound attention with which it was received: "you might," as he assured us, "during the whole time have heard a pin drop." Under happier auspices* than Dr. Parr's, how distinguished a citizen might this man have become! As to Mr. Oliver, it is Dr. Parr's own statement of the

* And perhaps in candour it should be added, under happier fortunes and more prudence in his *liaisons* with the other sex. He was in some degree a dissolute man; but perhaps he might have been otherwise under more noble treatment from the woman of his heart. His unhappiness, on this point, latterly, was great; and there is reason to think that he secretly wished to lay down his life, and resorted to politics as the best means of doing so with reputation. He had a passionate love for an unworthy woman, whom he had strong reasons for thinking unfaithful to him. And at all events, like too many of her sex, she had the baseness to trifle with his apparent misery.

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case, (a statement which, at this day, we presume, few persons will be found to believe,) that he was condemned and executed for drinking Mr. Fox's health, and reading Tom Paine's writings; in short, for being a Jacobin. The little trifling circumstance that he was also a murderer, with Dr. Parr weighs nothing at all. Take then his own representation: who was it that countenanced the reading of Tom Paine, criticizing his infamous books as counterpoises to those of Burke, and as useful in bringing out a neutral product? Who was it that gave to Warwickshire, (Mr. Oliver's part of the country,) nay, to all England, the one sole example of a "budge doctor," arrayed in the scarlet robes of the English universities, and a public instructor of the young English aristocracy, speaking cautiously and respectfully of this shallow dogmatist, who, according to his power, laid the axe to all civil government throughout the world? Who, but one man, clothed in the character of a Christian minister, could have been blinded by party violence to the extent of praising in a qualified manner, and naming, amongst creditable writers, the most insolent theomachist and ruffian infidel of ancient or modern times? If Dr. Parr's friends acted upon Mr. Paine's principles, propagated Mr. Paine's principles, and suffered in public estimation, even to the extent of martyrdom, as champions of those principles—nobody can suppose that in selecting and professing a faith so full of peril, they could be other than greatly influenced by the knowledge that a learned doctor in the Church of England, guide and tutor to themselves, had publicly spoken of that Mr. Paine as an authority not altogether without his claims to consideration.

But we have insensibly wandered into political considerations at a point of our review, where the proper object before us was—Dr. Parr, as a man of letters. For this we have some excuse, considering that politics and literature so naturally blended in Dr. Parr's practice of authorship, that perhaps not one of his most scholarlike performances, but is richly interveined with political allusions and sarcasms, nor one of those most professedly political, which did not often turn aside to gather flowers from the fields of the muses, or herbs of "medicinal power" from the gardens of philosophy. The truth is, the Doctor wrote as he lived; bending to momentary gusts of passion; recovering himself by glimpses to a higher standard of professional duty; remembering by fits that he was officially a teacher, spiritual and intellectual; forgetting himself too often in the partizan and the zealot.

However, as we shall consider Dr. Parr's politics under a separate and peculiar head, we will, for the present, confine ourselves more rigorously to his literary character, difficult as we really find it to observe a line of strict separation which the good doctor himself is for ever tempting or provoking us to forget.

As a man of letters, then, what was it—what power, what accomplishment, what art that Dr. Parr could emblazon upon his shield of pretence, as characteristically his own? Latin; Latin *quoad* knowledge; Latin *quoad* practical skill. "Reading," said

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he, "reflection, the office of a teacher, and much practice in composition, have given me a command over the Latin sufficient for the ordinary purposes of a scholar." This was his own estimate of himself: and it was a modest one—too modest: and possibly he would not have made it had he been addressing anybody but a Whig lord, taught from his earliest youth to take his valuation of Dr. Parr from a party who regarded him as their champion and martyr. Yet again, it is not impossible that he was sincere: for the insincere will make a general profession of humility in the abstract, and yet revolt from the test of individual comparisons: they confess how much they fall short of their own ideal; but as to John, Thomas, or William, they would spurn a claim of superiority for *them*. Now, Dr. Parr sometimes goes so far in his humility as to "name names;" Sir William Jones, Sir George Baker—*these* we are sure of, and we think Bishop Lowth were amongst the masters of Latinity, to whom he somewhere concedes the palm for this accomplishment, on a question of comparison with himself. We must profess our own hearty dissent from such a graduation of the honours. Sir George Baker, from his subjects, is less generally known. He was an Etonian, and wrote at least with facility: but, to speak of the other two, who are within everybody's reach, we contend that, maugre their reputation, they do not write good Latin. The kind of Latin they affect is in bad taste: too florid, too *rotund*, too little idiomatic: its structure is vicious, and evidences an English origin. Of Lowth we say this even more determinately than of Sir W. Jones.* Some day or other we shall make a great article on this subject; and we shall then illustrate largely: for without illustration, such a discussion is as empty and aerial as a feast of the Barmecide.

Meantime, whatsoever the mechanic hounds may say who now give the tone to education, the art of writing Latin finely is a noble accomplishment; and one, we will take upon us to say, which none but a man of distinguished talent will succeed in. All the scholarship in the world will not avail to fight up against the tyranny of modern idioms and modern fashions of thought—the whole composition will continue to be redolent of lamps not fed with Attic oil, but with gas—base gas—unless in the hands of a man vigorous and agile enough to throw off the yoke of vernacular custom—

"Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life."

No custom cramps and masters a man's freedom so effectually as the household diction which he hears from all around him. And that man, who succeeds (like Dr. Parr) in throwing his thoughts into ancient moulds, does a greater feat than he that turned the Euphrates into a new channel for the service of his army.

This difficulty is in itself a sufficient justification of modern Latin—coupled, as it is, with so useful an activity of thought. But, apart

* It is remarkable, however, that Sir William's Greek is far better than Parr's. Jones's has all the air of the genuine antique: Parr's is villainous.

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from that, will any man contend that the establishment of a great commonwealth can be complete without artists in Latin? Even rogues, swindlers, hangmen, are essential to the proper *mounting* of a great metropolis: a murderer or two perhaps, in the complete subdivision of employments, would not be amiss in casting the parts for a full performance of civil life. Not that we approve of murder for murder's sake: far from it! It is scandalous, and what every good man must decidedly condemn and pointedly discourage. But still, if murders are to be, and murders will be, and murders must be, then of course we might as well have them executed in an artist-like manner, as in the horrid bungling style so offensive in rude countries to the eye of *delicate* taste, and the mind of sensibility. Assuredly, it cannot be denied, that all sorts of villains, knaves, prigs, and so forth, are essential parts in the equipage of social life. Else why do we regard police as so indispensable a function of organized society: for without corresponding objects in the way of scoundrels, sharks, crimps, pimps, ring-droppers, &c., police-officers would be idle superfluities, and liable to general disgust.

But, waiving the question as stretched to this extent,—for artists who work in Latin we may plead more reasons than Mr. Blackwood is likely to allow us scope for in one article,—we shall press but one argument, and that applied to our just national pride. Is it not truly shameful that a great nation should have occasion to go abroad for any odd bit of Latin that it may chance to want in the way of inscription for a triumphal monument, for a tomb, for a memorial pillar, for a public or official gift? Conceding (as, under the terrors of Mr. Blackwood's pruning knife, we do concede for the moment) that Latin is of little other application—is it to be endured that we should be reduced to the necessity of importing our Latin secretary? * For instance, we will mention one memorable case. The Czar Alexander, as all the world knows, one fine day, in the summer of that immortal year 1814, went down to Oxford in company with our own Regent, the King of Prussia, the Hetman of the Cossacks, and a long roll of other princely personages, with titles fatiguing to the memory, and names from which orthography recoils aghast. Some were entertained at one college—some at another. The emperor's billet fell upon Merton College; and in acknowledgment of the hospitality there shown, some time afterwards he sent to the warden and fellows, through Count Lieven, his ambassador to the court of London, a magnificent vase of Siberian jasper. This

* We say Latin secretary, as indicating an office, so far as regards its duties, which really *does* exist, though the emoluments do not. There is a great deal of public work to be executed in Latin, and it is done *gratis*, and by various hands. But, were this an age for increasing the public burdens, we should suggest the propriety of creating anew the formal appointment of Latin secretary, which ought for many reasons never to have been abolished. The Fox Ministry would have done rightly to have restored the office, and to have rewarded Dr. Parr by the first appointment.

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vase wanted an inscription—a Latin inscription of course. This inscription was to be worked in Russia, and the workmen stood resting upon their tools until this should come out from England. Now, under these circumstances, John Bull! conceive the shame and the scandal—if Oxford, the golden seat of classical erudition, under the very eyes of the Czar and his ambassador, had been obliged to resort to some coxcomb on the continent for the small quantity of Latin required! What would Mrs. Grundy have said? What would the Hetman have said? And Woronzoff, and Kutusoff, and Doctoroff, and Tchitchzakoff? Indeed we think it altogether becoming to Oxford, that Cambridge should have furnished the artist—for Dr. Parr it was who undertook and executed the inscription, which, after all, exhibited too Spartan a nakedness to have taxed any man very severely, except for the negative quality of forbearance; and the scandal, as between the two universities, is actually on record and in print, of a chancellor of the one (Lord Grenville) corresponding with a doctor of the other, for a purpose which exclusively concerned Oxford. Perhaps the excuse may be, that Oxford was not interested as a body in an affair which belonged personally to the warden and fellows of one society. And at all events, the *national* part of the scandal was averted.*

On this subject, which furnishes so many a heart-ache to a loyal-hearted Englishman, we would beg to throw a hasty glance. John Bull, who piques himself so much and so justly on the useful and the respectable, on British industry, British faith, British hardware, British morals, British muskets (which are by no means the best specimens of our morals, judging by the proportion that annually bursts in the hands of poor savages)—and, generally speaking, upon British arts, *provided only they are the useful and the mechanical arts*—this same John Bull has the most sheepish distrust of himself in every accomplishment that professes a purpose of ornament and mere beauty. Here he has a universal superstition in favour of names in *ano* and *ini*. Every foreigner indeed, but more especially every Italian—it is John's private faith—is by privilege of nature a man of taste, and, by necessity, a knave. Were it only of music that he thought this, and only of Italian foreigners, perhaps he might not be so far amiss. Oh! the barbarous leaning of British taste as regards music! oh, the trashy songs which pollute our theatres, and are allowed to steal into the operas of Mozart! Strange that the nation whose poetry and drama discover by degrees so infinitely the most passion, should in their music discover the least! Not merely, however, in arts, technically so called, but in every branch of ornamental knowledge, everything that cannot be worked in a loom, weighed on a steel-yard, measured by an ell-wand, valued by an

* But surely the brother of Sir Henry Halford (as the warden of Merton Dr. Peter Vaughan, we believe, was) needed not to have gone out of his own family connections for such an assistance. For Sir Henry himself writes Latin with ease and effect.

auctioneer, John Bull secretly distrusts himself and his own powers. He may talk big when his patriotism is irritated; but his secret and sincere opinion is that nature has made him a barbarian as regards the beautiful; if not for sensibility, at any rate for performance; and that in compensation of this novercal usage, fortune has given him a long purse to buy his beauty ready made. Hence it is, that, whilst openly disavowing it, John is for ever sneaking privately to foreigners, and tempting them with sumptuous bribes, to undertake a kind of works which many times would be better done by domestic talents. Latin, we may be sure, and Greek, fall too much within the description of the ornamental—to be relished of home manufacture. Whenever, therefore, a great scholar was heard of on the continent, him John Bull proceeded to buy or to bargain for. Many were imported at the Reformation. Joseph Scaliger was courted in the succeeding age. A younger friend of his, Isaac Casaubon, a capital scholar, but a dull man, and rather knavish, was caught. Exultingly did John hook him, play with him, and land him. James I. determined that he would have his life written by him: and, in fact, all sorts of uses were meditated and laid out for their costly importation. But he died without doing anything that he would not have done upon the continent; the whole profit of the transaction rested with the Protestant cause, which (but for English gold) Casaubon would surely have abandoned for the honours and emoluments of Rome. Cromwell again, perfect John Bull as he was in this feature, also preserved the national faith: he would have his martial glories recorded. Well: why not? Especially for one who had Milton at his right hand. But no: he thought little of *him*—he would buy a foreigner. In fact, he was in treaty for several; and we will venture to say that Salmasius himself was not more confounded upon finding himself suddenly seized, bound, and whirled at Milton's chariot wheels, in a field where he was wont to career up and down as supreme and unquestioned *arbiter*, and at most expecting a few muttered insults, that would not require notice,—than Cromwell was on hearing that his own champion, a Londoner born, and manufactured at Cambridge, had verily taken the conceit out of the vain-glorious but all-learned Frenchman. It was just such another essay as between Orlando and the Duke's wrestler—as well for the merits of the parties, as for the pleasant disappointment to the lookers-on. For even on the continent all men rejoiced at the humiliation of Salmasius. Charles II., again, and his favourite ministers, had heard of Des Cartes as a philosopher and Latinist, but apparently not of Lord Bacon, except as a lawyer. King William, though in the age of Bishop Pearson, and Stillingfleet, and Bentley, in the very rare glances which he condescended to bestow on literature, squinted at Grævius, Gronovius, and other Dutch professors of humanity on a ponderous scale. And, omitting scores of other cases we could bring in illustration, even in our own day, the worthy George III. thinking it would be well to gain the *imprimatur* of his own pocket university of Göttingen, before he made up his mind on the elementary books used in the great

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schools of England, dispatched a huge bale of grammars, lexicons, vocabularies, fables, selections, exercise-books, spelling-books, and Heaven knows what all, to that most concinnous and most rotund of professors—Mr. Heyne. At Cæsar's command, the professor slightly inspected them: and having done so, he groaned at the quality of the superb English paper, so much harder, stiffer, and more unaccommodating to domestic purposes than that soft German article, prepared by men of feeling and consideration in that land of sentiment, and thereupon (we pretend not to say how far in consequence thereof) he drew up an angry and vindictive verdict on their collective merits. And thus it happened that his Majesty came to have but an indifferent opinion of English school literature. Now, in this instance, we see the John Bull mania pushed to extremity. For surely Dr. Parr, on any subject whatever, barring Greek, was as competent a scholar as Master Heyne.* And on this particular subject, the jest is apparent, that Parr was, and Heyne was not, a schoolmaster. Parr had cultivated the art of teaching all his life; and it were hard indeed, if labours so tedious and heavy might not avail a man to the extent of accrediting his opinion on a capital question of his own profession. Speaking seriously, since the days of Busby—that great man † who flogged so many of our avi—abavi—atavi—and tritavi, among the schoolmasters of Europe, none could, in those days, stand forward as competitors in point of scholarship with Parr. Scholars more eminent, doubtless, there had been, but not among those who wielded the ferule; for the learned Dr. Burney, junior, of Greenwich, and the very learned Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury, had not then commenced their reigns. How pointed, then, was the insult, in thus transferring the appeal from a golden critic at home to a silver one abroad: or rather, how strong the prejudice which could prompt such a course to one who probably meditated no insult at all. And let no man say on *this* occasion, that Parr, being a Jacobin, could not be decently consulted on the scruples of a king; for Heyne was a Jacobin also, until Jacobinism brought danger to his windows. If the oracle at Hatton *philippized*, the oracle of Göttingen philippized no less, and perhaps with much less temptation, and certainly with less conspicuous neglect of his own interest. Well for him that his Jacobinism lurks in ponderous Latin notes, whilst Dr. Parr's was proclaimed to the world in English.

* We cannot fancy Heyne as a Latin *exegetes*. The last time we opened a book of his, (perhaps it was his *Virgil*), some sixteen years ago, he was labouring at this well-known phrase—"regione viarum." As usual, a rhapsody of resemblances, more or less remote, was accumulated; but if we may be believed, that sole meaning of the word *regio* which throws light upon the expression, that meaning which connects it with the word *rego* in the mathematical sense [*i. e.* to drive a straight line,] was unnoticed. All the rest meant nothing. We closed the book in disgust.

† "Dr. Busby! a great man, sir, a very great man! he flogged my grandfather."—Sir Roger de Coverley.

It is fitting, then, that we people of England should always keep a man or two capable of speaking with our enemies in the gate, when they speak Latin; more especially when our national honour in this particular is to be supported against a prejudice so deep, and of standing so ancient. These, however, are local arguments for cultivating Latin, and kept alive by the sense of wounded honour. But there are other considerations more permanent and intrinsic to the question, which press equally upon all cultivated nations. The language of ancient Rome has certain indestructible claims upon our regard: it has a peculiar merit *sui generis* in the first place; and, secondly, circumstances have brought it into a singular and unprecedented relation to the affairs and interests of the human race.

Speaking carelessly of Latin, as one of two ancient languages, both included in the cycle of a perfect education, and which jointly compose the entire conservatory of all ancient literature that now survives, we are apt to forget that either of these languages differs from the other by any peculiar or incommunicable privilege: and for all the general advantages which can characterize a language, we rightly ascribe the preference in degree to the Greek. But there are two circumstances, one in the historical position of the Latin language, and one in its own internal character, which unite to give it an advantage in our esteem, such as no language besides ever did, or, in the nature of things, ever will possess. They are these:—The Latin language has a *planetary* importance; it belongs not to this land or that land, but to all lands where the human intellect has obtained its rights and its development. It is the one sole *Lingua Franca*, that is, in a catholic sense, such for the whole humanized earth, and the total family of man. We call it a dead language. But how? It is not dead, as Greek is dead, as Hebrew is dead, as Sanscrit is dead—which no man uses in its ancient form in his intercourse with other men. It is still the common dialect which binds together that great *imperium in imperio*—the republic of letters. And to express in a comprehensive way the relation which this superb language bears to man and his interests, it has the same extensive and indifferent relation to our planet, which the moon has amongst the heavenly bodies. Her light, and the means of intercourse which she propagates by her influence upon the tides, belong to all nations alike. How impressive a fact would it appear to us, if the great Asiatic family of nations from Teharân, or suppose from Constantinople and Cairo (which are virtually Asiatic) to Peking and the remotest islands on that quarter of Asia, had some one common language through which their philosophers and statesmen could communicate with each other over the whole vast floor of Asia! Yet this sublime masonic tie of brotherhood we ourselves possess, we members of Christendom, in the most absolute sense. Gradually, moreover, it is evident that we shall absorb the whole world into the progress of civilization. Thus the Latin language is, and will be still more perfectly, a bond between the remotest places. Time also

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is connected as much as space; and periods in the history of man, too widely separated from each other (as we might also have imagined) to admit of any common tie, are, and will continue to be, brought into connection by a vinculum so artificial (and, generally speaking, so fluctuating) as a language. This position of the Latin language with regard to the history of man, would alone suffice to give it an overpowering interest in our regard. As to its intrinsic merits, the peculiarity of its structure, and the singular powers which arise out of that structure, we must leave that topic undiscussed. We shall say only, that, for purposes of elaborate rhetoric, it is altogether unrivalled; the exquisitely artificial mould of its structure gives it that advantage. And, with respect to its supposed penury of words, we shall mention the opinion of Cicero, who, in three separate passages of his works, maintains that in that point it has the advantage of the Greek.

Many questions arise upon the qualities of Parr's Latin in particular, and upon the general rules of style which he prescribed to himself. The far-famed author of the "Pursuits of Literature," has stigmatized the preface to Bellendenus* (we beseech you, courteous

* William Bellenden, a Scotch writer, flourished at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and is said to have been a Professor in the University of Paris. At Paris he published, in 1608, his *Cicero Princeps*, a singular work, in which he extracted from Cicero's writings detached remarks, and compressed them into one regular body, containing the rules of monarchical government, with the line of conduct to be adopted, and the virtues proper to be encouraged by the Prince himself; and the treatise, when finished, he dedicated, from a principle of patriotism and gratitude, to the son of his master, Henry, then Prince of Wales. Four years afterwards (namely, in 1612) he proceeded to publish another work of a similar nature, which he called *Cicero Consul, Senator, Senatus Romanus*, and in which he treated the nature of the consular office, and the constitution of the Roman Senate. Finding the works received, as they deserved, with the unanimous approbation of the learned, he conceived the plan of a third work, *De Statu Prisci Orbis*, which was to contain a history of the progress of government and philosophy, from the times before the flood, to their various degrees of improvement, under the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans. He had proceeded so far as to print a few copies of this work in 1615, when it seems to have been suggested, that his three treatises, *De Statu Principis, De Statu Republica, De Statu Orbis*, being on subjects so nearly resembling each other, there might be a propriety in uniting them into one work, by re-publishing the two former, and entitling the whole, *Bellendenus de Statu*. With this view, he recalled the few copies of his last work that were abroad, and after a delay of some months, he published the three treatises together, under their new title, in the year 1615.

In the British Museum, one copy of the book *De Statu Prisci Orbis*, dated in 1615, still exists, which the author had probably sent into England as a present, and could not recall; and in all the others the date appears, on a nice inspection, to have been originally MDCXV., and to have had an *I* afterwards added, on the alteration of the author's plan. The editor has shown great ingenuity in clearing up this typographical difficulty. The great work being now completed, Bellenden looked forward with a pretty well-

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reader, to pronounce the penultimate short, that is, lay the accent on the syllable *lená*) as “*a cento of Latin quotations* ;” in which judgment there is a double iniquity ; for, beyond all other human performances, the “*Pursuits of Literature*” is a cento, and, in any fair sense, Parr’s preface is *not*. In fact, with all its undeniable ability, all its cloudy amplifications, tortuous energy of language, and organ notes of profounder eloquence pealing at intervals through the “*sound and fury*” of his political vaticinations,—merits which sufficed to propel that bulky satire through nearly a score of editions,—yet, at this day, it cannot be denied that the “*Pursuits of Literature*” was disfigured by much extravagance of invective, much license of tongue, much mean and impotent spite, (see his lying attempt to retort the jest of Colman * by raising a Greek dust,) but

grounded expectation for that applause which his labour and his ingenuity deserved ; but his views were disappointed by one of those events that no art of man can foresee or remedy. The vessel in which the whole impression was embarked, was overtaken by a storm before she could reach the English coasts, and foundered with all her cargo.

A very few copies only, which the learned author either kept for his own use, or had sent as presents by private hands, seem to have been preserved from the destruction which awaited the others ; and this work of Bellendenus has, therefore, from its scarcity, often escaped the notice of the most diligent collectors.

It is not to be found in the library of the Duke of Argyle, nor in that of the late Dr. Hunter ; neither Morhoffius nor Fabricius had ever seen it ; the *Observationes Literariæ* at Frankfort in 1728, which treat learnedly and copiously on scarce books, makes no mention of it. In a word, the single treatises are so rare, that not above ten of them are to be found in all the libraries of England. And of the larger work, it does not appear that more than six copies are known to exist ; one in the public library at Cambridge, a second in that of Emanuel College in the same university, long admired as a well-chosen collection of excellent books ; a third in All-Souls’ Library at Oxford, and two in the possession of the editors.†

* Colman had said, that the verse in the *Pursuits of Literature* was only “*a peg to hang the notes upon*.” Too obvious, perhaps, but also too true, for the irritable author, who had the meanness, amongst some impotent attempts at affecting a grin of *nonchalance*, to tell his readers that the jest was stolen—and stolen from Pindar ! Great was our curiosity on hearing this. A Pindaric jest ! What could it be, and where ? Was it an Olympic, or a Pythic jest ? Why, Pindar, it seems, “*said long before Mr. Colman, απο πασσαλου φορμιγγα λαβε*.” And what then ? *He took down his harp from a peg* ; that is to say, a literal harp from a literal peg. What earthly connection could that have with Mr. Colman’s jest ? Now this, though *in re levissima*, we regard as a downright villainy.

For the “*absolute silliness*,” amongst many hundred passages of pure trifling, or exquisite nonsense, let the reader look to his long note upon Mr. Goodwin, and his “*gun of generation* ;” where, under an impression that he

† There is another in the library of Shrewsbury School, left by Dr. Taylor, editor of Demosthenes, to that foundation.

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above all, (and in a degree which took all colour of propriety from his sneers at Parr,) by a systematic pedantry, without parallel in literature. To Parr it was open, at least, to have retorted, that in no instance had *he* left it a matter of doubt what language it was that he professed to be writing, whether it were Greek enamelled upon an English ground, or a substratum of Greek tessellated by English. That boast was something: more by a good deal than the learned satirist could pretend to. Such a *mosaic* as his hyper-Menippean satire, was never seen by man; unless, indeed, it were in one imitation (the *Millennium*) where the author, apparently determined to work in more colours than his master, had strewed his pages with Arabic and Persic, and actually pressed upon the particular and indulgent notice of the Lord Mayor, and aldermen in common council assembled, various interesting considerations in Coptic.

By such an accuser, then, Parr could not justly be placed upon defence. But really at any bar he did not need a defence. Writing professedly as a rhetorician, he caught at the familiar common-places of Roman rhetoric, and golden ornaments of Ciceronian mintage, just as in English we point our perorations with the gorgeous tropes of Jeremiah Taylor, relieve the austerity of our didactic speculations with the great harmonies of Milton, or lock up our sentences with massy keystones of Shakspearian sentiment. Thus far the famous Preface was no further arrayed in borrowed plumage than really became it as an avowed *bravura* of rhetorical art, deliberately unfolding its "dazzling fence" in passages of effect, and openly challenging admiration as a solemn agonistic effort of display and execution. What probably misled the unfriendly critic were the continued references in the margin to Cicero, or other masters of Latinity. But these were often no acknowledgments for obligations, but simply sanctions for particular uses of words, or for questionable forms of phraseology. In this Dr. Parr was even generous; for though he *did* sometimes leave traps for the unwary—

was lashing some peculiar conceit, or caprice of that gentleman, the satirist had unconsciously engaged himself with Hume, and his Doctrine of Causation.

We say so much upon this author, because (though almost forgotten at present), in our younger days, he had a splendour of success, not much surpassed even by the most popular writers of this present more literary generation; and because, spite of his bad taste, his pedantry, and his mystical affectations, he had a demon of originality about him, which makes him, after all, worthy of preservation.

A strange fact it is, in Dr. Parr's literary history, that this same malicious satirist, from whom he received insults so flagrant and so public, at an after period became his all but idolized friend. In saying this, we assume it as a thing admitted universally, and now scarcely needing a proof, that Mr. Mathias, and the satirist in question, were one and the same person. Letters from this Mr. Mathias are spoken of by Dr. Parr, in another period of his life, with a fervour of devotion, such as a Roman Catholic limits to the very holiest class of relics.

and this he acknowledged with a chuckling laugh—still in many more instances he saved them from the snares which were offered by these suspicious cases in Latinity.

Dismissing, however, in his own contemptuous words, this false and malicious exception to Dr. Parr's preface, "Quare suo, per me licet, sale nigro ii delectentur, suæque superbix morem gerant, qui me dictitant, veluti quendam ludimagistrum, ex alienis orationibus librum meum composuisse," it is very possible that there may be others with better foundation. Amongst these there is one, which we have heard most frequently pressed in conversation, and it is connected with a *questio vexatissima* on the general principles of modern Latin diction; was not the style hybrid, that is, a composite style, owned by no one age in particular, but made up by inharmorous contributions from many? We answer firmly—No. Words there are, undoubtedly—single words, and solitary phrases, and still oftener senses and acceptations* of words, which can plead no Ciceronian authority. But the mould—the structure—the *τυπος* of the sentence, *that* is always Roman, always such as Cicero would have understood and countenanced. Nay, many passages there are which Cicero could not have beat for his ears. Every sentence or period moves upon two principal determinations: its external connection in the first place—how does it arise, upon what movement of logic or the feeling from the preceding period? And, secondly, its own internal evolution. These *movements* (to speak dynamically) in the construction of sentences according to their treatment, (but, above all, in a language the most exquisitely artificial that human necessities have created,) become the very finest tests of their idiomatic propriety. In the management of these primary elements in

* Dr. Parr, but on what particular sense of necessity, we pretend not to conjecture, has used the word *textus* for *text*, and *margo* for *margin*; and he apologizes for them in the following words:—

"Quod textum et marginem, et alia istius modi verba sine ulla præfatione, et quasi *παρρησια* usurpavi, id ne bilem moveat inter eos" [for *inter eos* we should have substituted *istis*], "qui limatulum præ cæteris et politulum habere iudicium sibi videantur." And he goes on to say, that spiteful critics of shallow discernment make these cavils, which possibly they would not make if aware of the answer made to them by Henry Stephens: "Rem vir ille doctus et ingeniosus huc deduxit," "nimium sane fuerint delicatæ aures, quæ talia vocabula ferre non poterunt, quum præsertim alia desint." Well, let the question then be rested on that footing, and so decided. Nobody in the world, as the reader will collect from another part of this paper, has less sympathy than ourselves with idle cavillers, or less indulgence towards the scruples which grow out of excessive *puritanism* in style. Yet in these instances we do not perceive that the scruples are of that character. For we cannot perceive that the questionable words are protected by the reservation of Stephens—*quum alia desint*. Surely *ora libri* express *margin*, and *orationis perpetuitas*, or *continuitas sermonis*, might serve to express the idea of *text* (for the body of the composition, as contra-distinguished from its notes).

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the art of composition, Parr is a master. As to words, or separable parts, which a stroke of the pen can remove and supply, the effect, upon the whole, is little, and to modern ears, untrained by colloquial use to apprehend spontaneously the discordant association of archaisms, neologisms, scarcely any at all. Yet it is observable, that, to words only, and single phrases, the purists in Latin composition have most unwisely directed their attention.

Above all, the Ciceronian purists were famous in their day; a volume might be written on their history. Fierce sectarianism bred fierce latitudinarianism. Was a writer Ciceronian in his words and phrases? *That*, for some critics was the one demand. On the other hand, many piqued themselves on throwing off a restriction so severe, and for many subjects so disadvantageous. Some valued themselves on writing like Tacitus; some with larger and more natural taste, like Livy. Some even were content with a model as modern as Lipsius or Strada.

In such disputes all turns upon the particular purpose which a writer has in using the Latin idiom. Why, on what considerations, honouring what old prescriptive usage, or looking to what benefit, has an author used Latin at all? For evidently, in foregoing his own mother tongue, he has wilfully forfeited much ease and some power. His motives, therefore, must be very determinate in a choice so little for his own immediate interest. If, which is the commonest case, he writes Latin merely as a *lingua franca*—as the general language of the literary commonwealth of Christendom and, therefore, purely to create an extended circulation for his thoughts,—it is probable that his subject in these days will be derived from some branch of science, or at all events some theme treated didactically; for, as an orator, an essayist, or generally, as a fine writer, he can find no particular temptations in a language, which, whilst it multiplies his difficulties, must naturally limit his audience. On a mere calculation of good sense, we may predict that his subject will, in nine cases out of ten, be one which is paramount, by its matter, to all considerations of style and manner. Physics, for example, in some one of its numerous branches, mathematics, or some great standing problem of metaphysics. Now in such a case, if there be one rule of good taste more pressing than another, it is this—to reject all ornaments of style whatever,—in fact all style; for unless on a question which admits some action of the feelings, in a business of the pure understanding, style—properly defined—is impossible. Consequently, classical Latin, whether of gold, of silver, or of brass, is, in such a case, equally to be rejected. The reason upon which this rule stands is apparent.

Why is it that in law Latin we say *murdravit*, for he *murdered*,—*warrantizo*,—*homagium*, and so forth? Simply because the transcendent *matter* in all legal discussions, the great interests of life and property which law concerns, the overruling importance of the necessities to which law ministers, making intelligibility and distinction of cases to be the absorbing consideration, cannot but

throw into the shade every quality of writing which does not cooperate to that end; and for those qualities, which have a tendency even to clash with it, cannot but reduce them to the rank of puerile levities. The idea of *felony*, under its severe and exclusive limitation, according to our jurisprudence, could not be adequately reached by any Ciceronian term whatsoever; and this once admitted, it is evident that the filigree frost-work of classical fastidiousness must be allowed to melt at once before the great domineering influences of life in its elementary interests. Religion again, how much has *that* been found to suffer in the hands of classical precisions, to whom the whole vocabulary of Christianity,—all the technical terms of its divine economy, all its idioms*—such as *grace, sanctification, sacrament, regeneration, &c.*, were so many stones of offence and scandal for the terms, even where they did not reject the conceptions. Now, one law of good sense is paramount for all composition whatsoever, viz. that the subject, the very ideas, for the development of which only any composition at all became necessary, must not suffer prejudice, or diminution, from any scruples affecting the mere accessories of style or manner. Where both cannot co-exist, perish the style—let the subject-matter (to use a scholastic term) prosper!

This law governs every theme of pure science, or which is capable of didactic treatment. For instance, in Natural Philosophy, where the mere ideas under discussion, the bodies, the processes, the experiments, the instruments, are all alike almost in a region unknown and unsubjected to any jurisdiction of the classical languages, how vain, how puerile the attempt to fight against these natural, and for us insurmountable difficulties, by any system of clever equivocations, or ingenious compromises between the absolute barbarisms of the thing, and their nearest classical analogies. By such misdirected sleight-of-hand, what is effected? We sacrifice one principle without propitiating the other. Science, defrauded of her exactness, frowns: and the genius of classical elegance does not smile. Precision is wilfully forfeited; and no real ornament is gained. Wheresoever a man writes not for a didactic purpose, but for effect, wheresoever the

* Upon this subject, in its relation not to Latin, but to classical English, we have an Essay in our own times from a writer of great talent, Mr. Foster, the Baptist clergyman. It is strange to say, that the tendency of that essay is in direct hostility to his own peculiar views; doctrinally, he contends earnestly for the *peculiar* tenets and mysteries of the Christian economy. Yet, on the other hand, as a man of taste, he would banish all the consecrated terms which express them. Now, this is contradictory. With the peculiar and characteristic language would vanish the peculiar and characteristic doctrines. But, apart from this consequence, it is strange that Mr. Foster should overlook the analogical justification of a separate terminology, derived from so many similar cases of far less importance. For example, who complains of the Platonic theology for its peculiar vocabulary? Or, what reproach has it ever been to Jamblichus, to Proclus, to Plotinus, to Synesius, &c., that they wrote almost a sealed dialect to the profane?

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composition is not a mere means for conveying truths, but its own end and final object, there, and there only, it may be allowable to attempt a happy evasion of some modern barbarism by means of its nearest Roman equivalent. For example, in a sepulchral inscription, one of the finest modes of the serious epigram, where distinction for the understanding is nothing, and effect for the natural sensibilities is all in all, Dr. Parr might be justified in saying that a man died by a *ballista*, as the nearest classical weapon of offence to that which was really concerned in the fatal accident. But the same writer, treating any question of Natural Philosophy, could never have allowed himself so vague a term. To know that a man perished under a blow from some engine of war acted on by a mechanical force, without distinguishing whether gun or pistol, bomb, mortar, howitzer, or hand-grenade—might be all that was required to engage the reader's sympathy. Some little circumstantiality, some slight specification of details, is useful in giving direction and liveliness to a general tone of commiseration; whilst too minute an individualization of objects, not elevated enough to sustain any weight of attention, would both degrade the subject and disturb the natural current of the feelings by the disproportionate notice it would arrogate under the unwieldy periphrasis that might be necessary to express it. But, on the other hand, in pure physics, the primary necessity of rigorous distinction would demand an exact designation of the particular implement: size, weight, bore, mode of action, and quantity of resistance, might here all happen to be of foremost importance. Something, in fact, analogous to all this, for the case itself, and for the law which it suggests, may be found in the art of gardening, under its two great divisions of the useful and the ornamental. Taste was first applied to the latter. From the art of gardening, as cultivated for picturesque effects, laws and principles of harmonious grouping, of happy contrast, and of hidden co-operation in parts remote from each other, were soon derived. It was natural that some transfer should be attempted of these rules to the humbler province of kitchen gardens. Something was tried here, also, of the former devices for producing the picturesque; and the effects were uniformly bad. Upon which two classes of critics arose, one who supposed kitchen gardens to be placed altogether out of the jurisdiction of taste, and another, who persisted in bringing them within it, but unfortunately by means of the very same rules as those which govern the larger and more irregular province of pleasure gardens. The truth lay between the two parties; the last were right in supposing that every mode of exhibiting objects to the eye had its own susceptibilities (however limited) of beauty, and its own rules of good taste. The first, on the other hand, were equally right in rejecting the rules of the picturesque, as applicable to arrangements in which utility and convenience presided. Beauty, "wild without rule or art, enormous bliss," (that is, bliss which transcends all *norma*, or artificial measurements.) which is Milton's emphatic summing up of the luxuries of Eden, obey a much wider law, and in that proportion more difficult to be abstracted than the elegance of

trim arrangement. But even this has its own appropriate law of ornament. And the mistake is to seek it by translation from some province, differing essentially, and by its central principle, from itself. Where it is possible (as in ornamental gardening on the English plan it is) to appear as an assistant, and in subordination to nature, making her the principal artist, and rather directing her efforts than positively interfering with them—there, it is certain, that the wild, the irregular, the illimitable, and the luxuriant, have their appropriate force of beauty; and the tendency of art is no more than simply to assist their development, and to sustain their effect, by removing whatever is inharmonious. But in a system of which utility is the object, utility must also be the law and source of the beauty. That same convenience, which dictates arrangement and limitation as its own subsidiary instruments, ought to dictate these same principles as the presiding agents for the creation of appropriate ornaments. Instead of seeking a wild picturesque, which delights in concealing, or in revealing only by fits, the subtle and half evanescent laws under which it grows, good taste suggests imperatively, as the object we should court, a beauty of the architectural kind, courting order and symmetry, avowing, not hiding its own artifices, and absolutely existing by correspondence of parts.

Latin composition falls into the same or analogous divisions; and these divisions obey the same or corresponding rules. The highest form of Latin composition, ornamented Latin, which belongs to a difficult department of the higher *belles lettres*, clothes itself, by natural right, in the whole pomp and luxury of the native Roman idiom. Didactic Latin, of any class, in which the subject makes it impossible to sustain that idiom for two consecutive sentences, abandons it professedly, and creates a new law for itself. Even the art of annotation, a very extensive branch of purely didactic Latin, and cultivated by immense numbers of very able men, has its own peculiar laws and proprieties, which must be sought in the works of those who have practised it with success.*

For an example, in support of what we have been saying, and illustrating the ludicrous effect, which arises from a fastidiously classical phraseology employed upon a subject of science, we might refer our readers to the collection of letters between Leibnitz and various correspondents in different parts of Europe, published at Hanover by Feder among which are some extra superfine letters by a certain Italian Abbé.

It is really as good as a comedy, to see the rope-dancing tricks of agility by which this finical Italian *petit-maitre* contrives to talk of electricity, retorts, crucibles, and gas, in terms that might have delighted the most delicate ears of Augustan Rome. Leibnitz pays him some compliments, as he could do no less, upon his superfine

* Amongst whom, by the way, Bentley stands foremost; whilst Forson is the least felicitous in giving a scholarlike expression to his notes.

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apparel; but evidently he is laughing in his sleeve at the hyperbolical pains and perspiration that each paragraph of his letters must have cost him. This Italian simply carried a pretty common mistake to a ridiculous excess. The notion is universal, that even in writing upon scientific subjects, it is right to strive after classical grace, in that extent to which it shall be found attainable. But this is false taste. Far juster, better, and more self-consistent, is the plain, unpretending Latin of the great heroes of philosophy—Lord Bacon, Des Cartes, and Leibnitz.* They court no classical ornaments, nor rhetorical phrases; yet the Latin idiom, though not studiously courted, is never harshly violated. Philosophic ideas, philosophic dogmas, of modern birth, are not antedated by giving them pagan names. Terms of modern science, objects of modern discovery, are not disguised in a ridiculous masquerade of classical approximations, presenting a conjectural travesty, rather than a just and responsible translation by fair equivalents. The interests of the sense, and the demands of the primary purpose, are everywhere made the governing considerations; and whilst the barbarisms of some amongst the schoolmen are never imitated, and no idioms positively modern are adopted, the pure Roman idiom is only so far courted as it favours the ends of expedition and precision. In short, we shall not much err in making this general assertion, that a philosophic Latin style, suited to the wants of modern speculation and modern research, has gradually matured itself under the hands of the great philosophic reformers: an ancient language has bent to the pressure of new circumstances, and of modern revolutions in thinking; and it might be shown, that it has, in fact, thrown off a new and secondary idiom, neither modern nor antique, and better fitted for dispatch, though less showy, than that of ancient Rome; and this secondary idiom has been created in the same way, and by the same legitimate agency, as any language whatsoever, viz. by the instincts of feeling, and the necessities of the human mind. Voluntarily and consciously, man never did nor could create a language. †

* We may add, as equal with the very foremost of them, Immanuel Kant, whose Latin is of the best philosophic character. He had studied as a fellow-pupil with the celebrated Latinist, Ruhnkenius, and had a true sense of elegance in this particular accomplishment. By the way, on this occasion we may observe, that Hobbes was a villanous writer of Latin; and the common story of Lord Bacon's value for him in that character is undoubtedly false. Not a line of the Latin *De Augmentis* could have been written by Hobbes.

† Lord Bacon's style is so much moulded by his own peculiar plastic intellect, that it is difficult to separate the elements of the total compound, that part which represented individually himself, and that which belonged to his era and position, which he occupied as a revolutionary philosopher under a domineering influence of circumstances. But from the plainer and less splendid, though perhaps more sublime, mind of Des Cartes, we receive a diction which better reflects the general standard of his era. Of this diction we venture to pronounce, that though far removed from classical Latinity, it is equally far from the other extreme of barbarism, and has an *indoles*, or *genius sui generis*, and its own peculiar laws.

The great men we speak of, as all men engaged in that function, were controlled by circumstances existing out of themselves, viz. the demands of human thinking, as they have gradually been unfolded, and the needs of experimental philosophy. In maturing their product, that neutral diction of philosophy which is neither modern nor ancient, they were themselves controlled by the circumstances we state: yet, again, as they started with a scholarlike knowledge of the ancient Roman idiom, they have reciprocally so far reacted upon these circumstances, and controlled their natural tendency, as not to suffer their own vernacular idioms to impress themselves upon their new diction, or at all to mould its shape and character.

Into these discursive notices we have allowed ourselves to wander, from the interest which attaches to every phasis of so imperishable a monument of Roman power as survives for all cultivated nations in the Roman language; and also from its near connection with our immediate subject. Recalling ourselves, however, into that branch of our theme which more particularly concerns Dr. Parr, who wrote little (if anything) in the neutral or didactic form of the Latin idiom, but came forward boldly as a performer on the great classical lyre of that majestic language,—we have said, that in our judgment he was a skilful performer: we will add, that, in spite of his own modest appreciation of his own claims, he was much more skillful than those who have been most accredited for this accomplishment in modern England: particularly, he was superior, as a master of Latinity, to Sir William Jones and Bishop Lowth, the two most celebrated English composers in Latin through the course of the eighteenth century.

Whilst thus limiting our comparison of Parr to English competitors for the same sort of fame, we are reminded that Reiske, the well-known editor of the Greek Orators, a hasty and careless, but a copious scholar, and himself possessing a masterly command over the Latin language, has pronounced a general censure (Preface to Demosthenes) of English Latinity. In this censure, after making the requisite limitations, we confess that reluctantly we concur. Not that the continent does not keep us in countenance by its own breed of bald composers: but our English deficiencies are the more remarkable when placed in opposition to the unquestionable fact, that in no country upon earth have the gentry, both professional and non-professional, and the majority even of the higher aristocracy, so large a tincture of classical knowledge. What is still more remarkable, some of our first-rate scholars have been our poorest masters of Latinity. In particular, Taylor, the eminent civilian and the able editor of Demosthenes, whose style it was, to the best of our remembrance, in connection with some ill-natured sneer of Wolff, that furnished the immediate provocation to Reiske's remark, was a poor composer in Latin; and Porson, a much greater scholar than any of these men, as a Latinist was below the meanest of them. In fact, he wrote Latin of any kind—such Latin even as was framed on his own poor ideal, with singular want of freedom and facility: so much we read in the very movement of his bald disjointed style. But

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(more than all *that*) his standard and conception of Latin style was originally bad, and directed to the least valuable of its characteristics. Such an adventurous flight, and a compass so wide as that of Parr, was far beyond Porson's strength of pinion. He has not ventured, in any instance that we are aware of, to trust himself through the length of three sentences to his own impulses; but, in his uniform character of annotator, timidly creeps along shore, attached to the tow-line of his text, and ready to drop his anchor on the least summons to stretch out to sea. In this, however, there is something equivocal: timidity of thinking may perhaps be as much concerned in his extreme reserve, as penury of diction. But one most unequivocal indication of incompetence as a Latin composer, is to be found in the structure of his sentences, which are redolent of English idiom. In reality, the one grave and mortal taint of English Latinity is—that it is a translation, a rendering back, from an English archetype. In that way, and upon any such principle, good Latin never can arise. It grows up by another process. Good Latin *begins*, as well as terminates, in itself. To write like an ancient Roman, a man must *think* in Latin. Every translation out of an English original must necessarily fail of becoming good Latin by any mode of transmutation that an ordinary activity can ever hope to accomplish: from its English shape, the thoughts, the connections, the transitions, have *already received a determination* this way or that, fitting them for the yoke of an English construction. Even the most absolute fixtures (to use that term) in an English structure, must often be unsettled, and the whole framework of the period be taken to pieces and recast in a thoroughly Latin composition. The interrogative form must often be changed to the absolute affirmative, and *vice versâ*; parenthetical intercalations must often be melted into the body of the sentence; qualifications and restraints, added or omitted; and the whole thought, its succession, and connection altered, before it will be fitted to receive a direct Latin version.

This part of our subject, and, in connection with it, Dr. Parr's singular command of the Latin idiom, we might easily illustrate by a few references to the Bellenden Preface; and there is the more propriety in a studious use of this preface, because Parr himself declared to one of his friends, [Dr. Johnstone's *Memoirs*, p. 263,] "there are in the preface almost all the phraseological beauties I know in Latin."

But this task we must reserve for a separate paper, which we meditate on modern Latinity. For the present, we hasten to a class of the Doctor's Latin compositions, in which his merits are even more conspicuous—because more characteristically his own.

In the epitaphs of Dr. Parr, as amongst the epitaphs of this country, where a false model has prevailed—the lapidary style and arrangement, and an unseasonable glitter of rhetoric—there is a rare, almost a unique body of excellence. Indeed, from these inscriptions, we believe it possible to abstract all the *negative* laws which should preside in this species of composition. The sole defect

is in the *positive* qualities. Whatsoever an epitaph ought *not* to be, that too frequently it is; and by examining Dr. Parr's in detail, we shall find by the uniformity of his abstinence in those circumstances which most usually offer the matter of offence, that his abstinence was not accidental: and, that *implicitly*, as the scholastic phrase is, that is, by involution and silent implication, all the canons of a just theory on this branch of art are there brought together and accumulated. This is no light merit; indeed, when we reflect upon it, and consider how many and how able men have failed, we begin to think that Sam was perhaps a greater man by the intention of nature, than our villanous prejudices have allowed us to suppose. But with this concession to the *negative* merits of the Doctor, let it not be thought illiberal in us to connect a repetition of our complaint as to the defects of the *ad affirmative* in this collection. Every act is there illustrated which can minister to the gratification of the judgment: the grand defect is in all that should affect the sensibility. It is not enough in an epitaph, that it does not shock or revolt my taste or sense of propriety—of decorum—or the *convenances* arising out of place, purpose, occasion, or personal circumstances. The absence of all this leaves me in the condition requisite for being suitably affected: and I now look for the *ad positive* which is to affect me. Everything has been removed by the skilful hand of the composer, which could interfere with, or disturb, the sanctity or tenderness of my emotions: "And now then," as Lady Rodolpha Lumercourt demands, the ground being cleared, "why don't you proceed to ravish me?" Why don't you launch your *spicula* and arrows, and stings of pathos? The Grecian *epigrammata*—that matchless beauroll of tender expressions for all household feelings that could blossom amongst those for whom no steady dawn of celestial hopes had risen—that treasury of fine sentiment, where the natural pieties of the human heart have ascended as high as a religion so unimaginative, and so little suited to the necessities of the heart, could avail to carry them—do not rely for their effect merely upon the chastities of their composition. Those graces act simply in the way of resistance to all adverse forces: but their *absolute* powers lie in the frank language of natural grief, trusting to its own least elaborate expression, or in the delicacies of covert and circumstantial allusion. Of this latter kind, we have a frequent example in Dr. Parr himself:—when he numbers the hours even of a young man's life, he throws the attention indirectly on the affecting brevity of his career, and on the avaricious love in the survivors clinging tenaciously to the record of his too fugitive hours, even in their minutest fractions. Applied to elder persons, this becomes too much of a mechanical artifice. But, at all events, the pointed expression by any means, or artifice whatever, of the passions suited to the occasion, is far too rare in the Parrian inscriptions. One might suppose even that pious grief and tender *desiderium*, the final cause, and the efficient cause, at one and the same moment, of epitaphs, was, in Dr. Parr's estimate, no more than a *lucro ponamus*, something indifferent to its essence, and thrown

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in casually, and to boot, as a *bonus* beyond what we are entitled to.

Allowing, however, for this one capital defect, all the laws of good composition, and of Latin composition, in particular, are generally observed by Dr. Parr; the spirit of them always:—and other important rules might be collected from his letters, or abstracted (as we said above) from the epitaphs themselves. In particular he objected, and we think most judiciously, to the employment of direct *quotations* in an epitaph. He did not give his reasons: perhaps he only felt them. On a proper occasion, we fancy that we could develop these reasons at some length. At present it is sufficient to say, that quotations always express a mind not fully possessed by its subject, and abate the tone of earnestness which ought to preside either in very passionate or in very severe composition. A great poet of our own days, in writing an ode, felt that a phrase which he had borrowed ought not to be marked as a quotation; for that this reference to a book had the effect of breaking the current of the passion. In the choice of his Latinity, also, Dr. Parr prescribed to himself, for this department of composition, very peculiar and very refined maxims. The guide whom he chiefly followed was one not easily obtained for love or money—*Morcellus de Stylo Inscriptionum*. Yet sometimes he seems to have forgotten his own principles. An epitaph was sent for his approbation, written by no less a person than Louis XVIII. All the world is aware that this prince was a man of cultivated taste, and a good classical scholar. He was, however, for such a task, something too much of a Catholic bigot; and he disfigured his epitaph by introducing the most unclassical Latinity of the Vulgate. Nevertheless, Dr. Parr thought proper to approve of this. Now we admit, and the spirit of our remarks already made on the Latinity suitable for scientific subjects will have shown that we admit, cases in which classical Latin ought professedly to bend to modifications. We admit also that the Vulgate translation, from the sanctity of its authority in the Romish church, comes within the privileged class of cases which we have created for a secondary order of Latinity, deserving to be held classical in its own proper jurisdiction. Sepulchral inscriptions for Christian countries being usually in churches, or their consecrated purlieus, may be thought by some to fall peculiarly within that line. But we say—No. It would be so, were the custom of monumental inscription wholly, or in its first origin, a religious one; whereas epitaphs are primarily a matter of feeling and sentiment, not at all prescribed by religion, but simply checked and modified by the consecrated place in which they are usually erected, and by the religious considerations associated with the contemplation of death. This is our opinion, and ought to be Dr. Parr's; for, in writing to Sir Joshua Reynolds on the subject of an epitaph for Dr. Johnson, amongst other judicious reflections on the general subject of Latin inscriptions, he says, "If Latin is to be the language, the whole spirit and the whole phraseology ought to be *such as a Latin writer*

would use." Now the Vulgate translation of the Scriptures would have been nearly unintelligible in the ages of classic Rome, and nowhere more so than in that particular passage which fell under Dr. Parr's examination.

Still, after criticism has done its worst, and even with some instances of "vulnerable" Latinity before us, which we shall produce in our next and closing article, justice demands at our hands, in a general estimate of the doctor's pretensions, a very frank admission, that, as a master of Latinity, and pretty generally as a Latin scholar, Samuel Parr was the first man of his century. *O! si sic omnia!*

The laws of the Epitaph, a peculiar and most interesting branch of monumental inscription, and the modification of these laws as applied to *Christian* cemeteries, present a most attractive subject to the philosopher, and the man of taste in conjunction. Some time or other, *permissu Superiorum*, (*i. e. Christophero annuente*,) we purpose to investigate them in both characters. Meantime, we shall relegate the inquirer to an essay on this subject by Mr. Wordsworth, the sole even tentative approximation which we know towards a philosophic valuation of epitaphs, upon fixed principles. His essay is beautifully written, and finely conceived. The central principle of an epitaph he states thus (we do not pretend to quote, speaking from a recollection of sixteen years back): It expresses, or ought to express, the most absolute synthesis of the generic with the individual,—that is to say, starting from what a man has *in common* with all his species, the most general affections of frail humanity—its sufferings and its pleasures, its trials and triumphs, its fears and awful hopes—starting from this as the indispensable ground of a *universal* sympathy, it goes forward to what a man has most peculiar and personal to himself;—his talents and their special application—his fortunes, and all the other incommunicable circumstances of his life, as the ground for challenging a separate and peculiar attention. The first element of an epitaph claims the benefit of participation in a catholic interest: the second claims it in that peculiar degree which justifies a separate and peculiar record. This most general idea of an epitaph, or sepulchral inscription, which is valid for all forms of religion, falls in especially with the characteristic humility of the Christian character. However distinguished amongst his earthly peers, yet in the presence of that Being whose infinity confounds all earthly distinctions, every man is bound to remember, in the first place, those great bonds of a common mortality—a common frailty—and a common hope, which connect him with the populous "nations of the grave." His greatest humiliation, but also his most absolute glory, lies in that mysterious incarnation of an infinite spirit in a fleshly robe, which makes him heir to the calamities of the one, but also co-heir to the imperishable dowry of the other. As the basis, therefore, of all the interest which he can claim from the passing reader, as an introductory propitiation also to the Christian *genius loci*, and as the basis on which all his honours as an individual must rest, he begins by avowing his humanity—his absolute

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identity with what is highest and lowest, wisest and simplest, proudest and meanest, in all around him.

This principle must preside in every epitaph alike. There is another equally important, which should govern the conclusion; and, like that which we have just been urging, as, on the one hand, it is prompted by universal good taste, and therefore claimed its rights even under a Pagan mythology, so, on the other, it lends itself, with a peculiar emphasis, to the characteristic tone of a Christian epitaph. It is this:—we may observe that all poets of the highest class, whether otherwise delighting or not in the storm and tumultuous agitation of passion, whether otherwise tragic or epic, in the constitution of their minds, yet by a natural instinct, have all agreed in tending to peace and absolute repose, as the state in which only a sane constitution of feelings can finally acquiesce. And hence, even in those cases where the very circumstances forbade the absolute tranquillity of happiness and triumphant enjoyment, they have combined to substitute a secondary one of resignation. This may be one reason that Homer has closed, with the funeral rites of Hector, a part of the Iliad, which otherwise has been thought an excrescence. Perhaps he was unwilling to leave us with the painful spectacle of the noble and patriotic martyr dragged with ruffian violence about the walls which he had defended,—the coming desolation of Troy in prospect—the frenzy of grief in its first tempestuous career amongst the Trojan women and spectators, and the agitations of sympathy in the reader, as yet mourning and untranquillized. A final book, therefore, removes all these stormy objects, and leaves the stage in possession of calmer scenes, and of emotions more elevating, tranquillizing, and soothing:—

Ὡς οἴγ' ἀμφίπυρον ταφῶν Ἑκτόρος ἰπποδαμοιο.

“So tended they the grave [ministered to the obsequies] of Hector, the ταντ of horses.”

Or, to give it the effect of Pope's rhythmus,

“Such honours Ilion to her hero paid;
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.”

In one sense, indeed, and for the peculiar auditory whom Homer might contemplate—an audience likely to merge the universal sense of humanity in the local sense of Grecian patriotism—the very calamities of Troy and her great champion were the triumphs of Greece; and, so far, it might be contended that the true point of repose is the final and absolute victory of Achilles; and, in that sense, that the last book is an excrescence, or only ceremonial train to the voluminous draperies of the Iliad, in compliance with the religious usages of ancient Greece. But it is probable that our own view of the case is more correct; for there is other and independent evidence that Homer himself was catholic enough in his sensibilities to sympathize powerfully with Hector and Priam, and means his

hearers to do so. Placing himself, therefore, at least for the occasion, in the neutral position of a modern reader, whose sympathies are equally engaged for Greece and for Troy, he felt the death of Hector as an afflicting event; and the attending circumstances more as agitating than as triumphant; and added the last book as necessary to regain the key of a durable equanimity. In *Paradise Lost*, again, this principle is still more distinctly recognized, and is practically applied to the case by an artifice even more elaborate. There the misery—the anguish, at one point of the action—the despair—are absolute; nor does it appear at first sight how, or by what possibility, the reader was to repossess himself of the peace and fortitude which even the sullen midnight of tragedy requires, much more the large sunlight of the *Epopee*. *Paradise* was lost; that *idea* ruled and domineered in the title; how was it to be forgotten, how palliated even, in the conclusion? Thus:—if *Paradise* was *Lost*, *Paradise* was also *Regained*; and though that event could not actually enter into the poem, without breaking its unity in the most flagrant manner, yet, proleptically, and in the way of vision, it might. Such a vision is placed by the arch-angelic comforter before Adam—purged with euphrasy and rue, his eye beholds it—and, in part, the angel tells it. And the consolations which in this way reach Adam, reach the reader no less; and the reader is able to unite with our general father in his thankful acknowledgment:—

“Greatly instructed shall I hence depart;
Greatly *in peace of mind*.”

Accordingly, spite of the triumphs of Satan—spite of Sin and all-conquering Death, who had left the gates of Hell for their long abode on earth—spite of the pollution, wretchedness, and remorse that had now gained possession of man—spite of the far-stretching limit of the contagion, which (in the impressive instances of the eagle and the lion)* too evidently showed itself by “mute signs,” as having already seasoned for corruption earth and its inheritance—yet, by means of this one sublime artifice, which brings together the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end of time, the last day of man’s innocence and the first of his restoration, it is contrived that a two-fold peace—the peace of resignation and the peace of hope—should harmonize the key in which the departing strains of this celestial poem roll off; and its last cadences leave behind an echo, which, with the solemnity of the grave, has also the halcyon peace of the grave, and its austere repose. A third instance we have—even more direct and unequivocal, of the same principle, from this same poet, both involved in his practice, and also consciously contemplated:—in the *Samson Agonistes*, though a tragedy of

* See the fine incidents (*Paradise Lost*, b. ix.) of the earliest hostility amongst animals, which first announce to Adam the immeasurable extent of the wreck.

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most tumultuous catastrophe, it is so contrived, by the interposition of the chorus, who, fixing their hopes in the heavens, are unshaken by sublunary griefs, not only that all should terminate

“In peace of spirit and sublime repose,”

but also that this conclusion should be expressly drawn out in words as the great moral *ἐπιμύθιον* of the drama; in which, as in other features, it recalls, in its most exquisite form, the Grecian model which it proposed, together with that fine transfiguration of moral purpose that belonged to a higher, purer, and far holier religion.

Peace then, severe tranquillity, the brooding calm, or *γαλήνη* of the Greeks, is the final key into which all the storms of passion modulate themselves in the hands of great poets.

“In war itself—war is no ultimate end.”*

All tumult is for the sake of rest—action, with a view to durable possession—tempest, but the harbinger of calm—suffering, the condition of permanent enjoyment. Peace, in a double sense, may be supposed inscribed on the portals of all cemeteries: the peace, in the first place, of the visible scene, as the final haven after the storms of life,—and in this sense the sentiment belongs equally to the Pagan, the Mahometan and the Christian; secondly, the peace of resignation to the will of God, in the meek surrender at his call of those on whom our profoundest affections had settled. This sentiment is *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, if not exclusively, a sentiment of Christianity. And this it is in which all Christian epitaphs should terminate. Hence (as, we think, Mr. Wordsworth has remarked) it is peculiarly offensive to a just taste, were no higher principle offended, that despair—or obstinate refusal of consolation—should influence the expression of an epitaph. The example which we believe that he alleges of this capital fault, is from the famous monument erected by Sir Brooke Boothby to his only daughter. The closing words of the inscription are to this effect—“The wretched parents ventured their all upon this frail bark, *and the wreck was total.*” Here there are three gross faults: 1st, It is a rebellious expression of despair, and that within the very walls of a Christian church: 2d, As a movement of *violent* passion, it is transient: despair cannot long sustain itself: hence it is pointedly out of harmony with the *durability* of a marble record. How puerile to sculpture laboriously with the chisel, and thus invest with a monumental eternity, a sentiment which must already have become obsolete before the sculptor has finished his task! 3dly, This vicious sentiment is expressed figuratively; that is, fancifully. Now, all action of the fancy is out of place in a sepulchral record. No sentiment is *there* appropriate except the weightiest, massiest, and most elementary; no expression of it, except the simplest and severest.

“Calm passions *there* abide, majestic pains.”

* Coleridge's *Wallenstein*.

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These great laws of feeling, in this difficult and delicate department of composition, are obeyed with more rigour in the epitaphs of Dr. Parr, than perhaps anywhere else. He was himself too deeply sensible of human frailty, and he looked up to a moral governor of the world with a reverence too habitual, to have allowed himself in rash or intemperate thoughts, when brought upon any ground so nearly allied to his sacred functions. And, with regard to the *expressions* of his thoughts, except to the extent of a single word—as for instance, *velificari*, in which the metaphorical application has almost obliterated the original meaning—we remember nothing figurative, nothing too gay, nothing luxuriant;—all is chaste, all classical—all suited to the solemnity of the case. Had Dr. Parr, therefore, written under the additional restraints of verse, and had he oftener achieved a distinguished success in the pathetic, as an artist in Monumental Inscriptions, we must have been compelled to place him in the very highest class.*

PART IV.

ABOUT the year 1789, Dr. Parr was involved in two literary broils—the one purely offensive, the other nearly so—though, as usual, the doctor coloured them to his own mind, as measures of just retaliation. The first was his republication of a forgotten

* The criticisms which Dr. Parr received upon his epitaphs he bore impatiently. He had lofty notions, with which few people had much sympathy, on the dignity of his art: *magnificabo apostolatum meum*, was his motto. And in reality, having cultivated it a good deal, and meditated on it still more, he had naturally come to perceive truths and relations of truths (for everything intellectual yields upon investigation a world of new views) to which men in general were blind from mere defect of attention. This fretted him: and in some instances it must be acknowledged that the criticisms were both frivolous and vexatious. Could it be credited that Charles Fox, who wrote very passable Greek verses, and other scholars as good, were actually unacquainted with the true Roman sense of the word *Probabilis*? Dr. Parr had described Johnson as *probabilis poeta*, meaning, of course, *a respectable poet*—one that wrote creditably, one upon whom approbation might justly settle. This is the true and sole use of the word in classical Latinity. *Ratio probabilis* is an argument, &c., such as the understanding can submit to, in contradistinction to one that commands instant and universal assent. So, again, the elegant Gravina, in a passage now open before us, says *Probabilis orator*, or *a pretty good speaker*. But Dr. Parr's critics clearly understood the word as synonymous with *verisimilis*, or as answering to the English word *probable*, in the sense of having an overbalance of chances in its favour. *Horresco refrens*! such a use of the word *probabilis* would be the merest dog-Latin.

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pamphlet, written by Bishop Warburton, and afterwards anxiously suppressed by his orders; and to this he united another, "by a Warburtonian," viz. Bishop Hurd; prefixing to the whole a preface, and a most rhetorical dedication, from his own pen, in which he labours to characterize both the bishops, but especially the living one, in terms that, whilst wearing some show of justice, should also be as sarcastic and as injurious as possible. The mere act of reviving what the authors themselves had been zealous to suppress, is already sufficiently offensive, and expressive of a spiteful mind, had the preface even been spared. What are we to consider the provocation to a piece of mischief so puerile, and apparently so wanton? Listen to the doctor, and you will suppose that no motive but the purest and most philanthropic had governed him: Leland had been "most petulantly insulted, and Jortin most inhumanly vilified." Well—and what then? Better men than ever stood upon *their* pins have been insulted and vilified, nay, hustled, flogged, smashed, and robbed of gold watches and seals. Besides, hard words break no bones. And why could not the two dissenters have settled their own quarrels with the two bishops? In effect, they *had* done so. Why must Dr. Parr intrude his person into the row, long after it was extinct, and when three out of four parties interested were in their graves? Oh, but, says Dr. Parr, the example was the thing; neither of the offenders had been punished; and their impunity, if tolerated, would encourage future bishops to the same species of offence. He was resolved to deter others from supposing "that what has been repeatedly and deliberately done in secret, will not, sooner or later, be punished openly." Finally, coming nearer to the true purpose of the whole, he avows that "it was intended to *lessen the number of those who speak too well of Bishop Hurd.*"

Vain and tortuous disguises of malice self-betrayed! Now, let us hear the true lurking motives to this almost unprincipled attack, which Dr. Parr so studiously masked under pretexts of public purposes. One writer tells us that Parr, on a visit to Hartlebury (the Bishop of Worcester's residence), had been dismissed with little ceremony, and with hospitable attentions either none at all, or so chilling as to pique his pride. This anecdote, however, we have reason to think, refers to a period subsequent to the original offence. Perhaps this might first arise, as a *mutual* offence, in a case where the bishop drew upon himself the ferocious resentment of Parr, by his hesitation in passing one of Parr's friends, then a candidate for holy orders. Even this resentment, however, was possibly no more than the first expression of Parr's secret mortification at the bishop's private opinion of his sermon on education. Nothing travels faster in this world than the ill-natured critiques of literary men upon each other; and Parr probably heard from a thousand quarters that Hurd had expressed his dislike to the style, or the preposterous length of this "vernacular sermon." That this anecdote is true, nobody doubts who remembers the pointed manner in which Parr himself

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alludes, in his dedication, to Bishop Hurd's "rooted antipathy to long vernacular sermons from Dr. Parr."

Such are often the true motives even of good men, when their personal feelings are roused. The whole pretence of Parr was a fiction. Jortin and Leland were already avenged: both had retaliated upon Hurd, and, as Parr fancied, with success: the one, he said, had "chastised" Hurd with "wit"—the other had "baffled" him with "argument." So many cudgellings for one crime were out of all rule. "These two excellent men," says Parr, "were not to be annoyed again and again by the poisonous arrows of slander." Neither was this excellent bishop to be "again and again" pulled up to the public bar, and annoyed for having annoyed them. "Tit for tat" all the world over: and if a man, "being fap," as Pistol observes, and also too lively with young blood, will "try conclusions," and perhaps "assault and batter" a leash of worthy men, he must pay. But *having* paid—(as, suppose, five pounds)—then, at Bow Street or anywhere else, he is held entitled to his five pounds' worth of battery. He has bought it, settled the bill, and got a stamped receipt. For *them* to claim further payment—entitles *him* to further battery.

But one argument shall put down Dr. Parr's pretences. Were Jortin and Leland the only parties to whom Hurd or Warburton had furnished actionable matter? Not by a hundred. They had run a-muck at all the men who lay in their path. To go no farther than one of Parr's friends: Bishop Lowth and Hume had been assailed with more injustice than either of those for whom Parr stood forward. Hurd had called Hume "a puny dialectician." Now this was insolence. Hume, even as a *literator*, was every way superior to the bishop; but, as a dialectician, Hume to Hurd was a Titan to a pigmy. *The Essay on Necessary Connection*, which was the seed that has since germinated into the mighty forest of German philosophy, was hardly in one sentence within Hurd's comprehension. As to Lowth, we would not quarrel with those who should fasten a quarrel upon him.

But, if that is our way of thinking, it was not Parr's. He was incensed at Hurd for his depreciation of Lowth. He was incensed with him, and justly, for his affected contempt of Hume. He was incensed with another worthy bishop for insidiously calling Lardner "industrious," as though, in raising such a pile as the *Credibility of Gospel History*, (a work which, to our knowledge, once broke a man's spinal bone, so many and so stout are its volumes!) he had no other merit than that of supporting his "wife and family." Why then, my Sam, did you not visit for these offences? This question, so far as it regards Hume, Sam answers himself. "Leland and Jortin," says he, "had a right to expect from their clerical opponent a milder and more respectful treatment than that given to a sceptic who scoffed at all the principles of religion."* By no means, doc-

* Dr. Parr adds—"and who had endeavoured to loosen the strongest

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tor; we beg your pardon. Leland and Jortin had a right to fair play; and to so much every man, *Tros Tyriusve*, has the same right. But, once for all, let us hear an answer to this: If Leland and Jortin had a privileged case by comparison with Hume, and a claim upon Hurd's forbearance, much more had Lowth a privileged case as regarded Parr, and a claim, if any man could have, upon his vindictive friendship. For Lowth had been Parr's earliest patron. How comes it then, that he left Lowth to the protection of Providence? Lowth, it will be said, redressed his own wrongs. True. He did so; but so did all of them—Hume, Jortin, Leland, and the "tottle of the whole." Supposing, therefore, Dr. Parr sought a case for his Quixotism, in which he might avenge a man that was past avenging himself, why did he not swinge his patron, Lowth, for taking liberties with Richard Bentley? This case was a very bad one; the "petulance" of Hurd could not be worse than the petulance of Lowth; and what a difference in the objects of their attack! Finally, let us remember this: Milner, the papist of Winchester, had the audacity publicly to denounce Porteus, Bishop of London, as a bigot and falsifier of facts; Bishop Hoadley and Bishop Shipley, as Socinians; Hallifax, Bishop of Durham, as a papist, (thus literally applying to Dr. Hallifax the very identical aspersion which he had himself wiped off from Bishop Butler, in his edition of that prelate's works); Dr. Rennell as a knave; and the Bishops Barrington, Watson, Benson, and Sparke, as insincere believers in the Protestant faith. This ruffian, for such he really was, Dr. Parr addressed in a long letter meant for the press. But he never printed his letter; and, now that it is printed, what do we find? An expostulation running over with courtesy, forbearance, and unreasonable concessions; no sneering, no threats. So mild was Dr. Parr in defending outraged truth—so furious in avenging his wounded self-love!

Such was the famous attack on Hurd, in its moving impulse. As to its literary merit, doubtless that is very considerable. Perhaps the author of the "Pursuits of Literature," went too far in styling it "astonishing and splendid." Assuredly it is in bad taste—not so much for its excess of antithesis, simply considered; *that* is rightly defended by Mr. Field as a legitimate engine of rhetorical effects; but for the effort and visible straining which are often too palpably put forth, in finding matter suitable for loading the opposite scales

obligations of morality." These words are likely to be overlooked, as though they were thrown in merely to round the rhythmus of the sentence, or (if really significant) importing no more than that relaxation of morals which naturally accompanies the shaking of religious sanctions. But more is meant than this; and there is a mystery in the matter which we cannot fathom. For elsewhere (vol. iii. p. 378), he speaks of the destructive consequences of Hume's Essays "to the sacred interests of morality:"—and still more pointedly in another place (on Politics, Jurisprudence, &c., vol. iii. p. 283), he speaks of Hume as having "taught the inconsiderate and the innocent to think with diminished horror not of adultery only, but of other impurities too flagitious to be named." What does he mean?

of the antithetic balance. However, it is a *jeu d'esprit* of great ability, and may give to an English reader some notion of the Belviden Preface.*

The other feud of this period forms a singular chapter in the secret history of books. Dr. White, the Oxford Professor of Arabic, had preached and published the Bampton lectures. They were much admired.† All at once a discovery was made, that a part of these lectures had been written by a Mr. Badcock, a dissenting minister, recently dead, who latterly conformed to the Church of England. This discovery was made through a bond for 500*l.* given by Dr. White to Mr. Badcock, which his sister endeavoured to recover, and which the Professor was weak enough to resist. The ground which he took was plausible—that the bond had been given, not for work done, but for work to be done. At the very time when this affair broke out, Dr. Parr happened to arrive at Oxford. White was his intimate friend. But it is difficult to imagine a sort of conduct less reconcilable with the obligations of friendship, than that which he adopted. Without delay, or consultation with Professor White, he avowed his peremptory disbelief in Badcock's claim, on the ground that he was himself the contributor of a very considerable share to these lectures. Never did man do a more critical injury to a friend; and were it not that the irritations of jealous vanity, with constitutional incontinency of secrets, seem to have overpowered and surprised his better resolutions, we should be compelled to pronounce it perfidy. Whatsoever help of this nature one literary man gives to another, carries with it an implied obligation to secrecy; otherwise, what else results than that, under the mask of giving a partial assistance to a friend's literary fame, the writer has, in fact, been furnishing himself with the means of crushing it entirely. He has given a trifle that he might take away the whole, for, after such an exposure, a man has credit for nothing as his own. And this injury was, as we have said, *critical*: coming at the moment of Mr. Badcock's claim, about which much doubt prevailed, and was likely to prevail, from the death of the only person who could effectually meet the denial of White, Dr. Parr's claim at one and the same time authenticated itself and Badcock's.

Meantime, Parr's claim was a true one. Mr. Kett (so well known in Oxford by the name of Horse Kett, from his *equine* physiognomy)

* It is usually taken for granted, that Hurd had nothing to say for himself in this case, and was on that account discreetly silent. But this is a mistake. He had enough to allege against Jortin and Leland, to have turned the tables on their champion; but his motive for silence was perhaps this: Parr threatened that, if answered, he would come back "again and again" upon the same ground; and if treated with sneers, he protested that he would give "no quarter." Now, in such a war, Hurd would have had his hands tied by the restraints of his episcopal dignity.

† Gibbon, in his fifty-second chapter, had spoken of White in high terms: "He sustains," says he, "the part of a lively and eloquent advocate; and sometimes rises to the merit of an historian and philosopher."

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thus states the amount of Parr's contributions and their value: "Whether I consider the solidity of the argument, the comprehension of thought, or the splendour of style, I think them, upon the whole, the most able and elegant parts of the lectures. In point of quantity they are considerable, as they are more than a *fifth* of the whole, without reckoning the corrected passages. But their intrinsic excellence is such, that any person, with such materials, might not only have obtained a great deal of present applause, but lasting fame. They are in the highest style of composition, as they are of a philosophical and refined cast, and make many of the other parts of the lecture with which they are connected appear nothing more than loose and florid declamation."

Laborious investigations, conferences, and explanations followed; in which, it appears to us, that Dr. Parr behaved with little generosity, and White with much duplicity. One incident is remarkable: Dr. Parsons, of Balliol College, one of the arbitrators or referees, at length withdrew himself from the service he had undertaken, in so pointed a manner as to convince us that he also had very considerable right of property in these lectures, which his honour or his kindness had obliged him to dissemble; and that, in some one of Parr's reclamations, in making which he relied confessedly on a very vague recollection, or a still vaguer discrimination of styles, he had unintentionally been trespassing on ground which Parsons knew to be his own. This is our private opinion. To the parties interested never was any literary broil so full of vexation.* Cabals were fermenting in Oxford in the interest of White on the one hand, or of Dr. Gabriel of Bath on the other; the public journals took up the affair, with their usual imperfect information: private characters suffered: old friendships were dissolved for ever: and, finally, no party reaped either profit or honour from this contest for the proportions of property in a book, which has long since been consigned to oblivion by the world.

But, after all, the worst scandal of this transaction settled not upon any individual so much as upon the professional body of divines in general. That part of the correspondence which got abroad, admitted the public painfully behind the curtain, and exhibited the writers concerting their parts, and arranging their *coups-de-théâtre*, in a manner but little creditable to their sincerity. They had the air at one time of attorneys, scheming to obtain a

* Mr. Kett, whose position in Oxford enabled him to overlook the whole game, came to the same conclusion; for in dissuading Dr. Parr from coming forward as an active participator in the dispute, he says, "I cannot help considering the whole affair as containing something necessarily injurious to the reputation of all who engage in it." He also admonished the doctor, "that the unconditional manner in which he gave his assistance, ought to induce him to be silent." What Mr. Kett meant by silence was abstinence from the press; but the same reasons applied to oral communications; and in that sense it was no longer possible for Dr. Parr to be silent.

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verdict for Christianity; at another, of martinets, arranging the draperies of their costume, or of *figurantes*, attitudinizing for effect. We must be particularly brilliant, says White, in that part where we attack Gibbon. Alas! for the ancient faith—the primitive devotion—that burned in the evangelists, martyrs, and reformers, in Hilarion or Paul, in Wycliffe or Luther! How little room did *that* allow for any thoughts about themselves? Dr. Parr, however, was no party to this huckstering traffic of devotional feeling, or this manufacture of spiritual thunder. Hypocrisy was not *his* failing: whatever were his religious opinions, his feelings of devotion were thoroughly sincere. But he suffered from the connection in which his name appeared; and, as regarded the duties of a friend, his character has suffered in this transaction permanently, from his own indiscretions, and the infirmity of his too ungenerous vanity.

To sum up Dr. Parr's pretensions as a man of letters, we have already sufficiently acknowledged that his talents were splendid, and fitted, under suitable guidance, to have produced a more brilliant impression on his own age than they really did, and a more lasting one on the next age than they ever will. In his lifetime, it is true, that the applauses of his many pupils, and his great political friends, to a certain extent, made up for all deficiencies on his own part; but now, when these vicarious props are withdrawn, the disproportion is enormous, and hereafter will appear to be more so, between the talents that he possessed and the effects that he accomplished. This result is imputable, in part, to his own want of exertion, and the indolence with which he shrank from undertaking any labour of great compass or research, the very best of his performances being mere *velitations*, skirmishes, or academic exercises; and in part, also, it is imputable to a cause less open to moral reproach, viz. the comparative poverty of his philosophic understanding, between which and his talents there was no equilibrium. He gave a bright and gaudy colouring to truths which were too often trite, mean, or self-evident. And the impression was ineradicable in a keen observer's mind, of a perpetual swell, glitter, and false inflation, beyond the occasion, and without a corresponding activity or power of thought. His architecture was barbaresque—rich in decoration, colossal in proportions, but unsymmetrical, and reposing on no massy foundations. It is very possible, and not uncommon, to have a poor understanding combined with fine talents. We do not say that Dr. Parr's understanding was a poor one; but it was not emphatically a fine one, not habitually profound, not philosophically subtle. Unquestionably it was mismatched, in point of natural vigour, with his talents—that is, his powers of giving effect to his thoughts, and realizing his conceptions. The splendours of Burke, yoked as they were, with the very finest—subtlest—and most combining intellect, that ever yet has been applied to political philosophy, awoke no sense of disparity or false balance in his powers. But in the case of Parr, we feel that, having once tasted the luxury of his periodic sentences, with their ample volume of sound and self-revolving rhythmus—

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having enjoyed his artful antithesis, and solemn antilibration of cadences—we have had the cream of his peculiar excellencies, and may exclaim with Juvenal, *Venimus ad summum fortunæ*, or with Romeo, that it is time to be gone, because “the sport is at the best.”

As to that other cause, which co-operated to the effect we have been stating, Parr's indolence, or unpersevering industry—his excuse was the less, that his stomach was as strong as the shield of Telamonian Ajax, and his spirits, even under attacks of illness, were indomitable, and (as he himself styles them) “*lion* spirits.” Heavens! what an advantage in that temperament above the general condition of literary men! Coleridge, for example, struggling with the ravages of opium for the last thirty years, and with the *res angusta domi*, in a degree never known to Parr, has contrived to print a dozen octavo volumes. And were all his contributions to the Morning Post and Courier collected, and his letters many and long, together with his innumerable notes on the fly-leaves and margins of books, he would appear to have been a most voluminous author, instead of meriting the reproach which too often we have been fated to hear, of shameful indolence and waste of stupendous powers. Of Dr. Parr's very criminal indolence, there was but one palliation: much of his life had passed in the labours of the school-room; and his leisure from those was excusably turned to purposes of relaxation. Still he had latterly a long period of immunity from toils of every kind; he had a library of above ten thousand volumes; he had increasing wealth; and, for years, he toiled not, neither did he spin. As to his execrable handwriting, that is rather an explanation than a justification of his sterility. Pretty often he had the aid of volunteer amanuenses; and was he at any time too poor to have paid a secretary? Beginning with some advantages for literary research so much beyond those of Gibbon, in his far greater familiarity with the languages of ancient books, why should Dr. Parr, the apologist of universities against Gibbon, not have left behind him a monument of learned industry as elaborate and as useful as his? On the whole, we fear that Dr. Parr, as an author, must always be classed with those who have spent their vigour upon *ludicra*, *certamina*, and *sciomachie*, mock fights, mimic rehearsals, and combats, with the momentary exhalations of party madness, rather than upon the “good fight” of a scholar and a Christian, in that eternal war which exists between ignorance and truth, between the world and pure religion; that his knowledge and the sweat of his brow have been laid out upon palaces of ice, incapable of surviving the immediate atmosphere under which they arose, and dissolving with the first revolution of the seasons, rather than upon the massy Roman masonry that might have sustained his influence to a distant posterity. This may seem his misfortune, but then it was a misfortune to have been foreseen. And, for the more intrinsic qualities of his works, it will be recorded in their very fate that, if their execution was sometimes such as to challenge a permanent interest, their matter was unable to support so great a distinction; and that perhaps, of all known works, they are best fitted to illustrate

the critical objection of *materiem superabat opus*; and finally with regard to their author, that hardly any writer of age so mature, of education so regular, and of pursuits so solemn and professional, had derived his subjects from occasions so ephemeral, or his excitement from motives so personal.

It remains that we should speak of Dr. Parr as a politician and as a divine: and fortunately the transcendent character of the facts will bring those inquests within the range of a short trial and a self-evident verdict.

First, as a politician. The French Revolution found Dr. Parr a Jacobin; *found*, we say, not made. Of this there is abundant presumption. To give his vote for Wilkes, he faced a situation of considerable risk; he was unwigged, and probably saved his life by escaping through a back window to his horse. Considering that he was then the *Reverend* Samuel Parr, this argued no trivial sympathy with the seditious agitator. It is true that a constitutional question was at issue in the case of Wilkes's expulsion; but it does not appear that Parr gave his countenance to Wilkes the purist of the constitution, so much as Wilkes the demagogue; and loved him upon the principle laid down by Junius, viz. "so long as he was a thorn in the king's side." Besides, right or wrong in politics, ought an impure scoffer like Wilkes, notoriously the author of a most scandalous and obscene parody, to have commanded the volunteer and ardent support of a clergyman? Was this decent? Such, however, were Parr's earliest attachments, and such the leonine ardour with which he displayed them. In a better cause we should have admired his courage; for he seems to have been resolved to go to Brentford, though there had been "as many devils there as tiles upon the roof."

Well, in the fulness of time came the French Revolution. The first persons to sing public pæans of congratulation in this country were the dissenters of Birmingham—moving under the domineering influence of Dr. Priestley. What followed is known to all whose recollections stretch back to those tumultuous days. Dr. Priestley's house was stormed and sacked by the Birmingham mob; his philosophical apparatus (as a private one, matchless) destroyed; his papers, letters, philosophical MSS. scattered to the four winds; and the angry philosopher himself, by a fierce levanter of indignation, driven westwards to America. These scenes passed in too close neighbourhood to Dr. Parr, for a temper so combustible as his to escape kindling at the flame of party fury. We may be sure also, that he took the side of Priestley: to the extent of pity for his misfortunes, all good men did so; but as an approver of the conduct which provoked these misfortunes, we may almost venture to say that, amongst the fifteen thousand clergymen of the Church of England, Dr. Parr stood altogether alone. Every man of sober mind, whilst he commiserated Dr. Priestley as an unfortunate man, and esteemed him as a very ingenious one, could view him in no other light than as the victim of his own folly and misguided pas-

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sions. Political frenzy had prompted him to acts of defiance against a mob as fanatical in one direction as himself in another; with this difference, however, that *their* fanaticism pointed to a very much more reasonable policy than the fanaticism of the celebrated experimentalist. The mob had retorted as an insulted and irritated mob are likely to retort. They, who play at bowls, must expect rubbers. And Dr. Parr, by mixing in the game, wantonly drew upon himself a participation in the danger—or at least a participation in the terror; for, after all, he seems to have been more frightened than seriously hurt. Great was his panic; schooled by Dr. Priestley's losses, he sent off his books hastily to Oxford. They suffered from the hasty removal; and at Oxford, where they were indifferently sheltered, they suffered still more. This lesson might have done him good service, had his temper allowed him to profit by it. But neither fear nor interest could ever check *his* fanaticism. With such a temper we may suppose that he was blinded to all sense of his own errors by the dazzling light with which his anger invested the errors of the opposite party. At an after period, the Doctor's cries ascended to heaven in print against the mob and their criminal politics. Yet such is the temper of this world—that, if a grave philosopher, by shaking his fist, and other acts of bravado, should happen to provoke a company of unlucky boys to reply with a shower of stones, people in general suffer their resentment to settle upon the philosopher for his wanton provocation, rather than on the boys for that lapidary style of retort, in which their skill naturally expresses itself.

This affair, taken singly, being mixed up with considerations of person and neighbourhood, might, after all, but indifferently represent the condition of Dr. Parr's politics. Other ebullitions of his feelings about the same period were less equivocal. On Mr. Burke, for the crime of writing his memorable book on the French Revolution, he inflicted the whimsical punishment of inverting his portrait—that is, suspending it with the head downwards. The insolent tyranny of this act is remarkable. Mr. Burke had held up his "protesting hand" against the Revolution; and he, if ever any man, upon any question, had explained the philosophic grounds of his protest. It seemed, therefore, that, with or without reasons, no dissent was tolerated from Dr. Parr's views. For, as to Mr. Burke's vehemence, it was no more than the natural warmth of sincerity. Precisely the same sentence of degradation, we believe, was executed upon Mr. Wyndham, and for the same offence. This was intelligible, and equity, if not justice. Equal acts merited equal treatment. But in a third case the same degradation, by greatly extending the construction of guilt, warranted much larger inferences against Dr. Parr's motives. This third criminal was Paley; on *his* portrait, also, sentence of inversion was passed and executed, and for years it hung at Hatton in that position. What then had been Paley's crime? *Audi facinus majoris abollæ*; he had literally been guilty of writing *Reasons for Contentment*

The title explains its object. At a crisis of universal political irritation, when Paine's works and the French Revolution had diffused a spirit of change, and the indefeasible evils of poverty were made handles of disaffection—being charged upon the institutions of the land, Dr. Paley had exerted himself to dissipate all delusions, to rouse the ignorant to a sense of the awful blessings which they enjoyed under equal laws administered by a popular government, and thus to save them as well from secret discontents as from publicly lending themselves to the purposes of designing incendiaries. This was the service which he did, or attempted; and for this only, neither more nor less, he incurred the wrath of Parr; we may add that he was never forgiven. The following record of his feelings, in regard to Paley, he left behind him for publication:—"I never thought Paley an honest man; he had great sagacity, wit, and science; some good humour; but he was *vain, inconsistent,*" [odd objections to come from Samuel Parr:] "he was also, it appears," [*i. e.* something too bad for Parr's executors to print,] "and selfish."

No one fact can better illustrate the furious disaffection of Dr. Parr. Simply because a man applied his great talents to a purpose of the highest charity, which could no otherwise serve the existing ministers even remotely and mediately, than by first of all serving many thousands of his humble countrymen directly and essentially, he became with Dr. Parr a marked man. After this it will not be surprising that even the Whiggish correspondents of Parr found occasion to remind him that England was not the country in sober sadness which it suited their party tactics to represent; that he was interpreting too literally the violences of their public polemics; and that England did in fact continue to be, what she had so long been esteemed by all the world, except her eternal enemies, the ark to which were confided the dearest interests of man.

In 1794, war had begun to rage; the revolutionary frenzy had produced its bloodiest excesses; the gloom had terrifically deepened; and the French reign of terror, by a very natural re-action on all the rest of Europe, produced a corresponding system of vigilance and coercion in all regular governments, which must now be admitted to have been too harsh and despotic, if viewed apart from the extremities of the occasion. Upon questions, which depend for their adjudication upon the particular estimate which is taken of the impending dangers, there is room for great latitude of opinion amongst honest men. Constitutionally, and from mere differences of bodily temperament, men of the sanest judgments take radically different views of the very broadest cases that can arise; and starting as he did from Whiggish principles, Dr. Parr is entitled to a large indulgence in his construction and valuation of Mr. Pitt's policy. We can allow, therefore, most readily for the fervour of interest which he took, not merely as a private friend to some of the parties concerned, but also as a politician, in the state trials which occurred at that period. For poor Gerrald, as a splendid pupil of his own, as an

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unfortunate man betrayed into calamity by generous enthusiasm, and as a martyr of most disinterested indiscretions, he was entitled to feel the very warmest concern. We ourselves, of principles so adverse to Dr. Parr's, are of opinion that Gerrald was most harshly, nay, unconstitutionally, treated. He was tried under a superannated law of Scotland, which had arisen out of another condition of things, and was never meant for our times; it was a mere accident that such a law should be unrepealed; and a verdict was obtained against him that the rest of the empire could not have countenanced. This was a case beyond any other to merit a pardon, even in the view of those who thought Mr. Gerrald a turbulent democrat, since undoubtedly the verdict was in some measure obtained surreptitiously. Conduct that, on one side the Border, was punishable with transportation; on the other, was confessedly, at the very utmost, a misdemeanour. Under these circumstances, to have enforced the sentence, and to have thrown a man of genius and a scholar into the society of ruffians, and the very refuse of jails—was doubtless a harsh course. Warmth, therefore, and earnestness might be expected from Dr. Parr, in behalf of his unhappy friend. But nothing short of childish defect of self-government, could have allowed Dr. Parr to insult the very person to whom he looked for a mitigation of the sentence. Yet this he did. Writing to Mr. Windham, as Secretary of State, for the exertion of his influence with Mr. Pitt, he told him with a bullying air that Mr. Gerrald was as able a man as Mr. Pitt, and a great deal more learned. What followed? Mr. Windham had been acquainted with the Doctor, and was the very man to have felt for the peculiar hardship of Mr. Gerrald's case. But of an application in this spirit he could not allow himself to take any favourable notice; a formal official answer was returned; and Mr. Gerrald's sentence was permitted to take its course. From this we infer, that Dr. Parr's political enthusiasm had then risen to the height of fanaticism, which set at nought all ordinary discretion.

However, the truth must be told: the first anti-Gallican war, though supported (as we shall always maintain) by the *élite* of British society, by the property and education of the land, did not unite all hearts in its cause. There was still room left for honest recusants; though it is undoubtedly true, that most of those who did actually stand forward conspicuously in that character, were so upon any but laudable motives. Unless where they happened to be betrayed by natural defects of discretion, and original incapacity for calculating consequences—a case which we believe to be that of Dr. Parr—nearly all the sturdy recusants to Mr. Pitt's policy moved upon the very worst impulses of anti-national feeling. Pitifully blind they were in some rare instances; but in more, desperately unpatriotic. Still we repeat that room was left for honest dissent up to a certain point; and there are not a few, even now, amongst those whose patriotism was never tainted, and who gave to Mr. Pitt the fullest benefit of their accession as regarded principles, that yet question the policy of a military league against the infant republic of

France—as that which in effect, by furnishing the occasion for resistance, finally developed her yet unconscious strength.

But a few short years sufficed to place all this upon new foundations. If ever, in this world, a nation had one heart and one soul, it was the British nation in the spring of 1803. A poet, who had deeply protested against the first French war, at this crisis, exclaimed, addressing the men of Kent—

“We *all* are with you now from shore to shore!”

No need of sagacity at this time: blind instinct was sufficient to develop the views of the Consular government, and to appreciate the one sole policy which circumstances commanded. And here it was the Whigs (we mean the Whigs in Parliament) lost themselves, and riveted that national distrust which had first commenced with the schism in the Whig Club. They would not change their tone; they would not open their eyes to the new state of things; but continued to palliate the worst atrocities of the enemy, and to prophesy a long heritage of shame and defeat for ourselves. At that period it was many times remarked, that the long habit of expressing sympathy with the national foes, insensibly moulded the feelings of the Opposition to a tone of bitterness against a nation that spurned their abject counsels, and of too evident mortification at the spectacle of our military triumphs. To prophesy evil is an unwise course for any man; it gives his vanity, and perhaps his personal enmities, an interest in the national disasters, and at all events disturbs the strength of his patriotic sympathies. Strange as it may sound, there have been Englishmen to whom it was thought necessary by their families cautiously to break the shock of the great news of Waterloo, so violent was the grief anticipated at the final prostration of their idol. We could mention one man, well-known in his day as a miscellaneous author, and not an unamiable man (though a coxcomb) in his character of literary patron, who, being accidentally at a dinner party on the day when that mighty catastrophe reached Norfolk, was kept in ignorance of the news by an arrangement concerted separately with each of the guests as he arrived; it was understood that this precaution was requisite to insure his attendance at dinner.

No such case ever has occurred in France. The martial successes of France in the days of Louis XIV., when the unhappy Palatinate was given up to desolation, obtained the cordial sympathy of the whole people, no less than the still more atrocious acts of Napoleon. No excess of profligacy and injustice has ever damped the unity of patriotic joy amongst the French: no sanctity of defensive warfare has ever availed to insure it amongst the English. And, generally, this may express no more than that freedom of thought amongst ourselves, which presents all public topics under every variety of phasis. But as there are cases in morals upon which good feeling precludes all variety of judgment, so in politics there are rare crises upon

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which the good and evil of posterity so essentially depend, and, above all, which touch national honour in so capital a point, that any diversity of feeling is irreconcilable with just moral feeling. Absolute conformity is required to the national policy, and no toleration exists for dissenters of any class.

Such a case existed from 1803 to 1815, and more eminently than ever before in the history of mankind. What was Dr. Parr's behaviour? We shall not go into it at length: to see a good man wandering so grievously from the path of his clear duty, is afflicting; and a few instances will tell in what channel his feelings ran. In the spring of 1814, when all Christendom was exulting in the approaching destruction of the destroyer, Dr. Parr writes thus to Mr. Coke:—"My indignation at the English government, as the real and implacable disturbers of the peace of Europe, increases daily and hourly; and from that malignant spirit which began to act in 1793, and is now reinforced by the accession of such an auxiliary as the Prince Regent, I forebode the most disastrous consequences. My fear is that the allies will be overruled by the earnestness, or cajoled by the bribes of the Prince Regent and his minions." So then, upon this view of things, Jena, Austerlitz, Borodino—the outrages upon Spain, Portugal, Germany, Russia, were not French but British acts. But patience!

In what way it was that Dr. Parr received the Waterloo news, we learn from no express record; but indirectly, we can easily collect it. About two months before that battle, he anticipated such an event as what was most to be abominated. The horizon already reddened with the dawn of that coming retribution—already it was believed that to England, in reward of her matchless perseverance, would be assigned the exterminating sword, and Dr. Parr—sharing the belief, but abjuring the moral hopes of the time—sickens at the prospect. Worse than this we cannot say of any man. We may add, however, that his condition of feeling on these subjects continued pretty uniform. He wrote violently against assassination, and the exception often urged in favour of tyrannicide. But how exclusively the benefit of even this doctrine was applied to our enemy, may be judged by this:—Mr. Percival was murdered by a man whom he did not know by sight; Dr. Parr's attention is attracted by no one consideration but the excuses which might be offered for the assassin. The Duc de Berri is murdered without even the shadow of a provocation; Dr. Parr assures his correspondent that he [not the murderer, as one would naturally wish to understand the passage, but the murdered prince] was a "vulgar ruffian." Again, as another illustration of his fanatic violence, Mr. Hone publishes parodies on the Scriptures; as a politician after his own heart, though in a conscientious opposition to the decorums of his sacred profession, and to his own sincere reverence for religion, Dr. Parr encourages and sanctions him by a money subscription. And we find the Duke of Bedford, who forfeited the distinction of representing his sovereign in his own county, solely by a participation in the same expression

of approbation, directly justifying his conduct (upon which in some views he felt a doubt), by Dr. Parr's example. We might accumulate many more examples, but enough is here cited to show, that, as a politician, Dr. Parr stood aloof from his country in the hour of her most memorable trials, and dishonoured his grey hairs by absolute fanaticism, that lost sight finally even of his religious principles.

This leads us to the view of Dr. Parr as a divine, in which it had been our intention to show that in every part of his life he allowed the principles of his theology to be biassed by his political prejudices. Dissenters of all classes were welcome to him, whether their dissent began originally upon religious or political views, because in any case it terminated in hostility to the State. Upon examining Dr. Parr's sermons, we find too little of a regular chain or system of religious principles to sustain the review which we meditated: and of the correspondence yet published, too small a part turns upon religious questions to do much in supplying this defect. We shall content ourselves for the present, therefore, with observing that, whilst he dwelt with ludicrous self-congratulation upon the support he gave to orthodoxy in the purest trifles, he really betrayed the interests of his church in its two capital interests, as against the Roman Catholics on the one hand, and the Socinians on the other. Long and laboured were his pleadings for the Roman Catholics, and for the relaxation of the penal laws against them, in his notes upon Mr. Fox's History; and on the other hand he attacked the Archbishop of Dublin, otherwise a friend and admirer, in a rancorous tone, for denying the title of Christianity (in which denial he is countenanced by many a score of learned and pious men) to Socinianism. Finally, he left for posthumous publication, a printed record of his dissatisfaction with Anti-Socinian and Anti-Arian arguments; and he has left repeated evidence, apart from his known leaning to Socinian views, that he had not in any stage of his life adopted any system at all which could properly class him with the believers in the Trinity.

Dr. Parr in one point showed himself superior to a popular error: even Archbishop Laud, but more memorably another Primate (Wake) of the following century, had fallen into the weakness of supposing that the English church and the Gallican could terminate their differences as if by a compact of mutual concession. But no treaty of politics could restore the real "Catholic unity;" no remedy could in that way be applied to the evils of schism in the Christian church. Towns and territory may be the subject of cession, but not truth. And of this Dr. Parr was fully sensible. Yet in other aspects of the same weak passion for a hollow name of peace, Dr. Parr was often as blind as others. Pity that he had not more uniformly remembered the spirit of a maxim which he sometimes quoted from Grotius—that he so loved peace as not to sacrifice the truth. He persuaded himself often that the differences of men in religious matters were in a large proportion verbal; a common, a very common, but a very shallow maxim. On the contrary, from our earliest days we have remarked, that for one verbal dispute which passes for a real one,

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there are ten disputes turning upon things which are generally dismissed as verbal. "*Tu fis*," says Boileau,

"Tu fis dans une guerre si triste et si longue.
Périr tant de Chrétiens—*martyrs d'une diphthongue.*"

Martyrs of a diphthong! Yes. But Boileau, as much as anybody, maintained that this single diphthong was the occasion that the church "sentit—trembler *la vérité Chrétienne*:" the whole peculiar truth of Christianity reposed upon that one diphthong—for it made the whole difference between the Catholic *δμοιονσιος* and the Arian *δμοιονσιος*: so mighty are the differences which may be caused, not by a word only, but even by a syllable; and so truly did Boileau, therefore, characterize even *that* as "*une syllabe impie.*" (Sat. xii.)

We have questioned the systematic perfection—the orbicularity (so to speak) of Dr. Parr's classical knowledge. Much more certainly might we question the coherency, as a whole, of his divinity. What he adopted in this department was taken up casually and independently: his theology was not the fruit of laborious investigation at the fountain-heads. It was gleaned here and there, separately, by fragments, from chance authors, and not finally fused or harmonized.

Finally, and as the sum of our appreciation, we should say, that, speaking of him as a moral being, Dr. Parr was a good and conscientious man, but (in a degree, which sometimes made him *not* a good man) the mere football of passion. As an amiable man, we must add that, by the testimony of his best friend, he was a domestic nuisance; he, also, as well as his father, says Dr. Johnstone, was "the tyrant of the fireside." As a scholar, he was brilliant; but he consumed his power in agonistic displays, and has left no adequate monument of his powers. As a politician, he sank his patriotism in the spirit of a partizan; and forgot to be an Englishman, in his fanaticism for the ultra Whigs. And, last of all, as a divine, for the sake of those sectaries whom charity enjoined him to tolerate, he betrayed that church which it was his holiest duty to defend.

NOTE.

THE errors of the press, and the errors of the *rédacteur* himself, are very serious in Dr. Johnstone's large and costly work. Let us take the liberty of counselling him, if from Tories he will accept counsel, to change the whole form of his labours—in German phrase, to reproduce them in an *umbearbeitung*, or thorough recast on the following plan, as soon as ever the sale of the present arrangement shall have been sufficient to warrant him in doing so. Complying with this or some similar proposal, he will at once consult Dr. Parr's interests as a man of letters, and will do that service to scholars which they have almost a right to demand of him. First of all, let the sermons be dismissed; they load the edition, and hang heavily upon its circulation, with no apparent benefit of any kind; none of them have ever been popular, or in the eye of the public, except the Spital Sermons; and those of course have a

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special privilege of reprieve. The sermons are liable to the continual suspicion of being in part only of Dr. Parr's composition, from his known practice (which he even avowed) of interweaving auxiliary passages from divines who happened to meet his own views, or, in some instances, of deriving his whole groundwork from others, and simply running variations of his own, many or few, upon his adopted theme. It is possible (but the public are not aware in what degree) that the sermons selected for publication may be free from this particular objection; but at all events, as a body, the readers of sermons are too devout a class to find their own peculiar taste gratified in a collection breathing the Parrian spirit of religion:—*par exemple*, one sermon undertakes the defence of hunting, and might very properly have come from one of the brilliant brothers of the Melton Mowbray establishment. This having been preached in the morning, we see no reason why the evening service should not have brought us an apology for steeple-chases—which seem even to have the advantage in this point—that such matches *never lose sight of the Church*. Certain it is, that the sermons, whether otherwise of merit or not, are in this respect faulty, that they do not contemplate any determinate audience; professedly, indeed, they are parish discourses; and yet they deal with topics foreign to the needs and sympathies of a plain rural congregation, sometimes even inaccessible to their understandings. Doubtless all farmers would understand the hunting sermon; but how many would enter in any sense into the question of Christ's descent into Hades? However, we need not discuss the value of the sermons more particularly; good or bad, they are now printed for those who want them; and they are certainly *not* wanted by the vast majority of scholars—none of whom, in any country, but would put some value on the philological speculations of Dr. Parr—and, according to their feeling and taste, all connoisseurs in Latin composition would be glad to possess so brilliant an *ἀγώνισμα* in rhetoric as the Bellenden Preface. Thus, therefore, let the new edition stand; reprint all Dr. Parr's critical tracts, essays, or fragments, and of course, not omitting (as Dr. Johnstone has done, with no intelligible explanation, vol. i. p. 543), the long investigation of the word *sublime* (already much abridged by Dugald Stewart), nor the various reviews of classical works contributed to literary journals by Dr. Parr when they happen to be of any value.* Even the letters, when they discuss critical questions, should be detached from the main body of miscellaneous correspondence, and united by way of appendix to the rest of the critical matter. Points of criticism, it is true, in the letters, are rarely insulated from other matter, which would become irrelevant in its new situation; but this objection might be met by confining the extracts strictly to those passages which *are* critical, and printing them as so many separate notices or memoranda—under the title of *Adversaria*. This would be accumulated in one large volume, which, by means of a separate title-page, might be sold as a distinct work; and by means of a general one, might also take its place as one section of Dr. Parr's general works. These would perhaps compose two more volumes, each offering the same recommendation to separate purchasers—one being made up of the very *élite* of his essays on political or moral subjects, the other of his rhetorical *bravuras*.

* We say this, because the review of Combe's Horace, which Dr. Johnstone has published, is chiefly occupied with trifling typographical minutiae; the *obscura diligentia* of the corrections is quite unworthy of a scholar's pen, and unprofitable to any class of readers.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN

WHOSE EDUCATION HAS BEEN NEGLECTED.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR SIR,—When I had the pleasure of meeting you at C——h, for the second time in my life, I was much concerned to remark the general dejection of your manner. I may now add, that I was also much surprised; your cousin's visit to me having made it no longer a point of delicacy to suppress that feeling. General report had represented you as in possession of all which enters into the worldly estimate of happiness—great opulence, unclouded reputation, and freedom from unhappy connections. That you had the priceless blessing of unfluctuating health, I know upon your own authority. And the concurring opinions of your friends, together with my own opportunities for observation, left me no room to doubt that you wanted not the last and mightiest among the sources of happiness—a fortunate constitution of mind, both for moral and intellectual ends. So many blessings as these, meeting in the person of one man, and yet all in some mysterious way defeated and poisoned, presented a problem too interesting, both to the selfish and the generous curiosity of men, to make it at all wonderful that at that time and place you should have been the subject of much discussion. Now and then some solutions of the mystery were hazarded; in particular, I remember one from a young lady of seventeen, who said, with a positive air, “That Mr. M——’s dejection was well known to arise from an unfortunate attachment in early life,” which assurance appeared to have great weight with some other young ladies of sixteen. But, upon the whole, I think that no account of the matter was proposed at that time which satisfied myself, or was likely to satisfy any reflecting person.

At length the visit of your cousin L——, in his road to Th——, has cleared up the mystery in a way more agreeable to myself than I could have ventured to anticipate from any communication short of that which should acquaint me with the entire dispersion of the dejection under which you laboured. I allow myself to call such a disclosure

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agreeable, partly upon the ground that where the grief or dejection of our friends admits of no important alleviation, it is yet satisfactory to know that it may be traced to causes of adequate dignity; and, in this particular case, I have not only that assurance, but the prospect of contributing some assistance to your emancipation from these depressing recollections, by co-operating with your own efforts in the way you have pointed out for supplying the defects of your early education. L— explained to me all that your own letter had left imperfect; in particular, how it was that you came to be defrauded of the education to which even your earliest and humblest prospects had entitled you; by what heroic efforts, but how vainly, you laboured to repair that greatest of losses; what remarkable events concurred to raise you to your present state of prosperity; and all other circumstances which appeared necessary to put me fully in possession of your present wishes and intentions. The two questions which you addressed to me through him I have answered below: these were questions which I could answer easily and without meditation; but for the main subject of our future correspondence, it is so weighty, and demands such close attention (as even *I* find, who have revolved the principal points almost daily for many years), that I would willingly keep it wholly distinct from the hasty letter which I am now obliged to write; on which account it is that I shall forbear to enter at present upon the series of letters which I have promised, even if I should find that my time were not exhausted by the answers to your *two questions below*.

To your first question,—Whether to you, with your purposes and at your age of thirty-two, a residence at either of our English universities, or at any foreign university, can be of much service?—my answer is, firmly and unhesitatingly, No. The majority of the undergraduates of your own standing, in an academic sense, will be your juniors by twelve or fourteen years; a disparity of age which could not but make your society mutually burthensome. What, then, is it that you would seek in a university? Lectures? These, whether public or private, are surely the very worst modes of acquiring any sort of accurate knowledge; and are just as much inferior to a good book on the same subject, as that book hastily read aloud, and then immediately withdrawn, would be inferior to the same book left in your possession, and open at any hour, to be consulted, retraced, collated, and in the fullest sense studied. But, besides this, university lectures are naturally adapted, not so much to the general purpose of communicating knowledge, as to the specific purpose of meeting a particular form of examination for degrees, and a particular profession to which the whole course of the education is known to be directed. The two single advantages which lectures can ever acquire, to balance those which they forego, are either, *first*, the obvious one of a better apparatus for displaying illustrative experiments than most students can command; and the cases where this becomes of importance it cannot be necessary to mention; *second*, the advantage of a rhetorical delivery, when *that* is of any use (as in lectures on poetry, etc.) These, however, are advantages more easily commanded in a great capital

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than in the most splendid university. What, then, remains to a university, except its libraries? And with regard to those the answer is short: to the greatest of them undergraduates have not free access; to the inferior ones (of their own college, etc.) the libraries of the great capitals are often equal or superior; and, for mere purposes of study, your own private library is far preferable to the Bodleian or the Vatican.

To you, therefore, a university can offer no attraction except on the assumption that you see cause to adopt a profession; and, as a degree from some university would in that case be useful (and indispensable except for the bar), your determination on this first question must still be dependent on that which you form upon the second.

In this second question you call for my opinion upon the eleventh chapter of Mr. Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, as applied to the circumstances in which you yourself are placed. This chapter, to express its substance in the most general terms, is a dissuasion from what Herder, in a passage there quoted, calls "Die Authorschafft"; or, as Mr. Coleridge expresses it, "the trade of authorship;" and the amount of the advice is,—that, for the sake of his own happiness and respectability, every man should adopt some trade or profession, and should make literature a subordinate pursuit. On this advice, I understand you to ask, *first*, whether it is naturally to be interpreted, as extending to such cases as yours; and, *second*, if so, what is my judgment on such advice so extended? As to my judgment upon this advice, supposing it addressed to men of your age and situation, you will easily collect, from all which I shall say, that I think it as bad as can well be given. Waiving, this, however, and to consider your other question—in what sense, and with restrictions, the whole chapter is to be interpreted—that is a point which I find it no easy matter to settle. Mr. Coleridge, who does not usually offend by laxity and indecision of purpose, has, in this instance, allowed the very objects of his advice to shift and fluctuate before him; and from the beginning to the end, nothing is firmly constructed for the apprehension to grasp, nor are the grounds of judgment steadily maintained. From the title of the chapter (an affectionate exhortation to those who in early life feel themselves disposed to become authors), and, from the express words of Herder, in the passage cited from him as the final words of the chapter, which words discountenance "authorship" only as "zu früh oder unmässig gebraucht" (practised too early, or with too little temperance), it would have been a natural presumption that Mr. Coleridge's counsels regarded chiefly or altogether the case of very youthful authors, and the unfortunate thirst for premature distinction. And if this had been the purpose of the chapter, excepting that the evil involved in such a case is not very great, and is generally intercepted by the difficulties which prevent, and overpunished by the mortifications which attend any such juvenile acts of presumption, there could have been no room for differing with Mr. Coleridge, except upon the propriety of occupying his great powers with topics of such trivial interest. But this, though from the title it naturally should have been

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is *not* the evil, or any part, of which Mr. Coleridge is contemplating. What Mr. Coleridge really has in his view are two most different objections to literature, as the principal pursuit of life; which, as I have said, continually alternate with each other as the objects of his arguments, and sometimes become perplexed together, though incapable of blending into any real coalition. The objections urged are :—

First, To literature considered as a means of livelihood; as any part of the resources which a man should allow himself to rely on for his current income, or worldly credit and respectability. Here the evils anticipated by Mr. Coleridge are of a high and positive character, and such as tend directly to degrade the character, and indirectly to aggravate some heavy domestic evils.

Second, To literature considered as the means of sufficiently occupying the intellect. Here the evil apprehended is an evil of defect; it is alleged that literature is not adequate to the main end of giving due and regular excitement to the mind and the spirits, unless combined with some other summons to mental exercise of periodical recurrence—determined by an overruling cause, acting from without—and not dependent therefore on the accidents of individual will, or the caprices of momentary feeling springing out of temper or bodily health.

Upon the last objection, as by far the most important in any case, and the only one at all applicable to yours, I would wish to say a word; because my thoughts on that matter are from the abundance of my heart, and drawn up from the very depths of my own experience. If there has ever lived a man who might claim the privilege of speaking with emphasis and authority on this great question,—By what means shall a man best support the activity of his own mind in solitude?—I probably am that man; and upon this ground, that I have passed more of my life in absolute and unmitigated solitude voluntarily, and for intellectual purposes, than any person of my age, whom I have ever either met with, heard of, or read of. With such pretensions, what is it that I offer as the result of my experience, and how far does it coincide with the doctrine of Mr. Coleridge? Briefly this: I wholly agree with him that literature, in the proper acceptation of the term, as denoting what is otherwise called *Belles Lettres*, etc.—that is the most eminent of the fine arts, and so understood, therefore, as to exclude *all science* whatsoever—is not, to use a Greek word, *αὐταρκής*,—not self-sufficing; no, not even when the mind is so far advanced that it can bring what have hitherto passed for merely literary or *æsthetic* questions under the light of philosophic principles; when problems of “taste” have expanded to problems of human nature. And why? Simply for this reason, that our power to exercise the faculties on such subjects is not as it is on others, in defiance of our own spirits; the difficulties and resistances to our progress in these investigations are not susceptible of minute and equable partition (as in mathematics); and, therefore, the movements of the mind cannot be continuous, but are either of necessity tumultuary and *per saltum*, or none at all. When, on the contrary, the difficulty is pretty equally dispersed and broken up into

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a series of steps, no one of which demands any exertion sensibly more intense than the rest, nothing is required of the student beyond that sort of application and coherent attention which, in a sincere student of any standing, may be presumed as a habit already and inveterately established. The dilemma, therefore, to which a student of pure literature is continually reduced—such a student, suppose, as the Schlegels, or any other man who has cultivated no acquaintance with the severer sciences—is this : either he studies literature as a mere man of taste, and perhaps also as a philologist—and in that case his understanding must find a daily want of some masculine exercise to call it out and give it play—or (which is the rarest thing in the world) having begun to study literature as a philosopher, he seeks to renew that elevated walk of study at all opportunities ; but this is often as hopeless an effort as to a great poet it would be to sit down upon any pre-determination to compose in his character of poet. Hence, therefore, if (as too often it happens) he has not cultivated those studies (mathematics, *e.g.*) which present such difficulties as will bend to a resolute effort of the mind, and which have the additional recommendation that they are apt to stimulate and irritate the mind to make that effort, he is often thrown by the very cravings of an unsatisfied intellect, and not by passion or inclination, upon some vulgar excitement of business or pleasure, which becomes constantly more necessary to him.

I should do injustice to myself if I were to say that I owed this view of the case solely to my own experience ; the truth is, I easily foresaw, upon the suggestion almost of an instant, that literature would not suffice for my mind with my purposes. I foresaw this, and I provided for it from the very first ; but how ? *Not* in the way recommended by Mr. Coleridge, but according to a plan which you will collect from the letters I am to write, and which, therefore, I need not here anticipate. What, however, you will say (for *that* is the main inquiry), what has been the success ? Has it warranted me to look back upon my past life, and to pronounce it upon the whole a happy one ? I answer in calmness, and with sincerity of heart, Yes. To you, with your knowledge of life, I need not say that it is a vain thing for any man to hope that he can arrive at my age without many troubles ; every man has his own, and more especially he who has not insulated himself in this world, but has formed attachments and connexions, and has thus multiplied the avenues through which his peace is assailable. But, setting aside these inevitable deductions, I assure you that the great account of my days, if summed up, would present a great overbalance of happiness ; and of happiness during those years which I lived in solitude, of necessity derived exclusively from intellectual sources. Such an evil, indeed, as time hanging heavy on my hands, I never experienced for a moment. On the other hand, to illustrate the benefits of my plan by a picture of the very opposite plan, though pursued under the most splendid advantages, I would direct your eyes to the case of an eminent living Englishman, with talents of the first order, and yet, upon the evidence of all his works, ill-satisfied at any time either with himself or those of his own age.

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This Englishman set out in life, as I conjecture, with a plan of study modelled upon that of Leibnitz; that is to say, he designed to make himself (as Leibnitz most truly was) a *Polyhistor*, or Catholic student. For this reason, and because at a very early age I had become familiar with the writings of Leibnitz, I have been often tempted to draw a parallel between that eminent German and the no less eminent Englishman of whom I speak. In many things they agreed; these I shall notice at some other opportunity; only in general I will say, that, as both had minds not merely powerful, but distinguished for variety and compass of power, so in both where these fine endowments completed and accomplished for works of Herculean endurance and continuity, by the alliance of a bodily constitution resembling that of horses. They were centaurs; heroic intellects with brutal capacities of body. What partiality in nature! In general, a man has reason to think himself well off in the great lottery of this life if he draws the prize of a healthy stomach without a mind, or the prize of a fine intellect with a crazy stomach; but that any man should draw both is truly astonishing, and, I suppose, happens only once in a century. Thus far (as indeed much further) they agreed. The points of difference were many, and not less remarkable. Two I shall allege as pertinent to the matter before me. First, I remarked that Leibnitz, however anxious to throw out his mind upon the whole encyclopædia of human research, yet did not forget to pay the price at which only any *right* to be thus discursive can be earned. He sacrificed to the austerer muses. Knowing that God geometrizes eternally, he rightly supposed that in the universal temple Mathesis must furnish the master-key which would open most shrines. The Englishman, on the contrary, I remarked to have been too self-indulgent, and almost a voluptuary in his studies; sparing himself all toil, and thinking, apparently, to evade the necessity of artificial power by an extraordinary exertion of his own native power. Neither as a boy nor as a man had he submitted to any regular study or discipline of thought. His choice of subjects had lain too much amongst those dependent upon politics, or rather fleeting interests; and, when this had not happened, yet never amongst those which admitted of *continuous* thinking and study, and which support the spirits by perpetual influxes of pleasure, from the constant sense of success and difficulty overcome. As to the use of books, the German had been a discursive reader, the Englishman a desultory reader. Secondly, I remarked that Leibnitz was always cheerful and obliging, most courteous and communicative to his fellow-labourers in literature or science; with a single exception (which rests, I think, as the sole stain upon his memory), just, and even generously just, to the claims of others; uncensorious, and yet patient of censure; willing to teach, and most willing to be taught. Our English contemporary was not, I think, naturally less amiable than Leibnitz; and therefore I ascribe it to his unfortunate plan of study—leaving him, of necessity, too often with no subjects for intellectual exertion but such as cannot be pursued successfully, unless in a state of genial spirits—that we find him continually in ill-humour, distempered and untuned with uncharitable

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feelings ; directing too harsh and acrimonious a spirit of criticism always against the age in which he lives, sometimes even against individuals ; querulous * under criticism, almost to the extent of believing himself the object of conspiracies and organized persecution ; finally (which to me is far the gloomiest part of the picture), he neither will consent to believe that any man of his own age (at least of his own country) can teach *him* anything—professing all his obligations to those *who are dead*, or else to some rusty old German ; nor, finally, will he consent to teach others, with the simple-minded magnanimity of a scholar, who should not seek to mystify and perplex his pupil, or to illuminate only with half-lights ; nor put himself on his guard against his reader, as against a person seeking to grow as knowing as himself. On the contrary, who should rejoice to believe—if he could believe it—that all the world knew as much as himself ; and should adopt as his motto (which I make it my pride to have done from my earliest days) the simple grandeur of that line in Chaucer's description of *his* scholar :

“That gladly would he learn and gladly teach.”

Such were the two features of difference which I had occasion perpetually to remark between two great scholars, in many other features so closely resembling each other. In general these two features would be thought to exist independently ; but, with my previous theory of the necessity, in all cases, that, with studies of so uncertain and even morbid an effect upon the spirits as literature, should be combined some analytic exercise of *inevitable* healthy action, in this respect it was natural that *I* should connect them in my mind as cause and effect ; and, in that view, they gave a double attestation to Mr. Coleridge's advice where it agrees with mine, and to mine where it differs from his.

Thus far I have considered Mr. Coleridge's advice simply as it respects the student. But the object of his studies is also entitled to some consideration. If it were better for the literary body that all should pursue a profession as their *ἔργον* (or business), and literature as a *παρεργον* (an accessory, or mere by-business), how far is literature itself likely to benefit by such an arrangement ? Mr. Coleridge insists

* That this appears on the very face of his writings, may be inferred from a German work, published about two years ago, by a Hamburg barrister I think—Mr. Jacobs. The subject of the book is, the Modern Literature of England, with the lives, etc., of the most popular authors. It is made up in a great measure from English literary journals, but not always ; and in the particular case of the author now alluded to, Mr. Jacobs imputes to him not merely too lively a sensitiveness to censure, but absolutely a “*wasserscheue*” (hydrophobia) with regard to reviewers and critics. How Mr. Jacobs came to use so strong an expression, or this particular expression, I cannot guess ; unless it were that he had happened to see (which, however, does not appear) in a work of this eloquent Englishman the following picturesque sentence : “By an unconscionable extension of the old adage, ‘*Noscitur a socio*,’ my friends are never under the waterfall of criticism, but I must be wet through with the spray.” *Spray*, indeed ! I wish some of us knew no more of these angry cataracts than their spray.

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upon it that it will; and at page 225 he alleges seven names, to which at page 233 he adds an eighth, of celebrated men, who have "shown the possibility of combining weighty performances in literature with full and independent employment." On various grounds it would be easy, I think, to cut down the list, as a list any way favourable for Mr. Coleridge's purpose, to one name, viz., that of Lord Bacon. But waiving his examples, let us consider his arguments. The main business, the *ἔργον*, after exhausting a man's powers during the day, is supposed to leave three hours at night for the *παρεργον*. Now, we are to consider that our bright ideal of a literatus may chance to be married, —in fact, Mr. Coleridge agrees to allow him a wife. Let us suppose a wife, therefore; and the more so because else he will perhaps take one without our permission. I ask, then, what portion of these three hours is our student to give up to the pleasure of his wife's society? For, if a man finds pleasure in his wife's company at any time, I take it for granted that he would wish to spend the evening with her. Well, if you think so (says Mr. Coleridge, in effect, who had at first supposed the learned man to "retire into his study"), in fact, he need *not* retire. How then? Why, he is to study, not in his study, but in his drawing-room, whilst "the social silence, or undisturbing voices of a wife or sister, will be like a restorative atmosphere." Silence, by the way, is a strange mode of social pleasure. I know not what Mr. Coleridge does when he sits with a young woman; for my part, I do "mon possible" to entertain her, both with my wit and my wisdom; and am happy to hear *her* talk, even though she should chance to be my own wife; and never think of tolerating silence for one instant. But, not to quarrel about tastes, what is this "sister" that so pleasantly intrudes herself into the party? The wife I understand: but, in the north of England, or any place where I have lived, wives do not commonly present men with sisters, but with children. Suppose, then, our student's wife should give him a son; or what is noisier, a daughter; or, what is noisier than either, both? What's to be done then? Here's a worshipful audience for a philosopher!—here's a promising company for "undisturbing voices," and "social silence!" I admire Mr. Coleridge's way of blinking this question, of masking this youthful battery with "a sister." Children, however, are incidents that do and will occur in this life, and must not be blinked. I have seen the case again and again; and I say it, and say it with pain, that there is no more respect for philosophy amongst that lively part of society than Mr. Coleridge and I have for French philosophy. They may, however, be banished to their nursery. True; but if they are ever admitted to the drawing-room, in houses where not so much company is kept, I observe that this visit is most interesting to all parties in the evening; and if they would otherwise be admitted, no good-natured student would wish to have their expulsion charged upon his books. After all, however, it is clear that Mr. Coleridge's voice is for the "retiring" system; and he gives us pretty plainly to understand (p. 230) that it is far better for men to be separated from their wives throughout the day. But, in saying this, he forgets that, in the case under consider-

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ation, the question is not so properly whether they are ever to be separated, as whether they are ever to meet. Indeed, taking what Mr. Coleridge says on the subject as addressed to literary men especially, I know not why they should be supposed likely to make unhappy marriages more than other men. They are not called upon to pass more of their time with their wives than country gentlemen, or men generally without a profession. On the other hand, if we are to understand the words of Mr. Coleridge as of universal application, I hope that he gives us a very unfair view of the average tenor of life in this important particular. Yet, if it be settled that men will quarrel, and must quarrel with their wives, or their wives with them, unless separated, would not a large screen meet the emergency? Or, might not the learned man, as soon as breakfast is ended, bow to his wife and withdraw to his library, where he might study or be sulky according to his taste, leaving her for the rest of the day to amuse or to employ herself in the way most agreeable to her sex, rank, and previous education?

But in whatever way this difficulty may be disposed of, one point is clear to my judgment: that literature must decay unless we have a class *wholly* dedicated to that service,—not pursuing it as an amusement only, with wearied and pre-occupied minds. The reproach of being a “*nation boutique*,” now so eminently inapplicable to the English, would become indeed just, and in the most unfortunate sense just, if, from all our overstocked trades and professions, we could not spare men enough to compose a garrison on permanent duty for the service of the highest purposes which grace and dignify our nature.

You will not infer from all this any abatement in my old respect for Mr. Coleridge's great and various powers; no man admires them more. But there is no treason, I hope, in starting a little game now and then from the thickets of *The Friend*, the *Biographia Literaria*, or even from Mr. Coleridge's *Sermons*, considering that they are *Lay* ones. Young men must have some exercise this frosty weather. Hereafter I shall have occasion to break a lance with Mr. Coleridge on more difficult questions; and very happy I shall be if the amusement which I shall make it my business to strike out, by my hammering, from the flinty rock of his metaphysics, should either tempt any one to look into his valuable writings, or should tempt Mr. Coleridge to sally out of his hiding-place into a philosophic passion, and to attack me with the same freedom. Such an exhibition must be amusing to the public. I conceive that two transcendentalists, who are also two—s, can hardly ever before have stripped in any ring. But, by the way, I wish he would leave transcendentalism to me and other young men; for, to say the truth, it does not prosper in his hands. I will take charge of the public principles in that point, and he will thus be more at leisure to give us another *Ancient Mariner*, which, I will answer for it, the whole literary body would receive with gratitude and a fervent “plaudite.”

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LETTER II.

OUTLINE OF THE WORK—NOTICE OF FORMER WRITERS ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

MY DEAR M.—In this my second and last letter of preface, I shall settle the idea and the arrangement of my papers. There will be in all about seven, of which four will exhibit the material on which the student is to work ; the other three, the tools with which the workmanship is to be conducted. First, *what* is to be done, and, secondly, *how* is the natural and obvious distribution of the work ; that is to say, the business is to assign, first, the end, and, secondly, the means. And, because the end should reasonably determine the means, it would seem natural that, in the arrangement of the work, all which relates to *that* should have precedency. Nevertheless, I mean to invert this order, and for the following reason : All that part of the means, which are so entirely determined by the end as to presuppose its full and circumstantial development, may be concluded specially restricted to that individual end. In proportion to this restriction they will, therefore, be of narrow application, and are best treated in direct connection, and concurrently with the object to which they are thus appropriated. On the other hand, those means or instruments of thought, which are sufficiently complex and important to claim a separate attention to themselves, are usually of such large and extensive use that they belong indifferently to all schemes of study, and may safely be premised in any plan, however novel in its principles or peculiar in its tendencies. What are these general instruments of study ? According to my view they are three : first, Logic ; secondly, Languages ; thirdly, Arts of Memory. With respect to these, it is not necessary that any special end should be previously given. Be his end what it may, every student must have thoughts to arrange, knowledge to transplant, and facts to record. Means which are thus universally requisite may safely have precedency of the end ; and it will not be a preposterous order if I dedicate my first three letters to the several subjects of Logic, Languages, and Arts of Memory, which will compose one half of my scheme, leaving to the other half the task of unfolding the course of study for which these instruments will be available.

Having thus settled the arrangement, and implicitly, therefore, settled in part the idea or *ratio* of my scheme, I shall go on to add what may be necessary to confine your expectations to the right track, and prevent them from going above or below the true character of the mark I aim at. I profess, then, to attempt something much higher than merely directions for a course of reading. Not that such a work might not be of eminent service ; and in particular at this time, and with a constant adaptation to the case of rich men, not literary, I am of opinion that no more useful book could be executed than a series of letters (addressed, for example, to country gentlemen, merchants, etc.) on the formation of a library. The uses of such a treatise, however,

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are not those which I contemplate; for, either it would presume and refer to a plan of study already settled—and in that light it is a mere complement of the plan I propose to execute—or else it would attempt to *involve* a plan of study in the course of reading suggested; and *that* would be neither more nor less than to do *in concreto*, what it is far more convenient, as well as more philosophical, to do (as I am now going to do), directly and *in abstracto*. A mere course of reading, therefore, is much below what I propose; on the other hand, an organon of the human understanding is as much above it. Such a work is a labour for a life; that is to say, though it may take up but a small part of every day, yet could it in no other way accumulate its materials than by keeping the mind everlastingly on the watch to seize upon such notices as may arise daily throughout a life under the favour of accident or occasion. Forty years are not too large a period for such a work; and my present work, however maturely meditated, must be executed with rapidity. Here, in fact, I do but sketch or trace in outline (*ὡς ἐν τυπῷ περιλαβεῖν*) what there it would become my duty to develope, to fill up in detail, to apply, and to illustrate on the most extensive scale. After having attempted in my first part to put you in possession of the best method for acquiring the *instruments* of study; and, with respect to logic in particular, having directed a philosophic light upon its true meaning and purpose, with the hope of extinguishing that anarchy of errors which have possessed this ground from the time of Lord Bacon to the moment at which I write,—I then, in the second division, address myself to the question of *ends*. Upon which word let me distinguish: upon ends, in an absolute sense, as ultimate ends, it is presumption in any man to offer counsel to another of mature age. Advice of that sort, given under whatever hollow pretences of kindness, is to be looked upon as arrogance in the most repulsive shape; and to be rejected with that sort of summary disdain, which any man not of servile nature would testify towards him who should attempt to influence his choice of a wife. A student of mature age must be presumed to be best acquainted with his own talents and his own intellectual infirmities, with his “forte” and his “foible,” with his own former experience of failure or success, and with the direction in which his inclinations point. Far be it from me to violate by the spirit of my counsels a pride so reasonable, which, in truth, I hold sacred. My scheme takes an humbler ground. *Ends*, indeed, in a secondary sense, the latter half professes to deal with; but such ends as, though bearing that character in relation to what is purely and merely instrumental, yet again become *means* in relation to ends absolutely so called. The *final* application of your powers and knowledge it is for yourself only to determine; my pretensions in regard to that election are limited to this,—that I profess to place you on a vantage ground from which you may determine more wisely, by determining from a higher point of survey. My purpose is not to map the whole course of your journey, but to serve as your guide to that station at which you may be able to lay down your future route for yourself. The former half of my work I have already described to you; the latter

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half endeavours to construct such a system of study as shall combine these two advantages : 1. Systematic unity ; that is, such a principle of *internal* connection, as that the several parts of the plan shall furnish assistance interchangeably. 2. The largest possible compass of *external* relations. Some empires, you know, are built for growth ; others are essentially improgressive, but are built for duration, on some principle of strong internal cohesion. Systems of knowledge, however, and schemes of study, should propose both ends : they should take their foundations broad and deep,

“ And lay great bases for eternity,”

which is the surest key to internal and systematic connection ; and, secondly, they should provide for future growth and accretion, regarding all knowledge as a nucleus and centre of accumulation for other knowledge. It is on this latter principle, by the way, that the system of education in our public schools, however otherwise defective, is justly held superior to the specious novelties of our suburban academies ; for it is more radical, and adapted to a larger superstructure. Such, I say, is the character of my scheme ; and, by the very act of claiming for it, as one of its benefits, that it leaves you in the *centre* of large and comprehensive relations to other parts of knowledge, it is pretty apparent that I do not presume to suggest in what direction of these manifold relations you should afterwards advance ; *that*, as I have now sufficiently explained, will be left to your own self-knowledge ; but to your self-knowledge illumined at the point where I leave you by that other knowledge which my scheme of study professes to communicate.

From this general outline of my own plan, I am led by an easy transition to a question of yours, respecting the merits of the most celebrated amongst those who have trod the same ground in past times. Excepting only a little treatise of Erasmus, *De Ratione Studii*, all the essays on this subject by eminent continental writers appeared in the seventeenth century ; and, of these, a large majority before the year 1640. They were universally written in Latin ; and, the Latin of that age being good, they are so far agreeable to read ; beyond this, and the praise of elegance in their composition and arrangement, I have not much to say in their behalf. About the year 1645, Lewis Elzevir published a *corpus* of these essays, amounting in all to four-and-twenty. In point of elegance and good sense, their merits are various ; thus far they differ ; but, in regard to the main point, they hold a lamentable equality of pretension—being all thoroughly hollow and barren of any practical use.* I cannot give you a better notion

* Not for the sake of any exception in its favour from the general censure here pronounced on this body of essays, but for its extraordinary tone of passion and frantic energy, and at times of noble sentiment eloquently expressed, I must notice, as by far the most memorable of these essays of the seventeenth century, that of Joachim Forz Ringelberg, *On the Method of Study* (*De Ratione Studii*). It is one of those books which have been written most evidently not merely by a madman (as many thousands have), but by a madman under a high paroxysm of his

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of their true place and relation to the class of works of which you are in search of, than by an analogy drawn from the idea of didactic poetry, as it exists in the Roman literature and our own. So thoroughly is this sometimes misunderstood, that I have seen it insisted on as a merit in a didactic poem, that the art which it professed to deliver might be learned and practised in all its technicalities, without other assistance than that which the poem supplied. But, had this been true, so far from being a praise, it would instantly have degraded the poem from its rank as a work among the products of Fine Arts; *ipso facto*, such a poem would have settled down from that high intellectual rank into the ignoble pretensions of mechanic art, in which the metre, and the style which metre introduces, would immediately have lost their justification. The true idea of didactic poetry is this: either the poet selects an art which furnishes the *occasion* for a series of picturesque exhibitions (as Virgil, Dyer, etc.); and, in that case, it is true that he derives part of his power from the art which he delivers; not, however, from what is essential to the art, but from its accidents and adjuncts. Either he does this, or else (as is the case with Lord Roscommon, Pope, etc.), so far from seeking in his subject for any part of the *power*, he seeks in *that* only for the *resistance* with which he contends by means of the power derived from the verse and the artifices of style. To one case or other of this alternative all didactic poems are reducible; and, allowing for the differences of rhetoric and poetry, the same ideal must have presided in the composition of the various essays of the seventeenth century, addressed to students; the subject was felt to be austere and unattractive, and almost purely scholastic; it was the ambition of the writers, therefore, to show that they could present it in a graceful shape; and that under their treatment the subject might become interesting to the reader, as an arena, upon which skill was exhibited, baffling or evading difficulties, even at the price of all benefit to the anxious and earnest disciple. *Spartam nactus es*, was their motto, *hanc exorna*; and, like Cicero, in his *Idea of an Orator*, with relation to the practical duties; or Lord Shaftesbury,

malady; and, omitting a few instances of affectation and puerility, it is highly affecting. It appears that the author, though not thirty years of age at the date of his book, was afflicted with the gravel—according to his belief, incurably; and much of the book was actually written in darkness (on waxen tablets, or on wooden tablets, with a *stylus* formed of charred bones), during the sleepless nights of pain consequent upon his disease. “*Ætas abiit*,” says he, “*reditura nunquam—Ah! nunquam reditura! Tametsi annum nunc solum trigesimum ago, spem tamen ademit calculi morbus.*” And again: “*Sic interim meditantem calculi premunt, ut gravi ipsa dolore mœreat mens, et plerumque noctes abducat insomnes angor.*” Towards the end it is that he states the remarkable circumstances under which the book was composed. “*Bonam partem libri hujus in tenebris scripsi, quando somnus me ob calculi dolorem reliquerat; idque quum sol adversa nobis figeret vestigia, nocte vagante in medio cœlo. Deerat lumen; verum tabulas habeo, quibus etiam in tenebris utor.*” It is singular that so interesting a book should nowhere have been noticed to my knowledge in English literature, except, indeed, in a slight and inaccurate way, by Dr. Vicesimus Knox, in his *Winter Evening Lucubrations*.

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with relation to the accurate knowledge of the academic philosophy; they must be supposed deliberately to have made a *selection* from the arts or doctrines before them, for the sake of a beautiful composition which should preserve all its parts in harmony, and only secondarily (if at all) to have regarded the interests of the student. By all of them the invitation held out was not so much *Indocti discant*, as *Ament meminisse periti*.

In our own country there have been numerous "letters," etc., on this interesting subject; but not one that has laid any hold on the public mind, except the two works by Dr. Watts, especially that upon the "Improvement of the Mind." Being the most imbecile of books, it must have owed its success—1. To the sectarian zeal of his party in religion,—his fellows and his followers; 2. To the fact of its having gained for its author, from two Scotch universities, the highest degree they could bestow; 3. To the distinguished honour of having been adopted as a lecture-book (q. as an examination-book?) by both English universities; 4. To the extravagant praise of Dr. Johnson, amongst whose infirmities it was to praise warmly when he was flattered by the sense of his own great superiority in powers and knowledge. Dr. Johnson supposes it to have been modelled on Locke's *Conduct of the Understanding*; but surely this is as ludicrous as to charge upon Silence any elaborate imitation of Mr. Justice Shallow. That Silence may have borrowed from another man half of a joke, or echoed the roar of his laughter, is possible; but of any more grave or laborious attempts to rob he stands ludicrously acquitted by the exemplary imbecility of his nature. No; Dr. Watts did *not* steal from Mr. Locke; in matters of dulness a man is easily original; and I suppose that even Feeble or Shallow might have had credit for the effort necessary to the following counsels, taken at random from Dr. Watts, at the page where the book has happened to fall open.

1. Get a distinct and comprehensive knowledge of the subject which you treat of; survey it on all sides, and make yourself perfect master of it; then (then! what then?—Think of Feeble making an inference. Well, "then") you will have all the sentiments that relate to it in your view; 2. Be well skilled in the language which you speak; 3. Acquire a variety of words, a *copia verborum*. Let your memory be rich in synonymous terms, p. 228, edit. 1817.

Well done, most magnanimous Feeble! Such counsels I suppose that any man might have produced, and you will not wish to see criticised. Let me rather inquire, what common defect it is which has made the works of much more ingenious men, and in particular that of Locke, utterly useless for the end proposed. The error in these books is the same which occurs in books of ethics, and which has made them more or less useless for any practical purpose. As it is important to put an end to all delusions in matters of such grave and general concern as the improvement of our understandings, or the moral valuation of actions, and as I repeat that the delusion here alluded to has affected both equally (so far as they can be affected by the book written professedly to assist them), it may be worth while to

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spend a few lines in exposing it. I believe that you are so far acquainted with the structure of a syllogism as to know how to distinguish between the major and minor proposition; there is, indeed, a technical rule which makes it impossible to err; but you will have no need of *that*, if you once apprehend the *rationale* of a syllogism in the light under which I will here place it. In every syllogism one of the two premises (the major) lays down a rule, under which rule the other (the minor) brings the subject of your argument as a particular case. The minor is, therefore, distinguished from the major by an act of the *judgment namely*, a subsumption of a special case under a rule. Now consider how this applies to morals: here the conscience supplies the general rule, or major proposition, and about this there is no question; but, to bring the special case of conduct, which is the subject of your inquiry, under this general rule; here first commences the difficulty, and just upon this point are ethical treatises for the most part silent. Accordingly, no man thinks of consulting them for his direction under any moral perplexities; if he reads them at all, it is for the gratification of his understanding in surveying the order and relation amongst the several members of a system; never for the information of his moral judgment.

For any practical use in that way, a *casuistry*, that is a subsumption of the *cases* most frequently recurring in ordinary life, should be combined with the system of moral principles*—the latter supplying the major (or normal) proposition; the former supplying the minor proposition, which brings the special case under the rule. With the help of this explanation, you will easily understand on what principle I venture to denounce, as unprofitable, the whole class of books written on the model of Locke's *Conduct of the Understanding*. According to Locke, the student is not to hurry, but again not to loiter; not to be too precipitate, nor yet too hesitating; not to be too confiding, but far less too suspicious; not too obstinate in his own opinions, yet again (for the love of God!) not too resigned to those of others; not too general in his divisions, but (as he regards his own soul) not too minute, etc., etc.

* Accordingly, our fashionable moral practitioner for this generation, Dr. Paley, who prescribes for the consciences of both universities, and, indeed, of most respectable householders, has introduced a good deal of casuistry into his work, though not under that name. In England there is an aversion to the mere name, founded partly on this, that casuistry has been most cultivated by Roman Catholic divines, and too much with a view to an indulgent and dispensing morality; and partly on the excessive subdivision and hair-splitting of cases; which tends to the infinite injury of morals, by perplexing and tampering with the conscience, and by presuming morality to be above the powers of any but the subtlest minds. All this, however, is but the abuse of casuistry; and without casuistry of some sort or other, no practical decision could be made in the accidents of daily life. Of this, on a fitter occasion, I could give a cumulative proof. Meantime let it suffice to observe that law, which is the most practical of all things, is a perpetual casuistry; in which an immemorial usage, a former decision of the court, or positive statute, furnishes the major proposition; and the judgment of the jury, enlightened by the knowledge of the bench, furnishes the minor or casuistical proposition.

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But surely no man, bent on the improvement of his faculties, was ever guilty of these errors under these names, that is, knowingly and deliberately. If he is so at all, it is either that he has not reflected on his own method, or that, having done so, he has allowed himself in the act or habit offending these rules on a false view of its tendency and character; because, in fact, having adopted as his rule (or major) that very golden mean which Mr. Locke recommends, and which, without Mr. Locke's suggestion, he would have adopted for himself, it has yet been possible for him, by an erroneous judgment, to take up an act or habit under the rule, which with better advice he would have excluded; which advice is exactly what Mr. Locke has—not given. Over and above all this, the method of the book is aphoristic; and, as might be expected from that method, without a plan; and which is partly the cause and partly the consequence of having a plan without foundation.

This word *foundation* leads me to one remark suggested by your letter; and with that I shall conclude my own. When I spoke above of the student's taking his foundations broad and deep, I had my eye chiefly on the corner-stones of strong-built knowledge, namely, on logic; on a proper choice of languages; on a particular part of what is called metaphysics; and on mathematics. Now you allege (I suppose upon occasion of my references to mathematics in my last letter) that you have no "genius" for mathematics; and you speak with the usual awe (*pavor attonitorum*) of the supposed "profundity" of intellect necessary to a great progress in this direction. Be assured that you are in utter error, though it be an error all but universal. In mathematics, upon two irresistible arguments which I shall set in a clear light, when I come to explain the procedure of the mind with regard to that sort of evidence, and that sort of investigation, there can be no subtlety; all minds are levelled except as to the rapidity of the course, and, from the entire absence of all those acts of mind which do really imply profundity of intellect, it is a question whether an idiot might not be made an excellent mathematician. Listen not to the romantic notions of the world on this subject; above all, listen not to mathematicians. Mathematicians, as *mathematicians*, have no business with the question. It is one thing to understand mathematics; another, and far different, to understand the philosophy of mathematics. With respect to this, it is memorable, that in no one of the great philosophical questions which the ascent of mathematics has from time to time brought up above the horizon of our speculative view, has any mathematician who was merely such (however eminent) had depth of intellect adequate to its solution, without insisting on the absurdities published by mathematicians, on the philosophy of the *infinite*, since that notion was introduced into mathematics, or on the fruitless attempts of all but a metaphysician to settle the strife between the conflicting modes of valuing *living forces*;—I need only ask what English or French mathematician has been able to exhibit the notion of *negative quantities*, in a theory endurable even to a popular philosophy, or which has commanded any assent? Or again, what Algebra is there existing

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which does not contain a false and ludicrous account of the procedure in that science, as contrasted with the procedure in geometry? But, not to trouble you with more of these cases so opprobrious to mathematicians, lay this to heart, that mathematics are very easy and very important; they are, in fact, the organ of one large division of human knowledge. And, as it is of consequence that you should lose no time by waiting for my letter on that subject, let me forestall so much of it as to advise that you would immediately commence with Euclid; reading those eight books of the Elements which are usually read, and the Data. If you should go no further, so much geometry will be useful and delightful; and so much, by reading for two hours a day, you will easily accomplish in about thirteen weeks, that is, one quarter of a year.

LETTER III.

ON LANGUAGES.

MY DEAR SIR,— In my three following letters I am to consider, 1st, Languages; 2nd, Logic; Arts of Memory; not as parts of knowledge sought or valued on their own account, but simply as the most general amongst the means and instruments of the student, estimated therefore with a reference to the number and importance of the *ends* which they further, and fairly to be presumed in all schemes of self-improvement liberally planned. In this letter I will speak of languages; my thoughts, and a twenty years' experience as a student, having furnished me with some hints that may be useful in determining your choice, where choice is at first sight so difficult, and the evils of an erroneous choice so great.

On this Babel of an earth which you and I inhabit, there are said to be about three thousand languages and jargons. Of nearly five hundred you will find a specimen in the *Mithridates* of Adelung, and in some other German works of more moderate bulk.* The final purposes of this vast engine for separating nations it is not difficult in part to perceive; and it is presumable that those purposes have been nearly fulfilled; since there can be little doubt that within the next two centuries all the barbarous languages of the earth (that is, those without a literature) will be one after one strangled and exterminated by four European languages, namely, the English, the Spanish, the Portuguese, and the Russian. Central Africa, and *that* only, can resist

* Especially one, whose title I forget, by Vater, the editor and completer of the *Mithridates*, after Adelung's death. By the way, for the sake of the merely English reader, it may be well to mention that the *Mithridates* is so called with an allusion to the great king of that name contemporary with Sylla, Lucullus, etc., of whom the tradition was, that in an immense polyglot army, composed from a great variety of nations, he could talk to every soldier in his own language.

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the momentum of civilization for a longer period. Now, languages are sometimes studied, not as a key to so many bodies of literature, but as an object *per se*, for example, by Sir William Jones, Dr. Leyden, etc.; and where the researches are conducted with the enthusiasm and the sagacity of the late extraordinary Professor of Oriental Languages in Edinburgh, Dr. Alexander Murray, it is impossible to withhold one's admiration; *he* had a theory, and distinct purposes, which shed light upon his paths that are else "as dark as Erebus." Such labours conducted in such a spirit must be important, if the eldest records of the human race be important; for the affinities of language furnish the main clue for ascending, through the labyrinths of nations, to their earliest origins and connections. To a professed linguist, therefore, the natural advice would be—examine the structure of as many languages as possible; gather as many thousand specimens as possible into your *hortus siccus*, beginning with the eldest forms of the Teutonic, namely, the Visigothic and the Icelandic, for which the aids rendered by modern learning are immense. To a professed philologist, I say, the natural advice would be this. But to you, who have no such purposes, and whom I suppose to wish for languages simply as avenues to literature not otherwise accessible, I will frankly say, start from this principle—that the act of learning a language is in itself an evil; and so frame your selection of languages that the largest possible body of literature *available for your purposes* shall be laid open to you at the least possible price of time and mental energy squandered in this direction. I say this with some earnestness. For I will not conceal from you that one of the habits most unfavourable to the growth and sincere culture of the intellect in our day, is the facility with which men surrender themselves to the barren and ungenial labour of language-learning. Unless balanced by studies that give more exercise, more excitement, and more aliment to the faculties, I am convinced, by all I have observed, that this practice is the dry rot of the human mind. How should it be otherwise? The act of learning a science is good, not only for the knowledge which results, but for the exercise which attends it; the energies which the learner is obliged to put forth are true intellectual energies, and his very errors are full of instruction. He fails to construct some leading idea, or he even misconstrues it; he places himself in a false position with respect to certain propositions; views them from a false centre; makes a false or an imperfect antithesis; apprehends a definition with insufficient rigour; or fails in his use of it to keep it self-consistent. These and a thousand other errors are met by a thousand appropriate resources—all of a true intellectual character; comparing, combining, distinguishing, generalizing, subdividing, acts of abstraction and evolution, of synthesis and analysis, until the most torpid minds are ventilated, and healthily excited by this introversion of the faculties upon themselves. But, in the study of language (with an exception, however, to a certain extent, in favour of Latin and Greek, which I shall notice hereafter), nothing of all this can take place, and for one simple reason—that all is arbitrary. Wherever there is a law and

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system, wherever there is relation and correspondence of parts, the intellect will make its way—will interfuse amongst the dry bones the blood and pulses of life, and create “a soul under the ribs of death.” But whatsoever is arbitrary and conventional—which yields no reason why it should be this way rather than that, obeying no theory or law—must, by its lifeless forms, kill and mortify the action of the intellect. If this be true, it becomes every student to keep watch upon himself, that he does not, upon any light temptation, allow himself an over-balance of study in this direction ; for the temptations to such an excess, which in our days are more powerful than formerly, are at all times too powerful. Of all the weapons in the armoury of the scholar, none is so showy or so captivating to commonplace minds as skill in languages. *Vanity* is, therefore, one cause of the undue application to languages. A second is the national *fashion*. What nation but ourselves ever made the language of its eternal enemy an essential part of even a decent education? * What should we think of Roman policy, if, during the Second Punic War, the Carthaginian language had been taught as a matter of course to the children of every Roman citizen? But a third cause, which I believe has more efficacy than either of the former, is mere *levity*—the simple fact of being unbalanced by any sufficient weight of plan or settled purpose to present a counterpoise to the slightest momentum this way or that, arising from any impulse of accident or personal caprice. When there is no resistance, a breath of air will be sufficient to determine the motion. I remember once that, happening to spend an autumn at Ilfracombe, on the west coast of Devonshire, I found all the young ladies whom I knew busily employed on the study of marine botany. On the opposite shore of the channel, in all the South Welsh ports of Tenby, etc., they were no less busy upon conchology. In neither case from any previous love of the science, but simply availing themselves of their local advantages. Now, here a man must have been truly ill-natured to laugh ; for the studies were in both instances beautiful. A love for it was created, if it had not pre-existed ; and, to women and young women, the very absence of all austere unity of purpose and self-determination was becoming and graceful. Yet, when this same levity and liability to casual impulses come forward in the acts and purposes of a man, I must own that I have often been unable to check myself in something like a contemptuous feeling ; nor should I wish to check myself, but for remembering how many men of energetic minds constantly give way to slight and inadequate motives, simply for want of being summoned to any anxious reviews of their own conduct. How many cases have I known where a particular study—as, suppose, of the Hartleian philosophy—was pursued throughout a whole college

* See the advertisements of the humblest schools ; in which, however low the price of tuition, etc., is fixed, French never fails to enter as a principal branch of the course of study. To which fact I may add, that even twelve or fifteen years ago I have seen French circulating libraries in London chiefly supported by people in a humble rank.

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simply because a man of talents had talked of it in the junior common-room? How many where a book became popular because it had been mentioned in the House of Commons? How many where a man resolved to learn Welsh because he was spending a month or two at Barmouth? or Italian, because he had found a Milan series of the poets in his aunt's library? or the violin, because he had bought a fine one at an auction.

In 1808-9 you must well remember what a strong impulse the opening of the Peninsular War communicated to our current literature. The presses of London and the provinces teemed with editions of Spanish books, dictionaries, and grammars; and the motions of the British armies were accompanied by a corresponding activity among British compositors. From the just interest which is now renewed in Spanish affairs, I suppose something of the same scene will recur. Now, for my own part, though undoubtedly I would, for the sake of Calderon alone (judging of him through a German translation), most willingly study the Spanish literature (if I had leisure), yet I should be ashamed to do so upon the irrelevant and *occasional* summons of an interesting situation in Spanish affairs. I should feel that by such an act I confessed a want of pre-occupation in my mind, a want of self-origination in my plans, an inertness of will, which, above all things, I do and ought to detest. If it were right for me (right, I mean, in relation to my previous scheme of study) to have dedicated a portion of my life to the Spanish literature, it must have been right before the Spanish politics took an interesting aspect. If it were not right, it could not become so upon a suggestion so purely verbal as the recurrence of the word Spanish in the London journals. This, I am sure, you will interpret candidly. I am not supposing you less furnished with powers of self-determination than myself. I have no personal allusion or exception; but I suppose every man liable to be acted on unduly, or by inadequate impulses, so long as he is not possessed by some plan that may steady that levity of nature which is implied in the mere state of indifference to all settled plans. This levity, in our days, meets with an accidental ally in the extraordinary facilities for studying languages in the shape of elementary books; which facilities of themselves form a fourth cause of the disproportionate study given to languages. But a fifth cause occurs to me, of a less selfish and indolent character than any of the preceding; and, as it seems to me hardly possible that it should not influence you more or less to make your choice of languages too large and comprehensive, I shall tell you, from my own case, what may be sufficient to set you on your guard against too much indulgence to a feeling in itself just and natural. In my youthful days, I never entered a great library, suppose of one hundred thousand volumes, but my predominant feeling was one of pain and disturbance of mind,—not much unlike that which drew tears from Xerxes, on viewing his immense army, and reflecting that in one hundred years not one soul would remain alive. To me, with respect to the books, the same effect would be brought about by my own death. Here, said I, are one hundred thousand books, the worst of them

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capable of giving me some pleasure and instruction; and before I can have had time to extract the honey from one-twentieth of this hive, in all likelihood I shall be summoned away. This thought, I am sure, must have often occurred to yourself; and you may judge how much it was aggravated when I found that, subtracting all merely professional books—books of reference, as dictionaries, etc.—from the universal library of Europe, there would still remain a total of not less than twelve hundred thousand books over and above what the presses of Europe are still disemboguing into the ocean of literature, many of them immense folios or quartos. Now, I had been told by an eminent English author, that, with respect to one single work, namely, the History of Thuanus, a calculation had been made by a Portuguese monk, which showed that barely to read over the words (and allowing no time for reflection) would require three years' labour, at the rate of (I think) three hours a day. Further, I had myself ascertained that to read a duodecimo volume, in prose, of four hundred pages—all skipping being barred, and the rapid reading which belongs to the vulgar interest of a novel—was a very sufficient work for one day. Consequently, three hundred and sixty-five per annum—that is (with a very small allowance for the claims of life on one's own account and that of one's friends), one thousand for every triennium; that is, ten thousand for thirty years—will be as much as a man who lives for that only can hope to accomplish. From the age of twenty to eighty, therefore—if a man were so unhappy as to live to eighty—the utmost he could hope to travel through would be twenty thousand volumes—a number not, perhaps, above *five per cent.* of what the mere *current* literature would accumulate in that period of years. Now, from this amount of twenty thousand make a deduction on account of books of larger size, books to be studied and books to be read slowly and many times over (as all works in which the composition is a principal part of their pretensions),—allow a fair discount for such deductions, and the twenty thousand will perhaps shrink to eight or five thousand. All this arithmetical statement you must not conceive to relate to any fanciful case of misery. No; I protest to you that I speak of as real a case of suffering as ever can have existed. And it soon increased; for the same panic seized upon me with respect to the works of art. I found that I had no chance of hearing the twenty-five thousandth part of the music that had been produced. And so of other arts. Nor was this all; for, happening to say to myself, one night as I entered a long street, "I shall never see the one thousandth part of the people who are living in this single street," it occurred to me that every man and woman was a most interesting book, if one knew how to read them. Here opened upon me a new world of misery; for, if books and works of art existed by millions, men existed by hundreds of millions. Nay, even if it had been possible for me to know all of my own generation, yet, like Dr. Faustus, who desired to see "Helen of Greece," I should still have been dissatisfied; for what was one generation to all that were past? Nay, my madness took yet a higher flight; for I considered that I stood on a little

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isthmus of time, which connected the two great worlds, the past and the future. I stood in equal relation to both; I asked for admittance to one as much as to the other. Even if a necromancer could have brought up the great men of the seventeenth century, I should have said, "What good does all this do me? Where are those of the twentieth century?"—and so onward! In short, I never turned my thoughts this way but I fell into a downright midsummer madness. I could not enjoy what I had,—craving for that which I had not, and could not have; was thirsty, like Tantalus, in the midst of waters; even when using my present wealth, thought only of its perishableness; and "wept to have what I so feared to lose." But all this, you will say, was, by my own admission, "madness." Madness, I grant; but such a madness! not as lunatics suffer; no hallucination of the brain; but a madness like that of misers,—the usurpation and despotism of one feeling, natural in itself, but travelling into an excess, which at last upset all which should have balanced it. And I must assert that, with allowance for difference of degrees, no madness is more common. Many of those who give themselves up to the study of languages do so under the same disease which I have described; and, if they do not carry it on to the same extremity of wretchedness, it is because they are not so logical, and so consistent in their madness, as I was.

Under our present enormous accumulation of books, I do affirm that a miserable distraction of choice (which is the germ of such a madness) must be very generally incident to the times; that the symptoms of it are, in fact, very prevalent; and that one of the chief symptoms is an enormous "gluttonism" for books, and for adding language to language; and in this way it is that literature becomes much more a source of torment than of pleasure. Nay, I will go further, and will say that, of many who escape this disease, some owe their privilege simply to the narrowness of their minds, and contracted range of their sympathies with literature, which, enlarged, they would soon lose it. Others, again, owe it to their situation; as, for instance, in a country town, where books being few, a man can use up all his materials; his appetite is unpalated, and he is grateful for the loan of a MS., etc. But bring him up to London; show him the waggon-loads of unused stores which he is at liberty to work up; tell him that these even are but a trifle, perhaps, to what he may find in the libraries of Paris, Dresden, Milan, etc., of religious houses, of English noblemen, etc.,—and this same man who came up to London blithe and happy will leave it pale and sad. You have ruined his peace of mind. A subject which he fancied himself capable of exhausting he finds to be a labour for centuries. He has no longer the healthy pleasure of feeling himself master of his materials; he is degraded into their slave. Perhaps I dwell too much on this subject; but allow me, before I leave it, to illustrate what I have said by the case of two eminent literati, who are at this moment exhibiting themselves as a couple of figurantes (if I may so say) on the stage of Europe, and who have sacrificed their own happiness and

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dignity of mind to the very madness I have been describing ; or, if not, to the far more selfish passion for notoriety and ostentatious display. The men I mean are F. Bouterwek, and Frederick Schlegel, better known to the English public as the friend of Madame de Staël.

The history of the first is somewhat ludicrous. Coming upon the stage at a time when Kant possessed the national mind of Germany, he thought it would be a good speculation not to fall into the train of the philosopher, but to open a sort of chapel of dissent. He saw no reason why men should not swear by Bouterwek, as well as by Kant : and, connecting this fact with the subsequent confession of Bouterwek, that he was in reality playing off a conscious hoax, it is laughable to mention, that for a time he absolutely found some followers—who worshipped him, but suspiciously and provisionally. Unfortunately, however, as he had no leisure or ability to understand Kant, he was obliged to adopt Dr. Priestly's plan of revoking and cancelling in every successive work all his former works, as false, pestilent, and heretical. This upset him. The philosopher was unfrocked ; and in that line of business he found himself bankrupt. At this crisis things looked ill. However, being young, he pleaded his tender years. George Barnwell and others had been led astray as well as himself, by keeping bad company : he had now quitted all connection with metaphysics ; and begged to inform the public that he had opened an entirely new concern for criticism in all its branches. He kept his word ; he left off hoaxing, and applied himself to a respectable line of business.

The fruits of his labours were a history, in twelve volumes, of modern literature from the end of the thirteenth century. Of this work I have examined all that I pretend to judge of, namely, the two sections relating to the German and the English literature ; and, not to do him injustice, if it professed to be no more than a bibliographical record of books, it is executed with a very laudable care and fidelity. But imagine to yourself the vast compass of his plan. He professes to give the history of—1. Spanish ; 2. Portuguese ; 3. English ; 4. German ; 5. French ; 6. Italian literature ; no sketch, observe, or abstract of them, but a full and formal history. Conceive, if you can, the monstrous and insane pretensions involved in such a scheme. At starting he had five languages to learn, besides the dialects of his own ; not only so, but five languages, each through all its varieties for the space of half a millennium : English for instance, not merely of this day, but the English of Chaucer, of the Metrical Romances ; nay, even of Robert of Gloucester, in 1280. Next, the mere printed books (to say nothing of the MSS.) in any one of these languages, to be read and meditated, as they ought to be by a *historian* of the literature, would have found full employment for twelve able-bodied men through an entire life. And after all, when the materials were ready, the work of composition would be still to begin. Such were Bouterwek's pretensions. As to Schlegel's, who, without any more genius or originality, has much more talent,—his were still more extravagant, and were pushed to an extremity that must, I should think, at times disquiet his admirers with a feeling that all is not sound. For, though he did not

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profess to go so much into detail as Bouterwek, still his abstracts are represented as built on as much reading, though not directly quoted; and to all that Bouterwek held forth in his promises Schlegel added, as a little *bonus* to his subscribers, 1. Oriental literature; 2. The Scandinavian literature; 3. The Provençal literature; and, for aught I know, a billion of things besides; to say nothing of an active share in the current literature, as reviewer, magazinist, and author of all work. Now, the very history of these pretensions exposes their hollowness: to record them is to refute them. Knowing, as we all know, how many years it demands, and by what a leisurely and genial communication with their works it is that we can gain any deep intimacy with even a few great artists, such as Shakspeare, Milton, or Euripides, how monstrous a fiction would that man force on our credulity, who tells us that he had read and weighed in the balances the total products of human intellect dispersed through thirty languages for a period of three thousand years; and how gross a delusion does *he* practise upon his own mind who can persuade himself that it is *reading* to cram himself with words, the bare sense of which can hardly have time to glance, like the lamps of a mail coach, upon his hurried and bewildered understanding! There is a picture at Oxford, which I saw when a boy, of an old man, with misery in his eye, in the act of copying a book; and the story attached (I forget whether with any historic foundation) is that he was under a vow to copy out some great portion of the Bible before he allowed himself (or was allowed) to eat. I dare say you know the picture; and perhaps I tell the story wrong. However, just such a man, and just so wo-begone, must this man of words appear when he is alone in his study; with a frozen heart and a famished intellect; and every now and then, perhaps exclaiming with Alcibiades, "O ye Athenians! what a world of hardship I endure to obtain your applause!" So slightly is his knowledge worked into the texture of his mind, that I am persuaded a brain fever would sweep it all away. With this sketch of Messrs. Bouterwek and Schlegel, it is superfluous to add that their criticisms are utterly *worthless*; being all words, words: however, with this difference, that Bouterwek's are simply = 0, being the mere rubbishy sweepings from the works of literatuli long since defunct: but Schlegel's, agreeably to his natural haughtiness and superior talents, are bad in a positive sense—being filled with such conceits, fancies, and fictions, as you would naturally expect from a clever man talking about what he had never, in any true sense of the word, read.* O genius of English good sense, keep any

* The most disingenuous instances in Schlegel of familiar acquaintance claimed with subjects of which he is necessarily ignorant, are the numerous passages in which he speaks of philosophers, especially of Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Kant. In such cases his sentences are always most artificially and jesuitically constructed, to give him the air of being quite at ease on the one hand, and yet, on the other, to avoid committing himself by too much descent into particulars. So dangerous, however, is it for the ablest man to attempt speaking of what he does not understand, that, as a sailor will detect a landsman, however expert in the use of nautical diction, before he has uttered two sentences, so, with all his art and finesse, and

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child of mine from ever sacrificing his peace and intellectual health to such a life of showy emptiness, of pretence, of noise, and of words; and even with a view to the opinion of others, if it were worth while sacrificing very much to *that*, teach him how far more enviable is the reputation of having produced even one work, though but in a lower department of art, and which has given pleasure to myriads—(such, suppose, as *The Vicar of Wakefield*)—than to have lived in the wonderment of a gazing crowd, like a rope-dancer, or a posture-master, with the fame of incredible attainments that tend to no man's pleasure, and which perish to the remembrance of all men as soon as their possessor is in his grave.

Thus, at some risk of fatiguing you, I have endeavoured to sharpen your attention to the extreme danger which threatens a self-instructor in the besetting temptations to an over cultivation of languages; temptations which, whether appealing to his vanity and love of ostentation, or to his craving for a multifarious mastery over books, terminate in the same evil of substituting a barren study of words, which is, besides, the most lingering of all studies, for the healthy exercise of the intellect. All the great European poets, orators, and wits, are mentioned in a man's hearing so often, and so much discussion is constantly going on

speaking besides to questions of his own choosing, yet cannot Schlegel escape detection in any one instance when he has attempted to act the philosopher. Even where the thing said is not otherwise objectionable, it generally detects itself as the remark of a novice, by addressing itself to something extra-essential in the philosophy, and which a true judge would have passed over as impertinent to the real business of the system. Of the ludicrous blunders which inevitably arise in both Bouterwek and Schlegel, from hasty reading, or no reading at all, I noted some serious instances in my pocket-book; but, not having it with me, I shall mention two from memory. Bouterwek and Schlegel both would be highly offended, I suppose, if I were to doubt whether they had ever read the *Paradise Lost*. "O calumny, vile calumny! We that have given such fine criticisms upon it, not to have read it!" Yes; but there is such a case *in rerum naturâ* as that of criticising a work which the critic had not even seen. Now, that Bouterwek had not read the *Paradise Lost*, I think probable from this: Bodmer, during part of the first half of the last century, as is known to the students of German literature, was at the head of a party who supported the English literature against the French party of the old dolt Gottsched. From some work of Bodmer's, Bouterwek quotes with praise a passage which, from being in plain German prose, he supposes to be Bodmer's, but which, unfortunately, happens to be a passage in the *Paradise Lost*, and so memorable a passage that no one having once read it could have failed to recognize it. So much for Bouterwek. As to Schlegel, the presumption against him rests upon this: he is lecturing Milton in a high professor's style for his choice of a subject: "Milton," says he, "did not consider that the fall of man was but an inchoate action, but a part of a system, of which the restoration of man is another and equally essential part. The action of the *Paradise Lost* is, therefore, essentially imperfect." (Quoting from memory, and from a memory some years old, I do not pretend to give the words, but this is the sense.) Now, *pace tanti viri*, Milton *did* consider this, and has provided for it by a magnificent expedient, which a man who had read the *Paradise Lost* would have been likely to remember, namely by the Vision combined with the Narrative of the Archangel, in which his final restoration is made known to Adam; without which, indeed, to say nothing of Mr. Schlegel's objection, the poem could not have closed with that repose necessary as the final impression of any great work of art.

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about their comparative merits, that a body of irritation and curiosity collects about these names, and unites with more legitimate feelings to persuade a man that it is necessary he should read them all—each in his own language. In a celebrated satire (*The Pursuits of Literature*), much read in my youth, and which I myself read about twenty-five years ago, I remember one counsel there addressed to young men, but, in fact, of universal application. "I call upon them," said the author, "to *dare* to be ignorant of many things:" a wise counsel, and justly expressed; for it requires much courage to forsake popular paths of knowledge, merely upon a conviction that they are not favourable to the ultimate ends of knowledge. In you, however, *that* sort of courage may be presumed; but how will you "dare to be ignorant" of many things in opposition to the cravings of your own mind? Simply thus: destroy these false cravings by introducing a healthier state of the organ. A good scheme of study will soon show itself to be such by this one test—that it will exclude as powerfully as it will appropriate; it will be a system of repulsion no less than of attraction; once thoroughly possessed and occupied by the deep and genial pleasures of one truly intellectual pursuit, you will be easy and indifferent to all others that had previously teased you with transient excitement; just as you will sometimes see a man superficially irritated, as it were, with wandering fits of liking for three or four women at once, which he is absurd enough to call "being in love;" but, once profoundly in love (supposing him capable of being so), he never makes such a mistake again, all his feelings after *that* being absorbed into a sublime unity.

Now, without anticipating this scheme of study out of its place, yet in general you know whether your intentions lean most to science or to literature. For upon this decision revolves the whole motives which can determine your choice of languages; as, for instance, if you are in quest of science or philosophy, no language in Europe at this day (unless the Turkish) is so slenderly furnished as the Spanish; on the other hand, for literature, I am disposed to think that after the English none is so wealthy (I mean in quality, not in quantity). Here, however, to prevent all mistakes, let me establish one necessary distinction. The word *literature* is a perpetual source of confusion, because it is used in two senses, and those senses liable to be confounded with each other. In a philosophical use of the word, literature is the direct and adequate antithesis of books of knowledge. But, in a popular use, it is a mere term of convenience for expressing inclusively the total books in a language. In this latter sense, a dictionary, a grammar, a spelling-book, an almanac, a pharmacopœia, a Parliamentary report, a system of farricry, a treatise on billiards, the Court Calendar, etc., belong to the literature. But, in the philosophical sense, not only would it be ludicrous to reckon these as parts of the literature, but even books of much higher pretensions must be excluded—as, for instance, books of voyages and travels, and generally all books in which the matter to be communicated is paramount to the manner or form of its communication ("ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri"). It is difficult to construct the idea of "literature"

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with severe accuracy; for it is a fine art—the supreme fine art, and liable to the difficulties which attend such a subtle notion; in fact, a severe construction of the idea must be the *result* of a philosophical investigation into this subject, and cannot precede it. But, for the sake of obtaining some expression for literature that may answer our present purpose, let us throw the question into another form. I have said that the antithesis of literature is books of knowledge. Now, what is that antithesis to *knowledge*, which is here implicitly latent in the word literature? The vulgar antithesis is *pleasure* (“aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ”). Books, we are told, propose to *instruct* or to *amuse*. Indeed! However, not to spend any words upon it, I suppose you will admit that this wretched antithesis will be of no service to us. And, by the way, let me remark to you, in this, as in other cases, how men by their own errors of understanding, by feeble thinking, and inadequate distinctions, forge chains of meanness and servility for themselves. For, this miserable alternative being once admitted, observe what follows. In which class of books does the *Paradise Lost* stand? Among those which instruct, or those which *amuse*! Now, if a man answers among those which instruct, he lies; for there is no instruction in it, nor could be in any great poem, according to the meaning which the word must bear in this distinction, unless it is meant that it should involve its own antithesis. But if he says, “No; amongst those which amuse,” then what a beast must he be to degrade, and in this way, what has done the most of any human work to raise and dignify human nature. But the truth is, you see that the idiot does not wish to degrade it; on the contrary, he would willingly tell a lie in its favour, if that would be admitted; but such is the miserable state of slavery to which he has reduced himself by his own puny distinction; for, as soon as he hops out of one of his little cells, he is under a necessity of hopping into the other. The true antithesis* to knowledge, in this case, is not *pleasure*, but power. All that is literature seeks to communicate power; all that is not literature, to communicate knowledge. Now, if it be asked what is meant by communicating power, I, in my turn, would ask by what name a

* For which distinction, as for most of the sound criticism on poetry, or any subject connected with it that I have ever met with, I must acknowledge my obligations to many years' conversation with Mr. Wordsworth. Upon this occasion it may be useful to notice that there is a rhetorical use of the word “power,” very different from the analytic one here introduced, which, also, is due originally to Mr. Wordsworth, and will be found in no book before 1798; this is now become a regular slang term in London conversation. In reference to which, it is worth notice that a critic, speaking of the late Mr. Shelley, a year or two ago, in the most popular literary journal of the day, said, “It is alleged that there is power in Mr. Shelley's poetry; now, there can be no power shown in poetry, except by writing good poems” (or words to that effect). Waiving, however, the question of Mr. Shelley's merits, so far is this remark from being true, that the word was originally introduced expressly to provide for the case where, though the poem was *not* good from defect in *composition*, or from other causes, the stamina and *matériel* of good poetry as fine thinking and passionate conceptions, could not be denied to exist.

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man would designate the case in which I should be made to feel vividly, and with a vital consciousness, emotions which ordinary life rarely or never supplies occasions for exciting, and which had previously lain unawakened, and hardly within the dawn of consciousness—as myriads of modes of feelings are at this moment in every human mind for want of a poet to organize them? I say, when these inert and sleeping forms *are* organized, when these possibilities *are* actualized, is this conscious and living possession of mine *power*, or what is it?

When, in King Lear, the height, and depth, and breadth, of human passion is revealed to us, and, for the purposes of a sublime antagonism, is revealed in the weakness of an old man's nature, and in one night two worlds of storm are brought face to face—the human world, and the world of physical nature—mirrors of each other, semi-choral antiphonies, strophe and antistrophe heaving with rival convulsions, and with the double darkness of night and madness, when I am thus suddenly startled into a feeling of the infinity of the world within me, is this power, or what may I call it? Space, again, what is it in most men's minds? The lifeless form of the world without us, a postulate of the geometrician, with no more vitality or real existence to their feelings than the square root of two. But, if Milton has been able to *inform* this empty theatre, peopling it with Titanic shadows, forms that sat at the eldest counsels of the infant world, chaos and original night,—

“Ghostly shapes,
To meet at noontide, Fear and trembling Hope,
Death the Skeleton,
And Time the Shadow,”—

so that, from being a thing to inscribe with diagrams, it has become under his hands a vital agent on the human mind,—I presume that I may justly express the tendency of the Paradise Lost, by saying that it communicates power; a pretension far above all communication of knowledge. Henceforth, therefore, I shall use the antithesis power and knowledge as the most philosophical expression for literature (that is, Literæ Humaniores) and anti-literature (that is, Literæ didacticæ—*Παιδεία*).

Now, then, prepared with this distinction, let us inquire whether—weighing the difficulties against the benefits—there is an overbalance of motive for you with your purposes to study what are inaccurately termed the “classical” languages.* And first with respect to Greek, we have often had the question debated, and in our own days, solemn challenges thrown out, and solemn adjudications given on the ques-

* A late writer has announced it as a matter of discovery, that the term “classics” is applicable also to the modern languages. But, surely, this was never doubted by any man who considered the meaning and origin of the term. It is drawn, as the reader must be reminded, from the political economy of Rome. Such a man was rated as to his income in the third class, such another in the fourth, and so on; but he who was in the highest—as said emphatically to be

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tion, whether any benefit corresponding to the time and the labour can be derived from the study of the ancient classics. Hitherto, however, the question could not be rightly shaped; for, as no man chose to plead "amusement" as a sufficient motive for so great an undertaking, it was always debated with a single reference to the *knowledge* involved in those literatures. But this is a ground wholly untenable. For, let the knowledge be what it might, all knowledge is translatable; and translatable without one atom of loss. If this were all, therefore, common sense would prescribe that faithful translations should be executed of all the classics, and all men in future depend upon these vicarious labours. With respect to the Greek, this would soon be accomplished; for what is the knowledge which lurks in that language? All knowledge may be commodiously distributed into science and erudition; of the latter (antiquities, geography, philology, theology, etc.), there is a very considerable body; of the former, but little, namely, the mathematical and musical works, and the medical works—what else? Nothing that can deserve the name of science, except the single *organon* of Aristotle. With Greek medicine I suppose that you have no concern. As to mathematics, a man must be an idiot if he were to study Greek for the sake of Archimedes, Apollonius, or Diophantus. In Latin or in French you may find them all regularly translated, and parts of them embodied in the works of English mathematicians. Besides, if it were otherwise, where the notions and all the relations are so few, elementary, and determinate, and the vocabulary therefore so scanty, as in mathematics, it could not be necessary to learn Greek, even if you were disposed to read the mathematicians in that language. I see no marvel in Halley's having translated an Arabic manuscript on mathematics, with no previous knowledge of Arabic; on the contrary, it is a case (and not a very difficult case) of the art of deciphering, so much practised by Wallis and other great mathematicians contemporary with Halley. But all this is an idle disputation; for the knowledge of whatsoever sort which lies in Grecian mines, wretchedly as we are furnished with vernacular translations, the Latin version will always supply. This, therefore, is not the ground to be taken by the advocate of Greek letters. It is not for knowledge that Greek is worth learning, but for power. Here arises the question, Of what value is this power? that is, how is the Grecian literature to be rated in relation to other literatures? Now, is it not only because "De Carthagine satius est silere quam parcius dicere," but also because in my judgment there is no more offensive form of levity than the readiness to speak on great problems, incidentally and occasionally—that I shall wholly decline this question.

of the class, "classicus," a class-man, without adding the number, as in that case superfluous. Hence, by an obvious analogy, the best authors were rated as classic, or men of the highest class; just as in English we say, "men of rank," absolutely, for men who are in the highest ranks of the State. The particular error by which this mere formal term of relation was *materiated* (if I may so say) in one of its accidents (namely, the application to Greek and Roman writers), is one of the commonest and most natural.

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We have hitherto seen no rational criticism on Greek literature ; nor, indeed, to say the truth, much criticism which teaches anything, or solves anything, upon any literature. I shall simply suggest one consideration to you. The question is limited wholly, as you see, to the value of the literature in the proper sense of that word. Now, it is my private theory, to which you will allow what degree of weight you please, that the antique or pagan literature is a polar antagonist to the modern or Christian literature ; that each is an evolution from a distinct principle, having nothing in common but what is necessarily common to all modes of thought, namely, good sense and logic ; and that they are to be criticised from different stations and points of view. This same thought has occurred to others ; but no great advance is made simply by propounding the general thesis ; and as yet nobody has done more.* It is only by the development of this thesis that any real service can be performed. This I have myself attempted, in a series of "reveries" on that subject ; and, if you continue to hesitate on the question of learning Greek, now that you know exactly how that question is shaped, and to what it points, my manuscript contains all the assistance that it is in *my* power to offer you in such a dilemma. The difference of the antique from the Christian literature, you must bear in mind, is not like that between English and Spanish literature—species and species—but as between genus and genus. The advantages therefore are—1, the *power* which it offers generally as a literature ; 2, the new phases under which it presents the human mind ; the antique being the other hemisphere, as it were, which, with our own or Christian hemisphere, composes the entire sphere of human intellectual energy.

So much for the Greek. Now, as to the Latin, the case is wholly reversed. Here the literature is of far less value ; and, on the whole, with your views, it might be doubted whether it would recompense your pains. But the anti-literature (as for want of a strict antithesis I must call it) is inestimable ; Latin having been the universal language of Christendom for so long a period. The Latin works since the restoration of letters are alone of immense value for knowledge of every kind ; much science, inexhaustible erudition ; and to this day in Germany and elsewhere on the Continent, the best part of the latter is communicated in Latin. Now, though all knowledge *is* (which power is not) adequately communicable by translation, yet as there is no hope that the immense bibliotheca of Latin accumulated in the last three centuries ever will be translated, you cannot possibly dispense with this language ; and, that being so, it is fortunate that you have already a superficial acquaintance with it. The best means of cultivating it further, and the grounds of selection amongst the *modern* languages of Christendom, I will discuss fully in my next letter.

* Nor do I much expect *will* do more : which opinion I build on the particular formula chosen for expressing the opposition of the antique and the Christian literature, namely, the classical and the romantic. This seeming to me to imply a total misconception of the true principle on which the distinction rests, I naturally look for no further developments of the thesis from that quarter.

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LETTER IV.

ON LANGUAGES, CONTINUED.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is my misfortune to have been under the necessity too often of writing rapidly, and without opportunities for after-revision. In cases where much *composition** is demanded, this is a serious misfortune, and sometimes irreparable, except at the price of recasting the whole work. But, to a subject like the present, little of what is properly called composition is applicable; and somewhat the less from the indeterminate form of *letters* into which I have purposely thrown my communications. Errors in composition apart, there can be no others of importance, except such as relate to the matter; and those are not at all the more incident to a man because he is in a hurry. Not to be too much at leisure is, indeed, often an advantage. On no occasion of their lives do men generally speak better than on the scaffold, and with the executioner at their side; partly, indeed, because they are then most in earnest, and unsollicitous about effect; but partly, also, because the pressure of the time sharpens and condenses the faculty of abstracting the capital points at issue. On this account I do not plead haste as an absolute and unmitigated disadvantage. Haste palliates what haste occasions. Now, there is no haste which can occasion oversights, as to the matter, to him who has meditated sufficiently upon his subject; all that haste can do in such a case is to affect the language with respect to accuracy and precision; and thus far I plead it. I shall never plead it as shrinking from the severest responsibility for the thoughts and substance of anything I say; but often in palliation of expressions careless or ill chosen. And at no time can I stand more in need of such indulgence than at present, when I write both hastily and under such circumstances of—But no matter what. Believe, in general, that I write under circumstances as unfavourable for careful selection of words as can well be imagined.

In my last letter I declined to speak of the antique literature, as a subject too unwieldy and unmanageable for my limits. I now recur to it for the sake of guarding and restraining that particular sentence in which I have spoken of the Roman literature as inferior to the Greek. In common with all the world, I must, of necessity, think it so in the drama, and generally in poetry *κατ' ἐξοχήν*. Indeed, for some forms of poetry, even of the lower order, it was the misfortune of the Roman literature that they were not cultivated until the era of fastidious taste, which in every nation takes place at a certain stage

* "*Composition*."—This word I use in a sense, not indeed peculiar to myself, but yet not very common, nor anywhere, that I know of, sufficiently developed. It is of the highest importance in criticism; and, therefore, I shall add a note upon the true construction of the idea, either at the end of this letter or the next, according to the space left.

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of society. They were harshly transplanted as exotics, and never passed through the just degrees of a natural growth on Roman soil. Notwithstanding this, the most exquisite specimens of the lighter lyric which the world has yet seen must be sought for in Horace; and very few writers of any country have approached to Virgil in the art of *composition*, however low we may be disposed at this day to rank him as a poet, when tried in the unequal contest with the sublimities of the Christian literature. The truth is (and this is worth being attended to), that the peculiar sublimity of the Roman mind does not express itself, nor is it at all to be sought, in their poetry. Poetry, according to the Roman idea of it, was not an adequate organ for the grander movements of the national mind. Roman sublimity must be looked for in Roman acts and in Roman sayings. For the acts, see their history for a thousand years, the early and fabulous part not excepted,—which, for the very reason that it *is* fabulous,* must be taken as so much the purer product of the Roman mind. Even the infancy of Rome was like the cradle of Hercules, glorified by splendid marvels,—“Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre.” For their sayings, for their anecdotes, their serious bon-mots, there are none equal to the Roman in grandeur. “Englishman!” said a Frenchman once to me, “you that contest our claim to the sublime, and contend that ‘la manière noble’ of our artists wears a falsetto character, what do you think of that saying of a king of ours, that it became not the King of France to avenge the injuries of the Duke of Orleans (that is, of himself, under that title)?” “Think!” said I, “why, I think it is a magnificent and regal speech, and such is my English generosity, that I heartily wish the Emperor Hadrian had not said the same thing fifteen hundred years before.”† I would willingly give five shillings myself to purchase the copyright of the saying for the French nation; for *they* want it, and the Romans could spare it. *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!* Cursed be the name of Hadrian that stands between France and the sublimest of bon-mots! Where again, will you find a more adequate expression of the Roman majesty than in the

* In addition to the arguments lately urged in the *Quarterly Review*, for bastardizing and degrading the early history of Rome, I may here mention two others, alleged many years ago in conversation by a friend of mine. 1. *The immoderate length of time assigned to the reigns of the kings.* For though it is possible that one king's reign may cover two entire generations (as that of George III.), or even two and a half (as that of Louis XIV.), yet it is in the highest degree improbable that a series of seven kings, immediately consecutive, should average, in the most favourable cases, more than twenty-four years for each: for the proof of which, see the *Collective Chronology of Ancient and Modern Europe*. 2. *The dramatic and artificial casting of the parts for these kings.* Each steps forward as a scenical person to play a distinct part or character. One makes Rome; another makes laws; another makes an army; another, religious rights, etc. And last of all comes a gentleman who “enacts the brute part,” of destroying, in effect, what his predecessors had constructed; and thus furnishes a decorous catastrophe for the whole play, and a magnificent birth for the republican form of government.

† *Submonente quodam ut in pristinos inimicos animadverteret, negavit se ita caturum? adjectâ civili voce.*—Minime licere Principi Romano, ut quæ privatus asset odia—ista Imperator exequi. *Spartian in Had.*, Vid. *Histor. August.*

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saying of Trajan—Imperatorem oportere stantem mori—that Cæsar ought to die standing, a speech of imperial grandeur; implying that he, who was “the foremost man of all this world,” and, in regard to all other nations, the representative of his own, should express its characteristic virtue in his farewell act,—should die *in procinctu*,—and should meet the last enemy,* as the first, with a Roman countenance, and in a soldier’s attitude. If this had an imperial, what follows had a consular majesty, and is almost the grandest story upon record. Marius, the man who rose *à caligà* to be seven times consul, was in a dungeon, and a slave was sent in with commission to put him to death. These were the persons,—the two extremities of exalted and forlorn humanity, its vanward and its rearward man, a Roman consul and an abject slave. But their natural relations to each other were, by the caprice of fortune, monstrously inverted. The consul was in chains: the slave was for a moment the arbiter of his fate. By what spells, what magic, did Marius reinstate himself in his natural prerogatives? By what marvels, drawn from heaven or from earth, did he, in the twinkling of an eye, again invest himself with the purple, and place between himself and his assassin a host of shadowy lictors? By the mere blank supremacy of great minds over weak ones. He *fascinated* the slave, as a rattlesnake does a bird. Standing “like Teneriffe,” he smote him with his eye, and said, “Tunc, homo, audes occidere C. Marium?” Dost thou, fellow, presume to kill Caius Marius? Whereat the reptile, quaking under the voice, not daring to affront the consular eye, sank gently to the ground, turned round upon his hands and feet, and, crawling out of the prison like any other vermin, left Marius standing in solitude, as steadfast and immovable as the capitol.

In such anecdotes as these it is—in the actions of trying emergencies and their appropriate circumstances—that I find the revelation of the Roman mind under its highest aspect. The Roman mind was great in the presence of man, mean in the presence of nature; impotent to comprehend or to delineate the internal strife of *passion*,† but powerful beyond any other national mind to display the energy of the *will* victorious over all passion. Hence it is that the true Roman sublime exists nowhere in such purity as in those works which were *not* composed with a reference to Grecian models. On this account I wholly dissent from the shallow classification which expresses the

* Neither let it be objected that it is irrational to oppose what there is no chance of opposing with success. When the Roman Senate kept their seats immovably upon the entrance of the Gauls reeking from the storm of Rome, they did it not as supposing that this spectacle of senatorial dignity could disarm the wrath of their savage enemy; if they had, their act would have lost all its splendour. The language of their conduct was this; So far as the grandeur of the will is concerned, we have carried our resistance to the last extremity, and have expressed it in the way suitable to our rank. For all beyond we were not answerable; and, having recorded our “protest” in such an emphatic language, death becomes no dishonour. The *stantem mori* expresses the same principle, but in a symbolic act.

† So palpable is this truth, that the most unreflecting critics have hence been led to suspect the pretensions of the Atys to a Roman origin.

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relations of merit between the writers of the Augustan period and that which followed, under the type of a golden and silver age. As artists, and with reference to composition, no doubt many of the writers of the latter age were rightly so classed; but an inferiority *quoad hoc* argues no uniform and absolute inferiority; and the fact is, that, in weight and grandeur of thought, the silver writers were much superior to the golden. Indeed, this might have been looked for on *à priori* grounds; for the silver writers were more truly Roman writers from two causes: first, because they trusted more to their own native style of thinking, and, looking less anxiously to Grecian archetypes, they wrote more naturally, feelingly, and originally; secondly, because the political circumstances of their times were advantageous, and liberated them from the suspicious caution which cramped the natural movements of a Roman mind on the first establishment of the monarchy. Whatever outrages of despotism occurred in the times of the silver writers were sudden, transient, capricious, and personal, in their origin and in their direction: but, in the Augustan age, it was not the temper of Augustus, personally, and certainly not the temper of the writers leading them to any excesses of licentious speculation, which created the danger of bold thinking. The danger was in the times, which were unquiet and revolutionary. The struggle with the republican party was yet too recent; the wounds and cicatrices of the State too green; the existing order of things too immature and critical: the triumphant party still viewed *as a party*, and for that cause still feeling itself a party militant. Augustus had that chronic complaint of a "crick in the neck," of which later princes are said to have an acute attack every 30th of January. Hence a servile and timid tone in the literature. The fiercer republicans could not be safely mentioned. Even Cicero it was not decorous to praise; and Virgil, as perhaps you know, has, by insinuation, contrived to insult* his memory in the *Æneid*. But, as the irresponsible power of the emperors grew better secured, their jealousy of republican sentiment abated much of its keenness. And, considering that republican freedom of thought was the very matrix of Roman sublimity, it ought not to surprise us, that as fast as the national mind was lightened from the pressure which weighed upon the natural style of its sentiment, the literature should recoil into a freer movement, with an elasticity proportioned to the intensity and brevity of its depression. Accordingly, in Seneca the philosopher, in Lucan, in Tacitus, even in Pliny the Younger, etc., but

* *Orabunt alii causas melius.* *Æn.* VI.—An opinion upon the Grecian superiority in this point, which is so doubtful even to us in our perfect impartiality at this day, as a general opinion without discrimination of persons, that we may be sure it could not spontaneously have occurred to a Roman in a burst of patriotic feeling, and must have been deliberately manufactured to meet the malignant wishes of Augustus. More especially because, in whatever relation of opposition or of indifference to the principles of a military government, to the *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*, Virgil might view the fine arts of painting, statuary, etc., he could not but have viewed the arts of forensic eloquence as standing in the closest alliance with that principle.

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especially in the two first, I affirm that there is a loftiness of thought more eminently and characteristically Roman than in any preceding writers : and in *that* view to rank them as writers of a silver age, is worthy only of those who are servile to the commonplaces of unthinking criticism.

The style of thought in the silver writers, as a raw material, was generally more valuable than that of their predecessors, however much they fell below them in the art of working up that material. And I shall add further that, when I admit the vast defects of Luther, for instance, as an artist, I would not be understood as involving in that concession the least toleration of the vulgar doctrine, that the diction of the silver writers is in any respect below the standard of pure Latinity as existing in the writers of the Ciceronian age. A better structure of Latinity, I will affirm boldly, does not exist than that of Petronius Arbiter ; and taken as a body, the writers of what is denominated the silver age are for diction no less Roman, and for thought much more intensely Roman, than any other equal number of writers from the preceding ages ; and, with a very few exceptions, are the best fitted to take a permanent station in the regard of men at your age or mine, when the meditative faculties, if they exist at all, are apt to expand and to excite a craving for a greater weight of thought than is usually to be met with in the elder writers of the Roman literature.

This explanation made, and having made that "amende honorable" to the Roman literature which my own gratitude demanded, I come to the remaining part of my business in this letter, namely, the grounds of choice amongst the languages of Europe, reserving to my conclusion anything I may have to say upon these *languages*, as depositories of *literature*, properly so called, I shall first speak of them as depositories of *knowledge*. Among the four great races of men in Europe, namely—1. The Celtic, occupying a few of the western extremities* of Europe ; 2. The Teutonic, occupying the northern and midland parts ; † 3. The Latin (blended with Teutonic tribes) occupying the south ; ‡ and, 4. The Slavonic, § occupying the east, it is evident that of the first and the last it is unnecessary to say anything in this place, because their pretensions to literature do not extend to our present sense of the word. No Celt even, however extravagant, pretends to the possession of a body of Celtic philosophy

* Namely : 1. In the Cornish, Welsh, Manks, Highlands, Scotch, and Irish provinces of the British Empire (in the first and last it is true that the barbarous Celtic blood has been too much improved by Teutonic admixture to allow of our considering the existing races as purely Celtic ; this, however, does not affect the classification of their genuine literary relics) ; 2. In Biscay ; and 3. In Basse Bretagne (Armorica) : to say nothing of a Celtic district said to exist in the Alps, etc.

† Namely : Iceland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany, Netherlands, England, and Scotch Lowlands.

‡ Namely : Italy, France, Spain, and Portugal.

§ Namely : a zone belting Europe from the Frozen Ocean, through the Russian Empire (including Poland) to the Illyrian province on the Adriatic.

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and Celtic science of independent growth. The Celtic and Slavonic languages, therefore, dismissed, our business at present is with those of the Latin and the Teutonic families. Now three of the Latin family, namely, the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, are at once excluded for the purpose before us: because it is notorious that, from political and religious causes, these three nations have but feebly participated in the general scientific and philosophic labours of the age. Italy, indeed, has cultivated natural philosophy with an exclusive zeal; a direction probably impressed upon the national mind by patriotic reverence for her great names in that department. But, merely for the sake of such knowledge (supposing no other motive), it would be idle to pay the price of learning a language,—all the current contributions to science being regularly gathered into the general garner of Europe by the scientific journals both at home and abroad. Of the Latin languages, therefore, which are wholly the languages of Catholic nations, but one—that is, the French—can present any sufficient attractions to a student in pursuit of general knowledge. Of the Teutonic literatures, on the other hand, which are the adequate representatives of the Protestant intellectual interest in Europe (no Catholic nations speaking a Teutonic language except the southern states of Germany and part of the Netherlands), all give way at once to the paramount pretensions of the English and the German. I do not say this with the levity of ignorance, as if presuming, as a matter of course, that in a small territory, such as Denmark, *e.g.*, the literature must, of necessity, bear a value proportioned to its political rank. On the contrary, I have some acquaintance with the Danish literature; * and though, in the proper sense of the word literature as a body of creative art, I cannot esteem it highly, yet as a depository of knowledge in one particular direction—namely, the direction of historical and antiquarian research—it has, undoubtedly, high claims upon the student's attention. But this is a direction in which a long series of writers descending from a remote antiquity is of more importance than a great contemporary body; whereas, for the cultivation of knowledge in a more comprehensive sense, and arrived at its present

* I take this opportunity of mentioning a curious fact which I ascertained about twelve years ago, when studying the Danish. The English and Scotch philologists have generally asserted that the Danish invasions in the ninth and tenth centuries, and their settlements in various parts of the island (as Lincolnshire, Cumberland, etc.), had left little or no traces of themselves in the language. This opinion has been lately reasserted in Dr. Murray's work on the European languages. It is, however, inaccurate. For the remarkable dialect spoken amongst the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, together with the names of the mountains, tarns, etc., most of which resist all attempts to unlock their meaning from the Anglo Saxon, or any other form of the Teutonic, are pure Danish—generally intelligible from the modern Danish of this day, but in all cases from the elder form of the Danish. Whenever my *Opera Omnia* are collected, I shall reprint a little memoir on this subject, which I inserted about four years ago in a provincial newspaper; or possibly before that event, for the amusement of the lake tourists, Mr. Wordsworth may do me the favour to accept it as an appendix to his work on the English lakes.

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stage, large simultaneous efforts are of more importance than the longest successive efforts. Now, for such a purpose, it is self-evident that the means at the disposal of every State must be in due proportion to its statistical rank; for not only must the scientific institutions, the purchasers of books, etc., keep pace with the general progress of the country, but commerce alone, and the arts of life, which are so much benefited by science, naturally react upon science in a degree proportioned to the wealth of every State in their demand for the aid of chemistry, mechanics, engineering, etc., etc.; a fact with its inevitable results, to which I need scarcely call your attention. Moreover, waiving all mere presumptive arguments, the bare amount of books annually published in the several countries of Europe puts the matter out of all doubt that the great commerce of thought and knowledge in the civilized world is at this day conducted in three languages—the English, the German, and the French. You, therefore, having the good fortune to be an Englishman, are to make your choice between the two last; and this being so, I conceive that there is no room for hesitation,—the “*detur pulchriori*” being, in this case (that is, remember, with an exclusive reference to *knowledge*), a direction easily followed.

Dr. Johnson was accustomed to say of the French literature, as the kindest thing he had to say about it, that he valued it chiefly for this reason—that it had a book upon every subject. How far this might be a reasonable opinion fifty years ago, and understood, as Dr. Johnson must have meant it, of the French literature, as compared with the English of the same period, I will not pretend to say. It has certainly ceased to be true even under these restrictions, and is in flagrant opposition to the truth if extended to the French in its relation to the German. Undoubtedly the French literature holds out to the student some peculiar advantages, as what literature does not?—some, even, which we should not have anticipated; for, though we justly value ourselves as a nation upon our classical education, yet no literature is poorer than the English in the learning of classical antiquities,—our Bentleys, even, and our Porsons, having thrown all their learning into the channel of philology; whilst a single volume of the Memoirs of the French Academy of Inscriptions contains more useful antiquarian research than a whole English library. In digests of history, again, the French language is richer than ours, and in their dictionaries of miscellaneous knowledge (*not* in their encyclopædias). But all these are advantages of the French only in relation to the English, and not to the German literature, which, for vast compass, variety, and extent far exceeds all others as a depository for the current accumulations of knowledge. The mere number of books published annually in Germany, compared with the annual product of France and England, is alone a satisfactory evidence of this assertion. With relation to France, it is a second argument in its favour that the intellectual activity of Germany is not intensely accumulated in one great capital, as it is in Paris; but whilst it is here and there converged intensely enough for all useful purposes (as at Berlin, Königsberg, Leipsic,

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Dresden, Vienna, Munich, etc.), it is also healthily diffused over the whole territory. There is not a sixth-rate town in Protestant Germany which does not annually contribute its quota of books: intellectual culture has manured the whole soil: not a district but it has penetrated,

"Like Spring,
Which leaves no corner of the land untouched."

A third advantage on the side of Germany (an advantage for this purpose) is its division into a great number of independent states. From this circumstance it derives the benefit of an internal rivalry amongst its several members, over and above that general external rivalry which it maintains with other nations. An advantage of the same kind we enjoy in England. The British nation is fortunately split into three great divisions, and thus a national feeling of emulation and contest is excited,—slight, indeed, or none at all on the part of the English (not from any merit, but from mere decay of patriotic feeling), stronger on the part of the Irish, and sometimes illiberally and odiously strong on the part of the Scotch (especially as you descend below the rank of gentlemen). But, disgusting as it sometimes is in its expression, this nationality is of great service to our efforts in all directions. A triple power is gained for internal excitement of the national energies; whilst, in regard to any external enemy or any external rival, the three nations act with the unity of a single force. But the most conspicuous advantage of the German literature is its great originality and boldness of speculation, and the character of masculine austerity and precision impressed upon their scientific labours by the philosophy of Leibnitz and Wolff heretofore, and by the severer philosophy of modern days. Speaking of the German literature at all, it would be mere affectation to say nothing on a subject so far-famed and so much misrepresented as this. Yet, to summon myself to an effort of this kind at a moment of weariness and exhausted attention, would be the certain means of inflicting great weariness upon you. For the present, therefore, I take my leave.

LETTER V.

ON THE ENGLISH NOTICES OF KANT.

MY DEAR SIR,—In my last letter, having noticed the English, the German, and the French, as the three languages in which the great commerce of thought and knowledge in the civilized world is at this day conducted, and having attributed three very considerable advantages to the German, as compared with the French, I brought forward in conclusion, as an advantage more conspicuous even than any I had before insisted on, the great originality and boldness of speculation which have distinguished the philosophic researches of

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Germany for the last hundred and fifty years. On this point, as it stood opposed to some prejudices and gross mis-statements among ourselves, I naturally declined to speak at the close of a letter which had, perhaps, already exhausted your attention. But, as it would be mere affectation wholly to evade a question about which so much interest * has gathered, and an interest which, from its objects and grounds, must be so durable, I gave you reason to expect that I would say a few words on that which is at this time understood by the term *German Philosophy*, that is, the philosophy of Kant. This I shall now do. But, let me remind you for what purpose, that you may not lay to my charge, as a fault, *that* limited notice of my subject which the nature and proportions of my plan prescribe. In a short letter it cannot be supposed possible, if it were otherwise right on this occasion, that I should undertake an analysis of a philosophy so comprehensive as to leave no track of legitimate interests untouched, and so profound as to presuppose many preparatory exercises of the understanding. What the course of my subject demands is, that I should liberate the name and reputation of the Kantian philosophy from any delusion which may collect about its purposes and pretensions, through the representations of those who have spoken of it amongst ourselves. The case is this: I have advised you to pay a special attention to the German literature, as a literature of knowledge, not of power; and, amongst other reasons for this advice, I have alleged the high character and pretensions of its philosophy. But these pretensions have been met by attacks, or by gross misrepresentations, from all writers, within my knowledge, who have at all noticed the philosophy in this country. So far as these have fallen in your way, they must naturally have indisposed you to my advice; and it becomes, therefore, my business to point out any facts which may

* I have heard it alleged as a reason why no great interest in the German philosophy can exist or can be created amongst the English that "there is no demand for books on that subject;" in which remark there is a singular confusion of thought. Was there any "demand" for the Newtonian philosophy, until the Newtonian philosophy appeared? How should there be any "demand" for books which do not exist? But, considering the lofty pretensions of the Kantian philosophy, it would argue a gross ignorance of human nature to suppose that no interest had already attended the statement of these pretensions whenever they have been made known; and, in fact, amongst thoughtful and intellectual men a very deep interest has long existed on the subject, as my own experience has been sufficient to convince me. Indeed, what evidence could be alleged more strong of apathy and decay in all intellectual activity, and in all honourable direction of intellectual interests, than the possibility that a systematic philosophy should arise in a great nation near to our own, and should claim to have settled for ever many of the weightiest questions which concern the dignity and future progress of the human species, and should yet attract no attention or interest? We may be assured that no nation not thoroughly emasculated in power of mind—that is, so long as any severe studies survive amongst her—can ever be so far degraded. But these judgments come of attending too much to the movements of what is called "the literary world;" literature very imperfectly represents the intellectual interests of any people; and literary people are, in a large proportion, as little intellectual people as any one meets with.

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tend to disarm the authority of these writers, just so far as to replace you in the situation of a neutral and unprejudiced student.

The persons who originally introduced the Kantian philosophy to the notice of the English public, or rather attempted to do so, were two Germans—Dr. Willich and (not long after) Dr. Nitsch. Dr. Willich, I think, has been gone to Hades for these last dozen years; certainly his works have: and Dr. Nitsch, though not gone to Hades, is gone (I understand) to Germany, which answers my purpose as well; for it is not likely that a few words uttered in London will contrive to find out a man buried in the throng of thirty million Germans. *Quoad hoc*, therefore, Dr. Nitsch may be considered no less defunct than Dr. Willich: and I can run no risk of wounding anybody's feelings if I should pronounce both doctors very eminent blockheads. It is difficult to say which wrote the more absurd book. Willich's is a mere piece of book-making, and deserves no sort of attention. But Nitsch, who seems to have been a painstaking man, has produced a work which is thus far worthy of mention, that it reflects as in a mirror one feature common to most of the German commentaries upon Kant's works, and which it is right to expose. With very few exceptions, these works are constructed upon one simple principle: Finding it impossible to obtain any glimpse of Kant's meaning or drift, the writers naturally asked themselves what was to be done. Because a man does not understand one iota of his author, is he therefore not to comment upon him? That were hard indeed; and a sort of abstinence which it is more easy to recommend than to practise. Commentaries must be written; and if not by those who understand the system (which would be the best plan), then (which is clearly the second-best plan) by those who do *not* understand it. Dr. Nitsch belonged to this latter very respectable body, for whose great numerical superiority to their rivals, I can take upon myself to vouch. Being of their body, the worthy doctor adopted their expedient, which is simply this: never to deliver any doctrine except in the master's words; on all occasions to parrot the *ipsissima verba* of Kant; and not even to venture upon the experiment of a new illustration drawn from their own funds. Pretty nearly upon this principle was it that the wretched Brucker and others have constructed large histories of philosophy. Having no comprehension of the inner meaning and relations of any philosophic opinion, nor suspecting to what it tended, or in what necessities of the intellect it had arisen, how could the man do more than superstitiously adhere to that formula of words in which it had pleased the philosopher to clothe it? It was unreasonable to expect he should. To require of him that he should present it in any new aspect of his own devising would have been tempting him into dangerous and perplexing situations: it would have been, in fact, a downright aggression upon his personal safety, and calling upon him to become *felo de se*. Every turn of a sentence might risk his breaking down; and no man is bound to risk his neck, credit, or understanding, for the benefit of another man's neck, credit, or understanding. "It's all very well,"

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Dr. Nitsch and his brethren will say,—“it’s all very well for you, gentlemen, that have no commenting to do, to understand your author; but, to expect us to understand him also, that have to write commentaries on him for two, four, and all the way up to twelve volumes 8vo, just serves to show how far the unreasonableness of human nature can go.” The Doctor was determined on moral principles to make no compromise with such unreasonableness; and, in common with all his brethren, set his face against understanding each and every chapter, paragraph, or sentence, of Kant, so long as they were expected to do duty as commentators. I treat the matter ludicrously; but, in substance, I assure you that I do no wrong to the learned commentators; * and, under such auspices, you will not suppose that Kant came before the English public with any advantage of patronage. Between two such supporters as a Nitsch on the right hand, and a Willich on the left, I know not *that* philosopher that would escape foundering. But, fortunately for Kant, the supporters themselves foundered; and no man that ever I met with had seen or heard of their books, or seen any man that *had* seen them. It did not appear that they were, or, logically speaking, could be forgotten; for no man had ever remembered them.

The two doctors having thus broken down, and departed severally to Hades and Germany, I recollect no authors of respectability who have since endeavoured to attract the attention of the English public to the Kantean philosophy, except—1. An anonymous writer in an early number of the *Edinburgh Review*; 2. Mr. Coleridge; 3. Mr. Dugald Stewart; 4. Madame de Staël, in a work published, I believe, originally in this country, and during her residence amongst us. I do not add Sir William Drummond to this list, because my recollection of anything he has written on the subject of Kant (in his *Academical Questions*) is very imperfect; nor Mr. W——, the reputed author of an article on Kant (the most elaborate, I am told, which at present exists in the English language (in the *Encyclopædia Londinensis*; for this essay, together with a few other notices of Kant in other encyclopædias, or elsewhere, have not happened to fall in my way. The four writers above mentioned were certainly the only ones on this subject who commanded sufficient influence, either directly in their own persons, or (as in the first case) vicariously in the channel through which the author communicated with the public, considerably to affect the reputation of Kant in this country for better

* Under this denomination I comprehend all the rabble of abbreviators, abstractors, dictionary makers, etc., etc., attached to the establishment of the Kantean philosophy. One of the last, by the way, Schmidt, the author of a Kantean dictionary, may be cited as the *beau idéal* of Kantean commentators. He was altogether agreed with Dr. Nitsch upon the duty of not understanding one’s author; and acted up to his principle through life—being, in fact, what the Cambridge men call a *Bergen-op-zoom*, that is, one that sturdily defies his author, stands a siege of twelve or twenty years upon his understanding, and holds out to the last, impregnable to all the assaults of reason or argument, and the heaviest batteries of common sense.

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or worse. None of the four, except Mr. Coleridge, having, or professing to have, any direct acquaintance with the original works of Kant, but drawing their information from imbecile French books, etc., it would not be treating the other three with any injustice to dismiss their opinions without notice; for, even upon any one philosophical question, much more upon the fate of a great philosophical system supposed to be sub judice, it is as unworthy of a grave and thoughtful critic to rely upon the second-hand report of a flashy rhetorician, as it would be unbecoming and extra-judicial in a solemn trial to occupy the ear of the court with the gossip of a country town.

However, to omit no point of courtesy to any of these writers, I shall say a word or two upon each of them separately. The first and the third wrote in a spirit of hostility to Kant; the second and fourth as friends. In that order I shall take them. The writer of the article in the *Edinburgh Review*, I suppose, upon the internal evidence, to have been the late Dr. Thomas Brown, a pupil of Mr. Dugald Stewart's, and his successor in the Moral Philosophy chair at Edinburgh. This is a matter of no importance in itself; nor am I in the habit of troubling myself or others with literary gossip of that sort; but I mention it as a conjecture of my own; because, if I happen to be right, it would be a very singular fact that the only two writers within my knowledge who have so far forgot the philosophic character as to attempt an examination of a vast and elaborate system of philosophy not in the original, not in any authorized or accredited Latin version (of which there were two even at that time), not in any version at all, but in the tawdry rhetoric of a Parisian *philosophie à la mode*, a sort of *philosophie pour les dames*,—that these two writers, remarkably agreeing in their readiness to forget the philosophic character, should also happen to have stood nearly connected in literary life. In such coincidences we suspect something more than a blind accident; we suspect the natural tendency of their philosophy, and believe ourselves furnished with a measure of its power to liberate the mind from rashness, from caprice, and injustice, in such deliberate acts, which it either suggests or tolerates. If their own philosophic curiosity was satisfied with information so slender, mere justice required that they should not, on so slight and suspicious a warrant, have grounded anything in disparagement of the philosophy or its founder. The book reviewed by the Edinburgh reviewer, and relied on for his account of the Kantian philosophy, is the essay of Villiers; a book so entirely childish, that perhaps no mortification more profound could have fallen upon the reviewer than the discovery of the extent to which he had been duped by his author. Of this book no more needs to be said than that the very terms do not occur in it which express the hinges of the system. Mr. Stewart has confided chiefly in Dégérando; a much more sober-minded author, of more good sense, and a greater zeal for truth, but, unfortunately, with no more ability to penetrate below the surface of the Kantian system. M. Dégérando is represented as an unexceptionable evidence by Mr. Stewart, on the ground that he is admitted to be so by Kant's countrymen. The "countrymen" of

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Kant, * merely as countrymen, can have no more title to an opinion upon this point than a Grantham man could have a right to dogmatise on Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy, on the ground that he was a fellow-townsmen of Sir Isaac's. The air of Königsberg makes no man a philosopher. But, if Mr. Stewart means that the competency of M. Dégérando has been admitted by those countrymen of Kant's whose educations have fitted them to understand him, and whose writings make it evident that they *have* understood him (such, for instance, as Reinhold, Schulze, Tieftrunk, Bech, Fichte, and Schelling), then he has been misinformed. The mere existence of such works as the *Histoire Comparé* of M. Dégérando, which cannot be regarded in a higher light than that of verbal indices to the corpus philosophiæ, is probably unknown to them; certainly, no books of that popular class are ever noticed by any of them, nor could rank higher in their eyes than an elementary school algebra in the eyes of a mathematician. If any man acknowledges Dégérando's attempt at a popular abstract of Kant as a sound one, *ipso facto*, he degrades himself from the right to any opinion upon the matter. The elementary notions of Kant, even the main problem of his great work, are not once so much as alluded to by Dégérando. And, by the way, if any man ever talks in your presence about Kant, and you suspect that he is talking without knowledge, and wish to put a stop to him, I will tell you how you shall effect that end. Say to him as follows: "Sir, I am instructed by my counsel, learned in this matter, that the main problem of the philosophy you are talking of, lies involved in the term *transcendental*, and that it may be thus expressed: '*An detur aliquid transcendentalè in mente humanâ*;'—Is there in the human mind anything which realizes the notion of *transcendental* (as that notion is regulated and used by Kant)? Now, as this makes it necessary above all things to master that notion in the fullest sense, I will thank you to explain it to me. And, as I am further instructed that the answer to this question is affirmative, and is involved in the term *synthetic unity*, I will trouble you to make it clear to me wherein the difference lies between this and what is termed *analytic unity*." Thus speaking, you will in all probability gag him; which is, at any rate, one desirable thing gained when a man insists on disturbing a company by disputing and talking philosophy.

But, to return: as there must always exist a strong presumption against philosophy of Parisian manufacture (which is in that department the Birmingham ware of Europe); secondly, as M. Dégérando

* The reader may suppose that this could not possibly have been the meaning of Mr. Stewart. But a very general mistake exists as to the terminology of Kant—as though a foreigner must find some difficulties in it which are removed to a native. "His own countrymen," says a respectable literary journal, when speaking of Kant (*Edinburgh Monthly Review* for August 1820, p. 168)—"His own countrymen find it difficult to comprehend his meaning; and they dispute about it to this day." Why not? The terminology of Kant is partly Grecian, partly scholastic; and how should either become intelligible to a German *qua* German, merely because they are fitted with German terminations and inflections?

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had expressly admitted (in fact, boasted) that he had a little trimmed and embellished the Kantean system, in order to fit it for the society of "*les gens comme il faut*;" and, finally, as there were Latin versions, etc., of Kant, it must reasonably occur to any reader to ask why Mr. Stewart should not have consulted these. To this question Mr. Stewart answers, that he could not tolerate their "barbarous" style and nomenclature. I must confess that in such an answer I see nothing worthy of a philosopher: and should rather have looked for it from a literary *petit maître* than from an emeritus Professor of Moral Philosophy. Will a philosopher decline a useful experiment in physics because it will soil his kid gloves? Who thinks or cares about style in such studies, that is sincerely and anxiously in quest of truth? * In fact, *style*, in any proper sense, is no more a possible thing in such investigations as the understanding is summoned to by Kant, than it is in Euclid's Elements. As to the nomenclature again, supposing that it *had* been barbarous, who objects to the nomenclature of modern chemistry, which is *quoad materiam*, not only a barbarous, but a hybrid nomenclature? Wherever law and intellectual order prevail, they *debarbarize* (if I may be allowed such a coinage) what in its elements might be barbarous: the form ennobles the matter. But, how is the Kantean terminology barbarous, which is chiefly composed of Grecian or Latin terms? In constructing it, Kant proceeded in this way: where it was possible, he recalled obsolete and forgotten terms from the Platonic philosophy, and from the schoolmen, or restored words abused by popular use to their original philosophic meaning. In other cases, where there happen to exist double expressions for the same notion, he called in and reminded them, as it were. In doing this he was sometimes forestalled in part, and guided by the tendency of language itself. All languages, as it has been remarked, tend to clear themselves of synonymes as intellectual culture advances,—the superfluous words being taken up and appropriated by new shades and combinations of thought evolved in the progress of society. And, long before this appropriation is fixed and petrified, as it were, into the acknowledged vocabulary of the language, an insensible *clinamen* (to borrow a Lucretian word) prepares the way for it. Thus, for instance, long before Mr. Wordsworth had unveiled the great philosophic distinction between the powers of *fancy* and *imagination*, the two words had begun to diverge from each other; the first being used to express a faculty somewhat capricious † and exempted from law,

* The diction of the particular book which had been recommended to Mr. Stewart's attention, namely, the *Expositio Systematica* of Phiseldk, a Danish professor, has all the merits which a philosophic diction can have, being remarkably perspicuous, precise, simple, and unaffected. It is too much of a mere metaphor of Kant, and has too little variety of illustration; otherwise, I do not know a better digest of the philosophy.

† Which distinction comes out still more strongly in the secondary derivative *fanciful*, and the primary derivative *fantastic*. I say primary derivative, in reference to the history of the word:—*φαντασία*, whence *phantasy*: *z*, for metrical purposes, *phant'sy* (as it is usually spelt in Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, and other

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the latter to express a faculty more self-determined. When, therefore, it was at length perceived that under an apparent unity of meaning there lurked a real dualism, and for philosophic purposes it was necessary that this distinction should have its appropriate expression, this necessity was met half way by the *clinamen* which had already affected the popular usage of the words. So, again, in the words *Deist* and *Theist*; naturally, they should express the same notion: the one to a Latin, the other to a Grecian ear. But, of what use are such duplicates? It is well that the necessities of the understanding gradually reach all such cases by that insensible *clinamen* which fits them for a better purpose than that of extending the mere waste fertility of language, namely, by taking them up into the service of thought. In this instance *Deist* was used pretty generally throughout Europe to express the case of him who admits a God, but under the fewest predicates that will satisfy the conditions of the understanding. A *Theist*, on the other hand, even in popular use, denoted him who admits a God with some further (transcendental) predicates; as, for example, under the relation of a moral governor to the world. In such cases as this, therefore, where Kant found himself already anticipated by the progress of language, he did no more than regulate and ordinate the evident *nisus* and tendency of the popular usage into a severe definition. Where, however, the notions were of too subtle a nature to be laid hold of by the popular understanding, and too little within the daily use of life to be ever effected by the ordinary causes which mould the course of a language, there he commenced and finished the process of separation himself.

And what were the uses of all this? Why, the uses were these: *first*, in relation to the whole system of the transcendental philosophy: the new notions which were thus fixed and recorded were necessary to the system; they were useful in proportion as *that* was useful, that is, in proportion as it was true. *Secondly*, they extended the domain of human thought, apart from the system and independently of it. A perpetual challenge or summons is held out to the mind in the Kantean terminology to clear up and regulate its own conceptions, which, without discipline, are apt, from their own subtle affinities, to blend and run into each other. The new distinctions are so many intellectual problems to be mastered. And, even without any view to a formal study of the transcendental philosophy, great enlargement would be given to the understanding by going through a Kantean dictionary, well explained and well illustrated.* This terminology, therefore, was useful: 1. As a means to an end (being part of the system); 2. As an end in itself. So much for the uses. As to the power of mind put forth in constructing it (between which and the uses

scholar-like poems of that day: 3, by dropping the *t* in pronunciation; phansy or fancy. Now from No. 1 comes *fantastic*; from No. 3 comes *fanciful*.

* In some cases it is true that the construction of the ideas is posterior to the system, and presupposes a knowledge of it, rather than precedes it; but this is not generally true.

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lies the valuation of Kant's service ; for, if no uses, then we do not thank him for any difficulty he may have overcome ; if no difficulty overcome, then we do not ascribe as a merit to him any uses which may flow from it),—as to the power of mind put forth in constructing it, I do not think it likely that you will make the same mistake which I have heard from some unreflecting persons, and which, in fact, lurks at the bottom of much that has been written against Kant's obscurity, as though Kant had done no more than impose new names. Certainly, if that were all, the merit would not be very conspicuous. It would cost little effort of mind to say, Let this be A, and that be D : let this notion be called *transcendent*, and that be called *transcendental*. Such a statement, however, supposes the ideas to be already known and familiar, and simply to want names. In this lies the blunder. When Kant assigned the names, he created the ideas ; that is, he drew them within the consciousness. In assigning to the complex notion X the name *transcendental*, Kant was not simply transferring a word which had previously been used by the schoolmen to a more useful office ; he was bringing into the service of the intellect a new birth ; that is, drawing into a synthesis, which had not existed before as a synthesis, parts or elements which exist and come forward hourly in every man's mind. I urge this upon your attention, because you will often hear such challenges thrown out as this (or others involving the same error), "Now, if there be any sense in this Mr. Kant's writings, let us have it in good old mother English." That is, in other words, transfer into the unscientific language of life, scientific notions and relations which it is not fitted to express. The challenger proceeds upon the common error of supposing all ideas fully developed to exist in *esse* in all understandings, *ergo* in his own ; and all that are in his own he thinks that we can express in English. Thus the challenger, on his notions, has you in a dilemma, at any rate ; for, if you do not translate it, then it confirms his belief that the whole is jargon ; if you do (as, doubtless, with the help of much periphrasis, you may translate it into English, that will be intelligible to a man who already understands the philosophy), then where was the use of the new terminology ? But the way to deal with this fellow is as follows : My good sir, I shall do what you ask ; but, before I do it, I beg that you will oblige me by—1. Translating this mathematics into the language of chemistry ; 2. By translating this chemistry into the language of mathematics ; 3. Both into the language of cookery ; and, finally, solve me the Cambridge problem, "Given the captain's name, and the year of our Lord, to determine the longitude of the ship." This is the way to deal with such fellows.

The terminology of Kant, then, is not a rebaptism of ideas already existing in the universal consciousness ; it is in part an enlargement of the understanding by new territory (of which I have spoken), and in part a better regulation of its old territory. This regulation is either negative, and consists in limiting more accurately the boundary-line of conceptions that had hitherto been imperfectly defined ; or it is positive, and consists in the substitutions of names which express the

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relations and dependencies of the object* (*termini organici*) for the conventional names which have arisen from accident, and do *not* express those relations (*termini bruti*). It is on this principle that the nomenclature of chemistry is constructed : substances that were before known by arbitrary and non-significant names are now known by systematic names ; that is, such as express their relations to other parts of the system. In this way a terminology becomes, in a manner, organic ; and, being itself a product of an advanced state of the science, is an important re-agent for facilitating further advances.

These are the benefits of a sound terminology ; to which let me add, that no improved terminology can ever be invented—nay, hardly any plausible one—which does not pre-suppose an improved theory. Now, surely benefits such as these ought to outweigh any offence to the ears or the taste, if there were any. But the elegance of coherency is the sole elegance which a terminology needs to possess, or indeed can possess. The understanding is, in this case, the arbiter ; and where *that* approves, it must be a misplaced fastidiousness of feeling which does not submit itself to the presiding faculty. As an instance of a repulsive terminology, I would cite that of Aristotle, which has something harsh and technical in it that prevents it from ever blending with the current of ordinary language ; even to this, however, so far as it answers its purpose, the mind soon learns to reconcile itself. But here, as in other more important points, the terminology of Kant is advantageously distinguished from the Aristotelian, by adapting itself with great ductility to any variety of structure and arrangement incident to a philosophic diction.

I have spoken so much at length on the subject of Kant's terminology, because this is likely to be the first stumbling-block to the student of his philosophy ; and because it has been, in fact, the main subject of attack amongst those who have noticed it in this country ; if *that* can be called attack which proceeds in acknowledged ignorance of the original works.

A much more serious attack upon Kant has been the friendly notice of Madame de Staël. The sources from which she drew her opinions were understood to be the two Schlegels, and, probably, M. Dégérando. Like some countrymen of Kant's (*e.g.*, Kiesewetter), she has contrived to translate his philosophy into a sense which

* In a conversation which I once had with the late Bishop of Llandaff, on the subject of Kant, he objected chiefly to the terminology, and assigned as one instance of what seemed to him needless innovations, the word *apperception*. "If this word means self-consciousness," said he, "I do not see why Mr. Kant might not have contented himself with what contented his father. But the truth is, that this word exactly illustrates the explanation made above ; it expresses one fact in a system *sub ratione*, and with a retrospect to another. This would have been the apology for the word : however, in this particular instance, I chose rather to apologize for Kant, by alleging that Wolf and Leibnitz had used the word ; so that it was an established word before the birth of the transcendental philosophy, and it might, therefore, be doubted whether Mr. Kant, senior, had contented himself in this case with less than Mr. Kant, junior."

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leaves it tolerably easy to apprehend ; but unfortunately at the expense of all definite purpose, applicability, or philosophic meaning. On the other hand, Mr. Coleridge, whose great philosophic powers and undoubted acquaintance with the works of Kant would have fitted him beyond any man to have explained them to the English student, has unfortunately too little talent for teaching or communicating any sort of knowledge, and apparently too little simplicity of mind or zealous desire to do so. Hence it has happened that, so far from assisting Kant's progress in this country, Mr. Coleridge must have retarded it by expounding the oracle in words of more Delphic obscurity than the German original could have presented to the immaturest student. It is, moreover, characteristic of Mr. Coleridge's mind that it never gives back anything as it receives it. All things are modified and altered in passing through his thoughts ; and from this cause, I believe, combined with his aversion to continuous labour, arises his indisposition to mathematics ; for *that* he must be content to take as he finds it. Now, this indocility of mind greatly unfits a man to be the faithful expounder of a philosophic system ; and it has, in fact, led Mr. Coleridge to make various misrepresentations of Kant ; one only, as it might indispose you to pay any attention to Kant, I shall notice. In one of his works he has ascribed to Kant the foppery of an exoteric and an esoteric doctrine ; and that upon grounds wholly untenable. The direct and simple-minded Kant, I am persuaded, would have been more shocked at this suspicion than any other with which he could have been loaded.

I throw the following remarks together, as tending to correct some of the deepest errors with which men come to the examination of philosophic systems, whether as students or as critics.

1. A good terminology will be one of the first results from a good theory ; and hence, though a coherent terminology is not a sufficient evidence in favour of a system, the absence of such a terminology is a sufficient evidence against it.

2. It is asked which is the true philosophy. But this is not the just way of putting the question. The purpose of philosophy is not so much to accumulate positive truths in the first place, as to rectify the position of the human mind, and to correct its mode of seeing. The progress of the human species in this path is not direct, but oblique. One philosophy does not differ from another solely by the amount of truth and error which it brings forward ; there is none which has ever had much interest for the human mind but will be found to contain some truth of importance, or some approximation to it. One philosophy has differed from another rather by the station it has taken, and the aspect under which it has contemplated its object.

3. It has been objected to Kant, by some critics in this country, that his doctrines are, in some instances, reproductions only of doctrines brought forward by other philosophers. The instances alleged have been very unfortunate ; but, doubtless, whatsoever truth is contained (according to the last remark) in the erroneous systems, and sometimes in the very errors themselves of the human mind, will be

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gathered up in its progress by the true system. Where the erroneous path has wandered in all directions, has returned upon itself perpetually, and crossed the field of inquiry with its mazes in every direction, doubtless the path of truth will often intersect it, and perhaps for a short distance coincide with it; but that in this coincidence it receives no impulse or determination from that with which it coincides, will appear from the self-determining force which will soon carry it out of the same direction as inevitably as it entered it.

4. The test of a great philosophical system is often falsely conceived. Men fancy a certain number of great outstanding problems of the highest interest to human nature, upon which every system is required to try its strength; and *that* will be the true one, they think, which solves them all; and *that* the best approximation to the true one which solves most. But this is a most erroneous way of judging. True philosophy will often have occasion to show that these supposed problems are no problems at all, but mere impositions of the mind upon itself, arising out of its unrectified position—errors grounded upon errors. A much better test of a sound philosophy than the number of the pre-existing problems which it solves will be the quality of those which it proposes. By raising the station of the spectator, it will bring a region of new inquiry within his view; and the very faculty of comprehending these questions will often depend on the station from which they are viewed. For, as the earlier and ruder problems that stimulate human curiosity often turn out baseless and unreal, so again the higher order of problems will be incomprehensible to the undisciplined understanding. This is a fact which should never be lost sight of by those who presume upon their natural and uncultivated powers of mind to judge of Kant, Plato, or any other great philosopher.

5. But the most general error which I have ever met with, as a ground for unreasonable expectations in reference not to Kant only, but to all original philosophers, is the persuasion which men have that their understandings contain already in full development all the notions which any philosophy can demand; and this not from any vanity, but from pure misconception. Hence they naturally think that all which the philosopher has to do is to point to the elements of the knowledge as they exist ready prepared, and forthwith the total knowledge of the one is transferred to any other mind. Watch the efforts of any man to master a new doctrine in philosophy, and you will find that involuntarily he addresses himself to the mere dialectic labour of transposing, dissolving, and re-combining, the notions which he already has. But it is not thus that any very important truth can be developed in the mind. New matter is wanted as well as new form. And the most important remark which I can suggest as a caution to those who approach a great system of philosophy as if it were a series of riddles and their answers, is this: No complex or very important truth was ever yet transferred in full development from one mind to another. Truth of that character is not a piece of furniture to be shifted; it is a seed which must be sown, and pass through the several stages of

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growth. No doctrine of importance can be transferred in a matured shape into any man's understanding from without : it must arise by an act of genesis within the understanding itself.

With this remark I conclude ; and am, most truly yours.

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MY DEAR F.—You ask me to direct you generally in your choice of German authors ; secondly, and especially, among those authors to name my favourite. In such an ocean as German literature, your first request is of too wide a compass for a letter ; and I am not sorry that, by leaving it untouched, and reserving it for some future conversation, I shall add one *moment* (in the language of dynamics) to the attractions of friendship, and the local attractions of my residence—insufficient, as it seems, of themselves, to draw you so far northwards from London. Come, therefore, dear F., bring thy ugly countenance to the lakes, and I will engraft such German youth and vigour on thy English trunk, that henceforwards thou shalt bear excellent fruit. I suppose, F., you know that the golden pippin is now almost, if not quite, extinct in England : and why ? Clearly from want of some exotic, but congenial inoculation. So it is with literature of whatsoever land ; unless crossed by some other of different breed, they all tend to superannuation. Thence comes it that the French literature is now in the last stage of phthisis—dotage—palsy, or whatever image will best express the most abject state of senile—(senile ? no ! of anile)—imbecility. Its constitution, as you well know, was, in its best days, marrowless and without nerve ; its youth without hope, and its manhood without dignity. For it is remarkable, that to the French people only, of all nations that have any literature at all, has it been, or can it be, justly objected—that they have no “ permanent book ;” none, that is to say, which stands out as a monument adequately representative of the intellectual power of a whole nation ; none which has attested its own power by influencing the modes of thinking, acting, educating, through a long tract of centuries. They have no book on which the national mind has adequately acted ; none which has reacted, for any great end, upon the national mind. We English have mighty authors, almost, I might say, almighty authors, in whom (to speak by a scholastic term) the national mind is contained *eminenter* ; that is, virtually contained in its principles ; and reciprocally, these abstracts of the English mind continue, in spite of many counteracting forces, to mould and modulate the national tone of thought ; I do not say *directly*, for you will object that they are not sufficiently studied ; but indirectly, inasmuch as the hundreds in every generation who influence their con-

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temporary millions have themselves derived an original influence from these books. The planet Jupiter, according to the speculations of a great German philosopher, is just now coming into a habitable condition: its primeval man is, perhaps, now in his Paradise: the history, the poetry, the wocs of Jupiter, are now in their cradle. Suppose, then, that this Jovian man were allowed to come down upon our earth, to take an inquest among us, and to call us, nation by nation, to a solemn audit on the question of our intellectual efforts and triumphs, what could the Earth say for herself? For our parts, we should take him into Westminster Abbey: and standing upon the ancestral dust of England, we should present him with two volumes—one containing Hamlet, Lear, and Othello; the other containing Paradise Lost. This, we should say, this is what we have achieved: these are our Pyramids. But what could France present him? and where? Why, her best offering must be presented in a *boudoir*: the impudence even of a Frenchman would not dare to connect the sanctities of religious feeling with any book in his language: the wildest vanity could not pretend to show the correlate of Paradise Lost. To speak in a language suitable to a Jovian visitor, that is, in the language of astronomy, *our* books would appear to him as two heavenly bodies of the first magnitude, whose *period*, the cycle and the revolution of whose orbit were too vast to be calculated: whilst the very best of France could be regarded as no more than satellites, fitted to move about some central body of insignificant size. Now, whence comes this poverty of the French literature? Manifestly hence, that it is too intensely steeped in French manners to admit of any influences from without: it has rejected all alliance with exotic literature; and like some royal families, or like a particular valley in this county, from intermarrying too exclusively in their own narrow circle, it is now on its last legs, and will soon go out like a farthing rushlight.

Having this horrid example before our eyes, what should we English do? Why, evidently we should cultivate an intercourse with that literature of Europe which has most of a juvenile constitution. Now *that* is beyond all doubt the German. I do not so much insist on the present excellence of the German literature (though, poetry apart, the *current* literature of Germany appears to me by much the best in Europe): what weighs most with me is the promise and assurance of future excellence held out by the originality and masculine strength of thought which has moulded the German mind since the time of Kant. Whatever be thought of the existing authors, it is clear that a mighty power has been at work in the German mind since the French Revolution, which happily coincided in point of time with the influence of Kant's great work. Change of any kind was good for Germany. One truth was clear—Whatever was, was bad. And the evidence of this appears on the face of the literature. Before 189, good authors were rare in Germany: since then, they are so numerous that in any sketch of their literature all individual notice becomes impossible: you must confine yourself to favourite authors, or notice

them by classes. And this leads me to your question—Who is *my* favourite author? My answer is, that I have three favourites; and those are Kant, Schiller, and John Paul Richter. But setting Kant aside, as hardly belonging to the *literature*, in the true meaning of that word, I have, you see, two. In what respect there is any affinity between them, I will notice before I conclude. For the present, I shall observe only, that in the case of Schiller, I love his works chiefly because I venerate the memory of the man: whereas, in the case of Richter, my veneration and affection for the man is founded wholly on my knowledge of his works. The distinction will point out Richter as the most eligible *author* for your present purpose. In point of originality, indeed, there cannot arise a question between the pretensions of Richter and that of any other German author whatsoever. He is no man's representative but his own; nor do I think he will ever have a successor. Of *his* style of writing, it may be said, with an emphatic and almost exclusive propriety, that except it proceeds in a spirit of perfect freedom, it cannot exist; unless moving from an impulse self-derived, it cannot move at all. What then *is* his style of writing? What are its general characteristics? These I will endeavour to describe with sufficient circumstantiality to meet your present wants: premising only that I call him frequently *John Paul*, without adding his surname, both because all Germany gives him that appellation as an expression of affection for his person, and because he has himself sometimes assumed it in the title-pages of his works.

First.—The characteristic distinction of Paul Richter amongst German authors—I will venture to add amongst modern authors generally—is the two-headed power which he possesses over the pathetic and the humorous; or, rather, let me say at once, what I have often felt to be true, and could (I think) at a fitting opportunity prove to be so, this power is not two-headed, but a one-headed Janus with two phases: the pathetic and the humorous are but different phases of the same orb; they assist each other, melt indiscernibly into each other, and often shine each through each like layers of coloured crystals placed one behind another. Take, as an illustration, Mrs. Quickly's account of Falstaff's death. Here there were three things to be accomplished: First, the death of a human being was to be described; of necessity, therefore, to be described pathetically; for death, being one of those events which call up the pure generalities of human nature, and remove to the background all individualities, whether of life or character, the mind would not in any case endure to have it treated with levity; so that, if any circumstances of humour are introduced by the poetic painter, they must be such as will blend and fall into harmony with the ruling passion of the scene: and, by the way, combining it with the fact, that humorous circumstances often *have* been introduced into death-bed scenes, both actual and imaginary,—this remark of itself yields a proof that there *is* a humour which is in alliance with pathos. How else could we have borne the jests of Sir Thomas Moore after his condemnation, which, *as* jests, would have been unseasonable from anybody else: but being felt in

him to have a root in his character, they take the dignity of humorous traits; and do, in fact, deepen the pathos. So again, mere *naïveté*, or archness, when it is felt to flow out of the cheerfulness of resignation, becomes humorous, and at the same time becomes pathetic: as, for instance, Lady Jane Grey's remark on the scaffold—"I have but a little neck," etc. But to return: the death of Falstaff, as the death of a man, was, in the first place, to be described with pathos, and if with humour, no otherwise than as the one could be reconciled with the other; but, 2nd, it was the death not only of a man, but also of a Falstaff; and we could not but require that the description should revive the image and features of so memorable a character; if not, why describe it at all? The understanding would as little bear to forget that it was the death-bed of a Falstaff, as the heart and affections to forget that it was the death-bed of a fellow-creature. Lastly, the description is given, not by the poet speaking in his own universal language, but by Mrs. Quickly—a character as individually portrayed, and as well known to us, as the subject of her description. Let me recapitulate: 1st, it was to be pathetic, as relating to a man; 2nd, humorous, as relating to Falstaff; 3rd, humorous in another style, as coming from Mrs. Quickly. These were difficulties rather greater than those of levelling hills, filling up valleys, and arranging trees, in picturesque groups: yet Capability Brown was allowed to exclaim, on surveying a conquest of his in this walk of art—"Ay! none but your Browns and your G—Almighties can do such things as these." Much more, then, might this irreverent speech be indulged to the gratitude of our veneration for Shakspeare, on witnessing such triumphs of his art. The simple words, "*and a' babbl'd of green fields*," I should imagine, must have been read by many a thousand with tears and smiles at the same instant; I mean, connecting them with a previous knowledge of Falstaff and of Mrs. Quickly. Such, then, being demonstrably the possibility of blending, or fusing, as it were, the elements of pathos and of humour—and composing out of their union a third metal *sui generis* (as Corinthian brass, you know, is said to have been the product of all other metals, from the confluence of melted statues, etc., at the burning of Corinth)—I cannot but consider John Paul Richter as by far the most eminent artist in that way since the time of Shakspeare. What! you will say, greater than Sterne? I answer *yes*, to my thinking; and I could give some arguments and illustrations in support of this judgment. But I am not anxious to establish my own preference, as founded on anything of better authority than my idiosyncrasy, or more permanent, if you choose to think so, than my own caprice.

Second.—Judge as you will on this last point, that is, on the comparative pretensions of Sterne and Richter to the *spolia opima* in the fields of pathos and of humour; yet in one pretension he not only leaves Sterne at an infinite distance in the rear, but really, for my part, I cease to ask who it is that he leaves behind him, for I begin to think with myself, who it is that he approaches. If a man could reach Venus or Mercury, we should not say he has advanced to a great

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distance from the earth : we should say, he is very near to the sun. So, also, if in anything a man approaches Shakspeare, or does but remind us of him, all other honours are swallowed up in that ; a relation of inferiority to him is a more enviable distinction than all degrees of superiority to others, the rear of *his* splendours a more eminent post than the supreme station in the van of all others. I have already mentioned one *quality* of excellence, viz. the interpenetration * of the humorous and the pathetic, common to Shakspeare and John Paul : but this, apart from its *quantity* or degree, implies no more of a participation in Shaksperian excellence than the possession of wit, judgment, good sense, etc., which, in some degree or other, must be common to all authors of any merit at all. Thus far I have already said that I would not contest the point of precedence with the admirers of Sterne ; but, in the claim I now advance for Richter, which respects a question of *degree*, I cannot allow of any competition at all from that quarter. What then is it that I claim ? Briefly, an activity of understanding, so restless and indefatigable that all attempts to illustrate or express it adequately by images borrowed from the natural world, from the motions of beasts, birds, insects, etc., from the leaps of tigers or leopards, from the gamboling and tumbling of kittens, the antics of monkeys, or the running of antelopes and ostriches, etc., are baffled, confounded, and made ridiculous by the enormous and overmastering superiority of impression left by the thing illustrated. The rapid, but uniform motions of the heavenly bodies serve well enough to typify the grand and continuous motions of the Miltonic mind. But the wild, giddy, fantastic capricious, incalculable, springing, vaulting, tumbling, dancing, waltzing, caprioling, *pirouetting*, sky-rocketing of the chamois, the harlequin, the Vestris, the storm-loving raven—the raven? no, the lark (for often he ascends “singing up to heaven’s gates,” but like the lark he dwells on the earth), in short, if the Proteus, the Ariel, the Mercury, the monster—John Paul, can be compared to nothing in heaven or earth, or the waters under the earth, except to the motions of the same faculty as existing in Shakspeare. Perhaps meteorology may hereafter furnish us with some adequate analagon or adumbration of its multitudinous activity : *hereafter*, observe ; for, as to lightning, or anything we know at present, it pants after them “in vain” in company with that pury old gentleman Time, as painted by Dr. Johnson.† To say the truth, John

* “*Interpenetration*,”—this word is from the mint of Mr. Coleridge ; and as it seems to me a very “laudable” word (as surgeons say of *pus*) I mean to patronize it ; and beg to recommend it to my friends and the public in general. By the way, the public, of whose stupidity I have often reason to complain, does not seem to understand it. The prefix *inter* has the force of the French *entre*, in such words as *s’entrelacer* ; *reciprocal* penetration is the meaning : as if a black colour should enter a crimson one, yet not keep itself distinct ; but, being in turn pervaded by the crimson, each should diffuse itself through the other.

† “And panting Time toil’d after him in vain.”

So that, according to the Doctor, Shakspeare performed a match against Time ; and, being backed by Nature, it seems he won it.

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Paul's intellect—his faculty of catching at a glance all the relations of objects, both the grand, the lovely, the ludicrous, and the fantastic—is painfully and almost morbidly active: there is no respite, no repose allowed; no, not for a moment, in some of his works, not while you can say *Jack Robinson*. And, by the way, a sort of namesake of this Mr. Robinson, viz., Jack-o'-the-lantern, comes as near to a semblance of John Paul as anybody I know. Shakspeare himself has given us some account of Jack: and I assure you that the same account will serve for Jack Paul Richter. One of his books (*Vorschule der Aesthetik*) is absolutely so surcharged with quicksilver, that I expect to see it leap off the table as often as it is laid there; and therefore, to prevent accidents, I usually load it with the works of our good friend — —, Esq., and F.R.S. In fact, so exuberant is this perilous gas of wit in John Paul, that, if his works do not explode, at any rate, I think John Paul himself will blow up one of these days. It must be dangerous to bring a candle too near him: many persons, especially half-pay officers, have lately "gone off," by inconsiderately blowing out their bed-candle.* They were loaded with a different sort of spirit, it is true; but I am sure there can be none more inflammable than that of John Paul! To be serious, however, and to return from chasing this Will-o'-the-wisp, there cannot be a more valuable endowment to a writer of inordinate sensibility, than this inordinate agility of the understanding; the active faculty balances the passive; and without such a balance, there is great risk of falling into a sickly tone of maudlin sentimentality, from which Sterne cannot be pronounced wholly free,—and still less a later author of pathetic tales, whose name I omit. By the way, I must observe, that it is this fiery, meteoric, scintillating, coruscating power of John Paul, which is the true foundation of his frequent obscurity. You will find that he is reputed the most difficult of all German authors; and many Germans are so little aware of the true derivation of this difficulty, that it has often been said to me, as an Englishman, "What! can *you* read John Paul?"—meaning to say, can you read such difficult German? Doubtless, in some small proportion, the mere language and style are responsible for this difficulty; and, in a sense somewhat different, applying it to a mastery over the language in which he writes, the expression of Quintillian in respect to the student of Cicero may be

* Of which the most tremendous case I have met with was this; and, as I greatly desire to believe so good a story, I should be more easy in mind if I knew that anybody else had ever believed it. In the year 1818, an Irishman, and a great lover of whiskey, persisted obstinately, though often warned of his error, in attempting to blow out a candle: the candle, however, blew out the Irishman, and the following result was sworn to before the coroner. The Irishman shot off like a Congreve rocket, passed with the velocity of a twenty-four pounder through I know not how many storeys, ascended to the "highest heaven of invention," viz., to the garrets, where slept a tailor and his wife. Feather-beds, which stop cannon-balls, gave way before the Irishman's skull; he passed like a gimlet through two mattresses, a feather-bed, etc., and stood grinning at the tailor and his wife, without his legs, however, which he had left behind him in the second floor.

applied to the student of John Paul: "Ille se profecisse sciat, cui Cicero valde placebit:" he may rest assured that he has made a competent progress in the German language who can read Paul Richter. Indeed, he is a sort of *proof* author in this respect; a man who can "*construe*" him cannot be stopped by any difficulties purely verbal. But, after all, these verbal obscurities are but the necessary result and product of his style of thinking: the nimbleness of his transitions often makes him elliptical: the vast expansion and discursiveness in his range of notice and observation, carries him into every department and nook of human life, of science, of art, and of literature; whence comes a proportionably extensive vocabulary, and a prodigious compass of idiomatic phraseology: and finally, the fineness and evanescent brilliancy of his oblique glances and surface-skimming allusions, often fling but half a meaning on the mind; and one is puzzled to make out its complement. Hence it is, that is to say, from his mode of presenting things, his lyrical style of connexion, and the prodigious fund of knowledge on which he draws for his illustrations and his images, that his obscurity arises. And these are causes which must affect his own countrymen no less than foreigners. Further than as these causes must occasionally produce a corresponding difficulty of diction, I know of no reason why an Englishman should be thought specially concerned in his obscurity, or less able to find his way through it than any German. But just the same mistake is commonly made about Lycophron: he is represented as the most difficult of all Greek authors. Meantime, as far as language is concerned, he is one of the easiest: some peculiar words he has, I acknowledge, but it is not single words that constitute verbal obscurity; it is the construction, synthesis, composition, arrangement, and involution of words, which only can obstruct the reader; now in these parts of style Lycophron is remarkably lucid. Where then lies his reputed darkness? Purely in this,—that by way of colouring the style with the sullen views of prophetic vision, Cassandra is made to describe all those on whom the fates of Troy hinged, by enigmatic periphrases, oftentimes drawn from the most obscure incidents in their lives: just as if I should describe Cromwell by the expression, "*unfortunate tamer of horses,*" because he once nearly broke his neck in Hyde Park, when driving four-in hand; or should describe a noble lord of the last century as "*the roaster of men,*" because when a member of the Hell-fire Club, he actually tied a poor man to the spit; and having spitted him, proceeded to roast him.*

Third.—You will naturally collect from the account here given of John Paul's activity of understanding and fancy, that over and above

* "*Proceeded to roast him,—yes: but did he roast him?*" Really I can't say. Some people like their mutton underdone; and Lord — might like his *man* underdone. All I know of the sequel is, that the sun expressed no horror at this Thyestean cookery, which might be because he had set two hours before; but the Sun newspaper *did*, when it rose some nights after (as it always does) at six o'clock in the evening.

his humour, he must have an overflowing opulence of wit. In fact, he has. On this earth of ours (I know nothing about the books in Jupiter, where Kant has proved that the authors will be far abler than any poor Terræ Filius, such as Shakspeare or Milton), but on this poor earth of ours I am acquainted with no book of such unintermitting and brilliant wit as his *Vorschule der Aesthetik*; it glitters like the stars on a frosty night; or like the stars on Count —'s coat; or like the ἀνάρηθμον νέλασμα, the multitudinous laughing of the ocean under the glancing lights of sunbeams; or like a *feu-de-joie* of fireworks: in fact, John Paul's works are the galaxy of the German literary firmament. I defy a man to lay his hand on that sentence which is not vital and ebullient with wit. What *is* wit? We are told that it is the perception of resemblances; whilst the perception of differences, we are requested to believe, is reserved for another faculty. Very profound distinctions, no doubt, but very senseless for all that. I shall not here attempt a definition of wit: but I will just mention what I conceive to be one of the distinctions between wit and humour, viz., that whilst wit is a purely intellectual thing, into every act of the humorous mood there is an influx of the *moral* nature: rays, direct or refracted, from the will and the affections, from the disposition and the temperament, enter into all humour; and thence it is that humour is of a diffusive quality, pervading an entire course of thoughts; whilst wit — because it has no existence apart from certain logical relations of a thought which are definitely assignable, and can be counted even — is always punctually concentrated within the circle of a few words. On this account I would not advise you to read those of John Paul's works which are the wittiest, but those which are more distinguished for their humour. You will thus see more of the man. In a future letter I will send you a list of the whole distributed into classes.

Fourthly and finally.—Let me tell you what it is that has fixed John Paul in my esteem and affection. Did you ever look into that sickening heap of abortions—the Ireland forgeries? In one of these (Deed of Trust to John Hemynges) he makes Shakspeare say, as his reason for having assigned to a friend such and such duties usually confided to lawyers—that he had “founde muche wickednesse amongste those of the lawe.” On this, Mr. Malone, whose indignation was justly roused to Shakspeare's name borrowed to countenance such loathsome and stupid vulgarity, expresses himself with much feeling; and I confess that, for my part, that passage alone, without the innumerable marks of grossest forgery which stare upon one in every word, would have been quite sufficient to expose the whole as a base and most childish imposture. For, so far was Shakspeare from any capability of leaving behind him a malignant libel on a whole body of learned men, that, among all writers of every age, he stands forward as the one who looked most benignantly, and with the most fraternal eye, upon all the ways of men, however weak or foolish. From every sort of vice and infirmity he drew nutriment for his philosophic mind. It is to the honour of John Paul, that in this, as in other respects, he constantly reminds me of Shakspeare. Everywhere a spirit of kindness

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prevails ; his satire is everywhere playful, delicate, and clad in smiles : never bitter, scornful, or malignant. But this is not all. I could produce many passages from Shakspeare which show that, if his anger was ever roused, it was against the abuses of the time ; not mere political abuses, but those that had a deeper root, and dishonoured human nature. Here again the resemblance holds in John Paul ; and this is the point in which I said that I would notice a bond of affinity between him and Schiller. Both were intolerant haters of ignoble things, though placable towards the ignoble men. Both yearned, according to their different temperaments, for a happier state of things : I mean for human nature generally, and, in a political sense, for Germany. To his latest years, Schiller, when suffering under bodily decay and anguish, was an earnest contender for whatever promised to elevate human nature, and bore emphatic witness against the evils of the time.* John Paul, who still lives, is of a gentler nature ; but his aspirations tend to the same point, though expressed in a milder and more hopeful spirit. With all this, however, they give a rare lesson on the *manner* of conducting such a cause ; for you will nowhere find that they take any indecent liberties, of a personal sort, with those princes whose governments they most abhorred. Though safe enough from their vengeance, they never forgot in their indignation, as patriots and philosophers, the respect due to the rank of others, or to themselves as scholars, and the favourites of their country. Some other modern authors of Germany *may* be great writers, but Frederick Schiller and John Paul Richter I shall always view with the feelings due to great men.

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THE HAPPY LIFE OF A PARISH PRIEST IN SWEDEN.

Sweden apart, the condition of a parish priest is in itself sufficiently happy ; in Sweden, then, much more so. There he enjoys summer and winter pure and unalloyed by any tedious interruptions. A Swedish spring, which is always a late one, is no repetition, in a lower key, of the harshness of winter, but anticipates, and is a prelibation of perfect summer—laden with blossoms—radiant with the lily and the rose ; insomuch, that a Swedish summer night represents implicitly one half of Italy, and a winter night one half of the world beside.

I will begin with winter, and I will suppose it to be Christmas. The priest, whom we shall imagine to be a German, and summoned from the southern climate of Germany upon presentation to the church of a Swedish hamlet lying in a high polar latitude, rises in cheerfulness about seven o'clock in the morning, and till half-past nine he burns

* Goethe has lately (*Morphologie*, p. 108, *Zweyter heft*) recurred to his conversations with Schiller in a way which places himself in rather an unfavourable contrast.

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his lamp. At nine o'clock the stars are still shining, and the unclouded moon even yet longer. This prolongation of starlight into the forenoon is to him delightful, for he is a German, and has a sense of something marvellous in a starry forenoon. Methinks I behold the priest and his flock moving towards the church with lanterns; the lights dispersed amongst the crowd connect the congregation into the appearance of some domestic group or larger household, and carry the priest back to his childish years during the winter season and Christmas matins, when every hand bore its candle. Arrived at the pulpit, he declares to his audience the plain truth, word for word, as it stands in the gospel; in the presence of God all intellectual pretensions are called upon to be silent, the very reason ceases to be reasonable, nor is anything reasonable in the sight of God but a sincere and upright heart. . . .

Just as he and his flock are issuing from the church the bright Christmas sun ascends above the horizon, and shoots his beams upon their faces. The old men, who are numerous in Sweden, are all tinged with the colours of youth by the rosy morning lustre; and the priest, as he looks away from them to mother earth lying in the sleep of winter, and to the churchyard, where the flowers and the men are all in their graves together, might secretly exclaim with the poet—“Upon the dead mother, in peace and utter gloom, are reposing the dead children. After a time, uprises the everlasting sun; and the mother starts up at the summons of the heavenly dawn with a resurrection of her ancient bloom. And her children? Yes: but they must wait awhile.”

At home he is awaited by a warm study, and a “long-levelled rule” of sunlight upon the book-clad wall.

The afternoon he spends delightfully; for, having before him such perfect flower-stand of pleasures, he scarcely knows where he should settle. Supposing it to be Christmas-day, he preaches again: he preaches on a subject which calls up images of the beauteous eastern-land, or of eternity. By this time, twilight and gloom prevailed through the church: only a couple of wax-lights upon the altar throw wondrous and mighty shadows through the aisles: the angel that hangs down from the roof above the baptismal font is awoke into a solemn life by the shadows and the rays, and seems almost in the act of ascension: through the windows the stars or the moons are beginning to peer: aloft, in the pulpit, which is now hid in gloom, the priest is inflamed and possessed by the sacred burden of glad tidings which he is announcing: he is lost and insensible to all besides; and from amidst the darkness which surrounds him, he pours down his thunders, with tears and agitation, reasoning of future worlds, and of the heaven of heavens, and whatsoever else can most powerfully shake the heart and the affections.

Descending from his pulpit in these holy fervours, he now, perhaps, takes a walk: it is about four o'clock; and he walks beneath a sky lit up by the shifting northern lights, that to his eye appear but an Aurora striking upwards from the eternal morning of the south, or as a

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forest composed of saintly thickets, like the fiery bushes of Moses, that are round the throne of God.

Thus, if it be the afternoon of Christmas-day ; but, if it be any other afternoon, visitors, perhaps, come and bring their well-bred, grown-up daughters. Like the fashionable world in London, he dines at sunset ; that is to say, like the *un*-fashionable world of London, he dines at two o'clock ; and he drinks coffee by moonlight ; and the parsonage-house becomes an enchanted palace of pleasure gleaming with twilight, starlight, and moonlight. Or, perhaps, he goes over to the schoolmaster, who is teaching his afternoon school ; there, by the candle-light, he gathers round his knees all the scholars, as if—being the children of his spiritual children—they must therefore be his own grandchildren ; and with delightful words he wins their attention, and pours knowledge into their docile hearts.

All these pleasures failing, he may pace up and down in his library, already, by three o'clock, gloomy with twilight, but fitfully enlivened by a glowing fire, and steadily by the bright moonlight ; and he needs do no more than taste at every turn of his walk a little orange marmalade—to call up images of beautiful Italy, and its gardens, and orange groves, before all his five senses, and, as it were, to the very tip of his tongue. Looking at the moon, he will not fail to recollect that the very same silver disc hangs at the very same moment between the branches of the laurels in Italy. It will delight him to consider that the Æolian harp, and the lark, and indeed music of all kinds, and the stars, and children, are just the same in hot climates and in cold. And when the post-boy, that rides in with news from Italy, winds his horn through the hamlet, and with a few simple notes raises up on the frozen window of his study a vision of flowery realms ; and when he plays with treasured leaves of roses and of lilies from some departed summer, or with plumes of a bird of paradise, the memorial of some distant friend ; when further, his heart is moved by the magnificent sounds of Lady-Day, Salad-season, Cherry-time, Trinity-Sundays, the rose of June, etc., how can he fail to forget that he is in Sweden by the time that his lamp is brought in ; and then, indeed, he will be somewhat disconcerted to recognize his study in what had now shaped itself to his fancy as a room in some foreign land. However, if he would pursue this airy creation, he need but light at his lamp a wax-candle end, to gain a glimpse through the whole evening into that world of fashion and splendour, from which he purchased the said wax-candle end. For I should suppose, that at the court of Stockholm, as elsewhere, there must be candle-ends to be bought of the state-footmen.

But now, after the lapse of half-a-year, all at once there strikes upon his heart something more beautiful than Italy, where the sun sets so much earlier in summer-time than it does at our Swedish hamlet : and what is *that* ? It is the longest day, with the rich freight it carries in its bosom, and leading by the hand the early dawn blushing with rosy light, and melodious with the carolling of larks at one o'clock in the morning. Before two, that is, at sunrise, the elegant party that we

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mentioned last winter arrive in gay clothing at the parsonage ; for they are bound on a little excursion of pleasure in company with the priest. At two o'clock they are in motion ; at which time all the flowers are glittering, and the forests are gleaming with the mighty light. The warm sun threatens them with no storm nor thunder showers ; for both are rare in Sweden. The priest, in common with the rest of the company, is attired in the costume of Sweden ; he wears his short jacket with a broad scarf, his short cloak above that, his round hat with floating plumes, and shoes tied with bright ribbons ; like the rest of the men, he resembles a Spanish knight or a Provençal, or other man of the south ; more especially when he and his gay company are seen flying through the lofty foliage luxuriant with blossom, that within so short a period of weeks has shot forth from the garden plots and the naked boughs.

That a longest day like this, bearing such a cornucopia of sunshine, of cloudless ether, of buds and bells, of blossoms and of leisure, should pass away more rapidly than the shortest—is not difficult to suppose. As early as eight o'clock in the evening the party breaks up ; the sun is now burning more gently over the half-closed sleepy flowers ; about nine he has mitigated his rays, and is beheld bathing as it were naked in the blue depths of heaven ; about ten, at which hour the company reassemble at the parsonage, the priest is deeply moved, for throughout the hamlet, though the tepid sun, now sunk to the horizon, is still shedding a sullen glow upon the cottages and the window-panes, everything reposes in profoundest silence and sleep : the birds even are all slumbering in the golden summits of the woods ; and at last, the solitary sun himself sets, like a moon, amidst the universal quiet of nature. To our priest, walking in his romantic dress, it seems as though rosy-coloured realms were laid open, in which fairies and spirits range ; and he would scarcely feel an emotion of wonder, if, in this hour of golden vision, his brother, who ran away in childhood, should suddenly present himself as one alighting from some blooming heaven of enchantment.

The priest will not allow his company to depart : he detains them in the parsonage garden, where, says he, every one that chooses may slumber away in beautiful bowers the brief, warm hours until the re-appearance of the sun. This proposal is generally adopted, and the garden is occupied : many a lovely pair are making believe to sleep, but, in fact, are holding each other by the hand. The happy priest walks up and down through the parterres. Coolness comes, and a few stars. His night-violets and gilly-flowers open and breathe out their powerful odours. To the north, from the eternal morning of the pole, exhales as it were a golden dawn. The priest thinks of the village of his childhood far away in Germany ; he thinks of the life of man, his hopes, and his aspirations ; and he is calm and at peace with himself. Then all at once starts up the morning sun in his freshness. Some there are in the garden who would fain confound it with the evening sun, and close their eyes again ; but the larks betray all, and awaken every sleeper from bower to bower.

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Then again begin pleasure and morning in their pomp of radiance; and almost I could persuade myself to delineate the course of this day also, though it differs from its predecessor hardly by so much as the leaf of a rose-bud.

DREAM UPON THE UNIVERSE.

I had been reading an excellent dissertation of Krüger's upon the old vulgar error which regards the space from one earth and sun to another as empty. Our sun, together with all its planets, fills only the 31,419,460,000,000,000th part of the whole space between itself and the next solar body. Gracious Heavens! thought I, in what an unfathomable abyss of emptiness were this universe swallowed up and lost, if all were void and utter vacuity except the few shining points of dust which we call a planetary system! To conceive of our earthly ocean as the abode of death and essentially incapable of life, and of its populous islands as being no greater than snail-shells, would be a far less error in proportion to the compass of our planet than that which attributes emptiness to the great mundane spaces; and the error would be far less if the marine animals were to ascribe life and fulness exclusively to the sea, and to regard the atmospheric ocean above them as empty and untenanted. According to Herschel, the most remote of the galaxies which the telescope discovers, lie at such a distance from us, that their light, which reaches us at this day, must have set out on its journey two millions of years ago; and thus by optical laws it is possible that whole squadrons of the starry hosts may be now reaching us with their beams, which have themselves perished ages ago. Upon this scale of computation for the dimensions of the world, what heights and depths and breadths must there be in this universe—in comparison of which the positive universe would be itself a nihility, were it crossed, pierced, and belted about by so illimitable a wilderness of nothing! But is it possible that any man can for a moment overlook those vast forces which must pervade these imaginary deserts with eternal surges of flux and reflux, to make the very paths to those distant starry coasts voyageable to our eyes? Can you lock up in a sun or in its planets their reciprocal forces of attraction! Does not the light stream through the immeasurable spaces between our earth and the nebula which is furthest removed from us? And in this stream of light there is as ample an existence of the positive, and as much a home for the abode of a spiritual world, as there is a dwelling-place for thy own spirit in the substance of the brain. To these and similar reflections succeeded the following dream:—

Methought my body sank down in ruins, and my inner form stepped out apparelled in light; and by my side there stood another form which resembled my own, except that it did not shine like mine, but lightened unceasingly. "Two thoughts," said the form, "are the wings with which I move: the thought of *Here*, and the thought of *There*. And, behold! I am yonder,"—pointing to a distant world. "Come, then, and wait on me with thy thoughts and with thy flight, that I may show to thee the universe under a veil." And I flew along with the

Form. In a moment our earth fell back, behind our consuming flight, into an abyss of distance; a faint gleam only was reflected from the summits of the Cordilleras, and a few moments more reduced the sun to a little star; and soon there remained nothing visible of our system except a comet which was travelling from our sun with angelic speed in the direction of Sirius. Our flight now carried us so rapidly through the flocks of solar bodies—flocks past counting, unless to their heavenly Shepherd—that scarcely could they expand themselves before us into the magnitude of moons, before they sank behind us into pale nebular gleams; and their planetary earths could not reveal themselves for a moment to the transcendent rapidity of our course. At length Sirius and all the brotherhood of our constellations and the galaxy of our heavens stood far below our feet as a little nebula amongst other yet more distant nebulae. Thus we flew on through the starry wildernesses: one heaven after another unfurled its immeasurable banners before us, and then rolled up behind us: galaxy behind galaxy towered up into solemn altitudes before which the spirit shuddered; and they stood in long array through which the Infinite Being might pass in progress. Sometimes the Form that lightened would outfly my weary thoughts; and then it would be seen far off before me like a coruscation amongst the stars—till suddenly I thought again to myself the thought of *There*, and then I was at its side. But, as we were thus swallowed up by one abyss of stars after another, and the heavens above our heads were not emptier, neither were the heavens below them fuller; and as suns without intermission fell into the solar ocean like water-spouts of a storm which fall into the ocean of waters; then at length the human heart within me was overburdened and weary, and yearned after some narrow cell or quiet oratory in this metropolitan cathedral of the universe. And I said to the Form at my side, "Oh, Spirit! has then this universe no end!" And the Form answered and said, "Lo! it has no beginning."

Suddenly, however, the heavens above us appeared to be emptied, and not a star was seen to twinkle in the mighty abyss; no gleam of light to break the unity of the infinite darkness. The starry hosts behind us had all contracted into an obscure nebula: and at length *that* also had vanished. And I thought to myself, "At last the universe has ended:" and I trembled at the thought of the illimitable dungeon of pure, pure darkness which here began to imprison the creation: I shuddered at the dead sea of nothing, in whose unfathomable zone of blackness the jewel of the glittering universe seemed to be set and buried for ever; and through the night in which we moved I saw the Form which still lightened as before, but left all around it unilluminated. Then the Form said to me in my anguish—"Oh! creature of little faith! Look up! the most ancient light is coming!" I looked; and in a moment came a twilight—in the twinkling of an eye a galaxy—and then with a choral burst rushed in all the company of stars. For centuries grey with age, for millennia hoary with antiquity, had the starry light been on its road to us; and at length out of heights inaccessible to thought it had reached us. Now then, as through some

renovated century, we flew through new cycles of heavens. At length again came a starless interval; and far longer it endured, before the beams of a starry host again had reached us.

As we thus advanced for ever through an interchange of nights and solar heavens, and as the interval grew still longer and longer before the last heaven we had quitted contracted to a point, and as once we issued suddenly from the middle of thickest night into an Aurora Borealis, the herald of an expiring world, and we found throughout this cycle of solar systems that a day of judgment had indeed arrived; the suns had sickened, and the planets were heaving—rocking, yawning in convulsions, the subterraneous waters of the great deeps were breaking up, and lightnings that were ten diameters of a world in length ran along—from east to west—from Zenith to Nadir; and here and there, where a sun should have been, we saw instead through the misty vapour a gloomy, ashy, leaden corpse of a solar body, that sucked in flames from the perishing world, but gave out neither light nor heat; and as I saw, through a vista which had no end, mountain towering above mountain, and piled up with what seemed glittering snow from the conflict of solar and planetary bodies; then my spirit bent under the load of the universe, and I said to the Form, “Rest, rest; and lead me no farther: I am too solitary in the creation itself; and in its deserts yet more so: the full world is great, but the empty world is greater; and with the universe increase its Zaaahs.”

Then the Form touched me like the flowing of a breath, and spoke more gently than before:—“In the presence of God there is no emptiness: above, below, between, and round about the stars, in the darkness and in the light, dwelleth the true and very Universe, the sun and fountain of all that is. But thy spirit can bear only earthly images of the unearthly; now then I cleanse thy sight with euphrasy; look forth, and behold the images.” Immediately my eyes were opened; and I looked, and I saw as it were an interminable sea of light—sea immeasurable, sea unfathomable, sea without a shore. All spaces between all heavens were filled with happiest light: and there was a thundering of floods: and there were seas above the seas, and seas below the seas: and I saw all the trackless regions that we had voyaged over: and my eye comprehended the farthest and the nearest: and darkness had become light, and the light darkness: for the deserts and wastes of the creation were now filled with the sea of light, and in this sea the suns floated like ash-grey blossoms, and the planets like black grains of seed. Then my heart comprehended that immortality dwelled in the spaces between the worlds, and death only amongst the worlds. Upon all the suns there walked upright shadows in the form of men: but they were glorified when they quitted these perishable worlds, and when they sank into the sea of light: and the murky planets, I perceived, were but cradles for the infant spirits of the universe of light. In the Zaaahs of the creation I saw—I heard—I felt—the glittering—the echoing—the breathing of life and creative power. The suns were but as spinning-wheels, the planets no more than weavers’ shuttles, in relation to the infinite web which composes the veil of

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Isis,* which veil is hung over the whole creation, and lengthens as any finite being attempts to raise it. And in sight of this immeasurability of life, no sadness could endure; but only joy that knew no limit, and happy prayers.

But in the midst of this great vision of the Universe the Form that lightened eternally had become invisible, or had vanished to its home in the unseen world of spirits: I was left alone in the centre of a universe of life, and I yearned after some sympathizing being. Suddenly from the starry deeps there came floating through the ocean of light a planetary body; and upon it there stood a woman whose face was as the face of a Madonna; and by her side there stood a child, whose countenance varied not, neither was it magnified as he drew nearer. This child was a king, for I saw that he had a crown upon his head: but the crown was a crown of thorns. Then also I perceived that the planetary body was our unhappy earth; and, as the earth drew near, this child who had come forth from the starry deeps to comfort me threw upon me a look of gentlest pity and of unutterable love, so that in my heart I had a sudden rapture of joy such as passes all understanding, and I awoke in the tumult of my happiness.

I awoke: but my happiness survived my dream; and I exclaimed—Oh! how beautiful is death, seeing that we die in a world of life and of creation without end, and I blessed God for my life upon earth, but much more for the life in those unseen depths of the universe which are emptied of all but the Supreme Reality, and where no earthly life nor perishable hope can enter.

COMPLAINT OF THE BIRD IN A DARKENED CAGE.

“Ah!” said the imprisoned bird, “how unhappy were I in my eternal night, but for those melodious tones which sometimes make their way to me like beams of light from afar, and cheer my gloomy day. But I will myself repeat these heavenly melodies like an echo, until I have stamped them in my heart; and then I shall be able to bring comfort to myself in my darkness!” Thus spoke the little warbler, and soon had learned the sweet airs that were sung to it with voice and instrument. That done, the curtain was raised; for the darkness had been purposely contrived to assist in its instruction. O man! how often dost thou complain of overshadowing grief and of darkness resting upon thy days! And yet what cause for complaint, unless indeed thou hast failed to learn wisdom from suffering? For is not the whole

* On this antique mode of symbolizing the mysterious Nature which is at the heart of all things and connects all things into one whole, possibly the reader may feel not unwilling to concur with Kant's remark at page 197 of his *Critik der Urtheilskraft*: “Perhaps in all human composition there is no passage of greater sublimity, nor amongst all sublime thoughts any which has been more sublimely expressed, than that which occurs in the inscription upon the temple of Isis (the Great Mother—Nature): *I am whatsoever is—whatsoever has been—whatsoever shall be: and the veil which is over my countenance, no mortal hand has ever raised.*”

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sum of human life a veiling and an obscuring of the immortal spirit of man? Then first, when the fleshly curtain falls away, may it soar upwards into a region of happier melodies!

ON THE DEATH OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

Ephemera die all at sunset, and no insect of this class has ever sported in the beams of the morning sun.* Happy are ye, little human ephemera! Ye played only in the ascending beams, and in the early dawn, and in the eastern light; ye drank only of the prelibations of life; hovered for a little space over a world of freshness and of blossoms; and fell asleep in innocence before yet the morning dew was exhaled!

THE PROPHEPIC DEW-DROPS.

A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops † that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight and through the morning onwards to noon-day. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upwards: "See," said he, "there stand thy dew-drops gloriously re-set—a glittering jewellery—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words: for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven.

ON DEATH.

We should all think of death as a less hideous object, if it simply untenanted our bodies of a spirit, without corrupting them; secondly, if the grief which we experience at the spectacle of our friends' graves were not by some confusion of the mind blended with the image of our own; thirdly, if we had not in this life seated ourselves in a warm domestic nest, which we are unwilling to quit for the cold blue regions of the unfathomable heavens; finally, if death were denied to us. Once in dreams I saw a human being of heavenly intellectual faculties, and his aspirations were heavenly; but he was chained (methought) eternally in the earth. The immortal old man had five great wounds in his happiness—five worms that gnawed for ever at his heart: he was unhappy in spring-time, because *that* is a season of hope, and rich

* Some class of ephemeral insects are born about five o'clock in the afternoon, and die before midnight, supposing them to live to old age.

† If the dew is evaporated immediately upon the sun-rising, rain and storm follow in the afternoon; but if it stays and glitters for a long time after sunrise, the day continues fair.

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with phantoms of far happier days than any which this aceldama of earth can realize. He was unhappy at the sound of music, which dilates the heart of man into its whole capacity for the infinite, and he cried aloud—"Away, away! Thou speakest of things which throughout my endless life I have found not, and shall not find?" He was unhappy at the remembrance of earthly affections and dissevered hearts: for love is a plant which may bud in this life, but it must flourish in another. He was unhappy under the glorious spectacle of the starry host, and ejaculated for ever in his heart—"So then, I am parted from you to all eternity by an impassable abyss: the great universe of suns is above, below, and round about me: but I am chained to a little ball of dust and ashes." He was unhappy before the great ideas of Virtue, of Truth, and of God; because he knew how feeble are the approximations to them which a son of earth can make. But this was a dream: God be thanked, that in reality there is no such craving and asking eye directed upwards to heaven, to which death will not one day bring an answer!

IMAGINATION UNTAMED BY THE COARSER REALITIES OF LIFE.

Happy is every actor in the guilty drama of life, to whom the higher illusion within supplies or conceals the external illusion; to whom, in the tumult of his part and its intellectual interest, the bungling landscapes of the stage have the bloom and reality of nature, and whom the loud parting and shocking of the scenes disturb not in his dream!

SATIRICAL NOTICES OF REVIEWERS.

In Suabia, in Saxony, in Pomerania, are towns in which are stationed a strange sort of officers—valuers of author's flesh, something like our old market-lookers in this town.* They are commonly called tasters (or *Pragustatores*) because they eat a mouthful of every book beforehand, and tell the people whether its flavour be good. We authors, in spite, call them *reviewers*: but I believe an action of defamation would lie against us for such bad words. The tasters write no books themselves; consequently they have the more time to look over and tax those of other people. Or, if they do sometimes write books, they are bad ones: which again is very advantageous to them; for who can understand the theory of badness in other people's books so well as those who have learned it by practice in their own? They are reputed the guardians of literature and the literati for the same reason that St. Nepomuk is the patron saint of bridges and of all who pass over them—viz., because he himself once lost his life from a bridge.

FEMALE TONGUES.

Hippel, the author of the book "Upon Marriage," says—"A woman that does not talk, must be a stupid woman." But Hippel is

* "*Market-lookers*" is a provincial term (I know not whether used in London) for the public officers who examine the quality of the provisions exposed for sale. By *this town* I suppose John Paul to mean Bayrthuth, the place of his residence.

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an author whose opinions it is more safe to admire than to adopt. The most intelligent women are often silent amongst women ; and again the most stupid and the most silent are often neither one nor the other except amongst men. In general the current remark upon men is valid also with respect to women—that those for the most part are the greatest thinkers who are the least talkers ; as frogs cease to croak when *light* is brought to the water edge. However, in fact, the disproportionate talking of women arises out of the sedentariness of their labours : sedentary artizans, as tailors, shoemakers, weavers, have this habit as well as hypochondriacal tendencies in common with women. Apes do not talk, as savages say, that they may not be set to work ; but women often talk double their share—even *because* they work.

FORGIVENESS.

Nothing is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation : our weaknesses are thus indemnified and are not too costly—being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness : and the archangel, who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest—the man, who has pierced thy heart, stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.

The graves of the best of men. of the noblest martyrs, are, like the graves of the Herrnhuters (the Moravian Brethren), level and undisguishable from the universal earth : and, if the earth could give up her secrets, our whole globe would appear a Westminster Abbey laid flat. Ah ! what a multitude of tears, what myriads of bloody drops have been shed in secrecy about the three corner trees of earth—the tree of life, the tree of knowledge, and the tree of freedom—shed, but never reckoned ! It is only great periods of calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun. Not merely upon the field of battle, but also upon the consecrated soil of virtue, and upon the classic ground of truth, thousands of *nameless* heroes must fall and struggle to build up the footstool from which history surveys the *one* hero, whose name is embalmed, bleeding—conquering—and resplendent. The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy. And, because history records only the self-sacrifices of the male sex, and because she dips her pen only in blood, therefore is it that in the eyes of the unseen spirit of the world our annals appear doubtless far more beautiful and noble than in our own.

THE GRANDEUR OF MAN IN HIS LITTLENESS.

Man upon this earth would be vanity and hollowness, dust and ashes, vapour, and a bubble, were it not that he felt himself to be so. That it is possible for him to harbour such a feeling—*this*, by implying

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a comparison of himself with something higher in himself, *this is it* which makes him the immortal creature that he is.

NIGHT.

The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night, for the same reason as the cages of birds are darkened—viz., that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought in the hush and quiet of darkness. Thoughts, which day turns into smoke and mist, stand about us in the night as lights and flames: even as the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius, in the daytime appears a pillar of cloud, but by night a pillar of fire.

THE STARS.

Look up, and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round about the throne of God. Had no star ever appeared in the heavens, to man there would have been no heavens; and he would have laid himself down to his last sleep, in a spirit of anguish, as upon a gloomy earth vaulted over by a material arch—solid and impervious.

MARTYRDOM.

To die for truth—is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world. Truth, like the *Venus de Medici*, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity: but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess. Then also thy temple, O eternal Truth! that now stands half below the earth, made hollow by the sepulchres of its witnesses, will raise itself in the total majesty of its proportions; and will stand in monumental granite; and every pillar on which it rests, will be fixed in the grave of a martyr.

THE QUARRELS OF FRIENDS.

Why is it that the most fervent love becomes more fervent by brief interruption and reconciliation? and why must a storm agitate our affections before they can raise the highest rainbow of peace? Ah! for this reason it is—because all passions feel their object to be as eternal as themselves, and no love can admit the feeling that the beloved object should die. And under this feeling of imperishableness it is that we hard fields of ice shock together so harshly, whilst all the while under the sunbeams of a little space of seventy years we are rapidly dissolving.

DREAMING.

But for dreams, that lay mosaic worlds tessellated with flowers and jewels before the blind sleeper, and surround the recumbent living with the figures of the dead in the upright attitude of life, the time would be too long before we are allowed to rejoin our brothers, parents, friends: every year we should become more and more painfully sensible of the desolation made around us by death, if sleep—the

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ante-chamber of the grave—were not hung by dreams with the busts of those who live in the other world.

TWO DIVISIONS OF PHILOSOPHIC MINDS.

There are two very different classes of philosophical heads, which, since Kant has introduced into philosophy the idea of positive and negative quantities, I shall willingly classify by means of that distinction. The *positive* intellect is, like the poet, in conjunction with the outer world, the father of an inner world; and, like the poet also, holds up a transforming mirror in which the entangled and distorted members as they are seen in our actual experience enter into new combinations which compose a fair and luminous world: the hypothesis of Idealism (*i.e.*, the Fichtean system), the Monads and the Pre-established Harmony of Leibnitz—and Spinozism are all births of a genial moment, and not the wooden carving of logical toil. Such men, therefore, as Leibnitz, Plato, Herder, etc., I call positive intellects; because they seek and yield the positive; and because their inner world, having raised itself higher out of the water than in others, thereby overlooks a larger prospect of island and continents. A negative head, on the other hand, discovers by its acuteness—not any positive truths, but the negative (*i.e.*, the errors) of other people. Such an intellect, as for example, Bayle, one of the greatest of that class—appraises the funds of others, rather than brings any fresh funds of his own. In lieu of the obscure ideas which he finds he gives us clear ones: but in this there is no positive accession to our knowledge; for all that the clear idea contains in development exists already by implication in the obscure idea. Negative intellects of every age are unanimous in their abhorrence of everything positive. Impulse, feeling, instinct—everything, in short, which is incomprehensible, they can endure just once—that is, at the summit of their chain of arguments, as a sort of hook on which they may hang them, but never afterwards.

DIGNITY OF MAN IN SELF-SACRIFICE.

That, for which man offers up his blood or his property, must be more valuable than they. A good man does not fight with half the courage for his own life that he shows in the protection of another's. The mother, who will hazard nothing for herself, will hazard all in defence of her child: in short, only for the nobility within us, only for virtue, will man open his veins and offer up his spirit: but this nobility, this virtue, presents different phases: with the Christian martyr it is faith; with the savage it is honour; with the republican it is liberty.

THE KING OF HAYTI.

THE KING OF HAYTI.

FROM THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER I.

SIX weeks after his death stood the bust of the late stamp-distributor, Goodchild, exposed to public view in the china manufactory of L—. For what purpose? Simply for this—that he might call heaven and earth to witness, that, allowing for some little difference in the colours, he looked just as he did heretofore in life: a proposition which his brother and heir, Mr. Goodchild the merchant, flatly denied. For this denial Mr. Goodchild had his private reasons. “It is true,” said he, “my late brother, the stamp-distributor, God rest him! did certainly bespeak three dozen copies of his own bust at the china-works; but surely he bespoke them for his use in this life, and not in the next. His intention, doubtless, was to send a copy to each of those loose companions of his who helped him to run through his fine estate: natural enough for him to propose as a spendthrift, but highly absurd for me to ratify as executor to so beggarly an inheritance; and therefore assuredly I shall not throw so much money out of the windows.”

This was plausible talking to all persons who did not happen to know that the inheritance amounted to twenty-five thousand dollars; and that the merchant Goodchild, as was unanimously affirmed by all the Jews, both Christian and Jewish, in L—, weighed, moreover, in his own person, independently of that inheritance, one entire ton of gold.

CHAPTER II.

The Ostensible Reason.

The china-works would certainly never have been put off with this allegation; and therefore, by the advice of his attorney, he had in reserve a more special argument why he ought not to pay for the six-and-thirty busts. “My brother,” said he, “may have ordered so many copies of his bust. It is possible. I neither affirm nor deny. Busts may be ordered, and my brother may have ordered them. But what then? I suppose all men will grant that he meant the busts to have some resemblance to himself, and by no means to have no resemblance. But now, be it known, they have no resemblance to him. *Ergo*, I refuse to take them. One word’s as good as a thousand.”

CHAPTER III.

“In the second place.”—Dinner is on the Table.

But this one word, no, nor a thousand such, would satisfy Mr. Whelp, the proprietor of the china-works; so he summoned Mr.

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Goodchild before the magistracy. Unfortunately, Mr. Whelp's lawyer, in order to show his ingenuity, had filled sixteen folio pages with an introductory argument, in which he laboured to prove that the art of catching a likeness was an especial gift of God, bestowed on very few portrait-painters and sculptors—and which, therefore, it was almost impious and profane to demand of a mere uninspired baker of porcelain. From this argument he went on to infer *fortiori* in the second place, that when the china-baker *did* hit the likeness, and had done so much more than could lawfully be asked of him, it was an injustice that would cry aloud to heaven for redress, if, after all, his works were returned upon his hands; especially where, as in the present instance, so much beauty of art was united with the peculiar merit of a portrait. It was fatal, however, to the effect of this argument, that just as the magistrate arrived at—"In the second place,"—his servant came in and said, "If you please, sir, dinner is on the table." Naturally, therefore, conceiving that the *gite* of the lawyer's reasoning was to defend the want of resemblance as an admitted fact, which it would be useless to deny, the worthy magistrate closed the pleadings, and gave sentence against Mr. Whelp, the plaintiff.

CHAPTER IV.

The Professional Verdict.

Mr. Whelp was confounded at this decree; and as the readiest means of obtaining a revision of it, he sent in to the next sitting of the bench a copy of the bust, which had previously been omitted. As bad luck would have it, however, there happened on this occasion to be present an artist who had a rancorous enmity both to Mr. Whelp and to the modeller of the bust. This person, being asked his opinion, declared without scruple that the bust was as wretched a portrait as it was lamentable in its pretensions as a work of art, and that his youngest pupil would not have had the audacity to produce so infamous a performance, unless he had an express wish to be turned neck and heels out of his house.

Upon this award of the conscientious artist—out of regard to his professional judgment—the magistracy thought fit to impose silence upon their own senses, which returned a very opposite award: and thus it happened that the former decision was affirmed. Now, certainly Mr. Whelp had his remedy: he might appeal from the magistrate's sentence. But this he declined. "No, no," said he, "I know what I'm about: I shall want the magistrate once more; and I musn't offend him. I will appeal to public opinion: *that* shall decide between me and the old rogue of a merchant."

And precisely in this way it was brought about, that the late stamp-distributor Goodchild came to stand exposed to the public view in the centre window of the china manufactory.

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CHAPTER V.

The Sinecurist.

At the corner of this china-manufactory a beggar had his daily station, which, except for his youth, which was now and then thrown in his teeth, was indeed a right pleasant sinecure. To this man Mr. Whelp promised a handsome present if he would repeat to him in the evening what the passers-by had said of the bust in the day-time. Accordingly, at night the beggar brought him the true and comfortable intelligence that young and old had unanimously pronounced the bust a most admirable likeness of the late stamp-distributor, Goodchild. This report was regularly brought for eight days : on the eighth, Mr. Whelp was satisfied, and paid off his commissioner, the beggar.

The next morning, Mr. Whelp presented himself at Mr. Goodchild's to report the public approbation of his brother's bust.

CHAPTER VI.

The Young Visionary.

But here there was sad commotion. Mr. Goodchild was ill : and his illness arose from a little history, which must here be introduced by way of episode. Mr. Goodchild had an only daughter named Ida. Now Miss Ida had begun, like other young ladies of her age, to think of marriage : nature had put it into her head to consider all at once that she was seventeen years of age. And it sometimes occurred to her that Mr. Tempest, the young barrister, who occupied the first floor over the way, was just the very man she would like in the character of a lover. Thoughts of the same tendency appeared to have occurred also to Mr. Tempest. Ida seemed to him remarkably well fitted to play the part of a wife ; and when he pretended to be reading the pandects at his window, too often (it must be acknowledged) his eyes were settled all the while upon Ida's blooming face. The glances of these eyes did certainly cause some derangement occasionally in Ida's sewing and netting. What if they did ? Let her drop as many stitches as she would, the next day was long enough to take them up again.

This young man, then, was clearly pointed out by Providence as the partner of her future life. Ah ! that her father would think so too ! But he called him always the young visionary. And whenever she took a critical review of all their opposite neighbours, and fell as if by accident upon the domestic habits, respectable practice, and other favourable points about Mr. Tempest, her father never failed to close the conversation by saying—"Aye, but he's a mere young visionary." And why, Mr. Goodchild ? Simply for these two reasons : first, because once at a party where they had met, Mr. Tempest had happened to say a few words very displeasing to his prejudices on the "golden age" of German poetry, to which Mr. Goodchild was much attached, and on which he could bear no opposition. Secondly, and chiefly, because, at the same time, he had unfortunately talked of the King of Hayti as a true crowned head,—a monarch whom Mr. Goodchild was determined never to acknowledge.

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CHAPTER VII.

At last, Ida and Mr. Tempest had come to form a regular correspondence together in the following way:—The young advocate had conducted a commerce of looks with the lovely girl for a long time, and hardly knowing how it began, he had satisfied himself that she looked like an angel; and he grew very anxious to know whether she also talked like one? To ascertain this point, he followed her many a time, up and down many a street; and he bore patiently, for her sake, all the angry looks of his clients, which seemed to say that he would do more wisely to stay at home and study their causes, than to roam about in chase of a pretty girl. Mr. Tempest differed from his clients on this matter: suits at law, said he, have learned to wait; they are used to it; but hearts have not learned to wait, and never will be used to it. However, all was in vain. Ida was attended constantly either by her father, or by an old governess; and in either case his scheme was knocked on the head.

At length, chance did for him more than he could ever do for himself, and placed him one night at her elbow in the theatre. True it was that her father, whose dislike to him ever since his fatal acknowledgment of the King of Hayti he had not failed to remark, sat on the other side of her; but the devil is in it, thought he, if I cannot steal a march on him the whole night through. As the overture to his scheme, therefore, he asked, in the most respectful manner, for the play-bill which Ida held in her hand. On returning it, he said,—what a pity that the vanity of the manager should disturb so many excellent parts; the part allotted to himself would have been far better played by several others in the company.

Mr. Tempest was not much delighted on observing that Mr. Goodchild did not receive this remark very propitiously, but looked still gloomier than before. The fact was, that the manager constantly attended all Mr. Goodchild's literary parties, professed great deference for his opinions, and was in return pronounced by Mr. Goodchild a man of "exceedingly good taste and accurate judgment." His first shot, Mr. Tempest saw clearly, had missed fire; and he would have been very glad to have had it back again; for he was thrown into a hideous fright when he saw the deep darkness which was gathering on Mr. Goodchild's face. Meantime, it was some little support to him under his panic—that in returning the play bill to Ida, he had ventured to press her hand, and fancied (but it could only be fancy) that she slightly returned the pressure. His enemy, whose thunder now began to break, insisted on giving an importance to his remark which the unfortunate young man himself had never contemplated—having meant it only as an introduction to further conversation, and not at all valuing himself upon it. "A pity, my good sir," said Mr. Goodchild. "Why so, my good sir? On the contrary, my good sir, on the contrary, I believe it is pretty generally admitted that there is no part whatsoever in which this manager fails to outshine all competitors."

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“Very true, sir; as you observe, sir, he outshines all his competitors; and, in fact, that was just the very remark I wished to make.”

“It was, was it? Well, then, upon my word, my good sir, you took a very odd way to express it. The fact is, young and visionary people of this day are very rash in their judgments. But it is not to be supposed that so admirable a performer as this can be at all injured by such light and capricious opinions.”

Mr. Tempest was confounded by this utter discomfiture of his inaugural effort, and sank dejected into silence. But his victorious foe looked abroad in all directions with a smiling and triumphant expression on his face, as if asking whether anybody had witnessed the ability with which he had taken down the conceit of the young rattle-brain.

However, Mr. Tempest was not so utterly dejected, but he consoled himself with thinking that every dog has his day: his turn would come; and he might yet perhaps succeed in laying the old dragon asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

With a view to do this as soon as possible, at the end of the first act he begged a friend who stood next to him to take his place by the side of Ida for a few minutes, and then hastened out. Under one of the lamps on the outside of the theatre, he took out from his pocket the envelope of a letter he had lately received, and with a pencil wrote upon it a formal declaration of love. His project was, to ask Ida a second time for the play-bill, and on returning it, to crush up the little note and put both together in her hand. But lord! how the wisest schemes are baffled! On returning to the pit, he found the whole condition of things changed. His faithless representative met him with an apology at the very door. The fact was, that, seeing a pretty young lady standing close by him, the devil of gallantry had led him to cede to her use in perpetuity what had been committed to his own care in trust only for a few minutes. Nor was this all; for the lady being much admired and followed, and (like comets or Highland chieftains) having her “tail” on for this night, there was no possibility of reaching the neighbourhood of Ida for the pressure of the lady’s tail of followers.

CHAPTER IX.

In his whole life had Mr. Tempest never witnessed a more stupid performance, worse actors, or more disgusting people about him than during the time that he was separated from Ida. With the eye of an experienced tactician, he had calculated to a hair the course he must steer, on the termination of the play, to rejoin the object of his anxious regard. But alas! when the curtain dropped, he found his road quite blocked up. No remedy was left but to press right on, and without respect of persons. But he gained nothing by the indefatigable labour of his elbows except a great number of scowling looks. His attention was just called to this, when Ida, who had now reached the door,

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looked back for a moment, and then disappeared in company with her father. Two minutes after he had himself reached the door; but, looking round, he exclaimed pretty loudly—"Ah, good lord! it's of no use;" and then through the moonlight and the crowd of people he shot like an arrow, leaving them all to wonder what madness had seized the young advocate, who was usually so rational and composed. However, he overtook the object of his pursuit in the street in which he lived. For, upon his turning rapidly round the corner, Mr. Goodchild, alarmed at his noise and speed, turned round upon him suddenly, and said—"Is this a man or a horse?"

CHAPTER X.

"Mr. Goodchild," began the breathless barrister, "I am very much indebted to you."

"Hem!" said the other in a way which seemed to express—"What now, my good sir?"

"You have this evening directed my attention to the eminent qualifications of our manager. Most assuredly you were in the right; he played the part divinely."

Here Mr. Tempest stopped to congratulate himself upon the triumphant expression which the moonlight revealed upon the face of his antagonist. On this triumph, if his plans succeeded, he meant to build a triumph of his own.

"Aye, aye: what, then, you've come to reason at last, my good sir?"

"Your judgment and penetration, Mr. Goodchild, I am bound at all times to bow to as far superior to my own."

During this compliment to the merchant's penetration, Mr. Tempest gently touched the hand of Ida with his pencil note: the hand opened, and, like an oyster, closed upon it in an instant. "In which scene, Mr. Tempest," said the merchant, "is it your opinion that the manager acquitted himself best?"

"In which scene!" Here was a delightful question. The advocate had attended so exclusively to Ida, that whether there were any scenes at all in the whole performance was more than he could pretend to say; and now he was to endure a critical examination on the merits of each scene in particular. He was in direful perplexity. Considering, however, that in most plays there is some love, and therefore some love-scenes, he dashed at it, and boldly said—"In that scene, I think, where he makes the declaration of love."

"Declaration of love! why, God bless my soul! in the whole part, from the beginning to end, there is nothing like a declaration of love."

"Oh, confound your accuracy, you old fiend!" thought Mr. Tempest to himself; but aloud he said—"No declaration of love, do you say? Is it possible? Why, then, I suppose I must have mistaken for the manager that man who played the lover: surely he played divinely."

"Divinely! divine stick! what, that wretched, stammering, wooden

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booby? Why he would have been hissed off the stage, if it hadn't been well known that he was a stranger hired to walk through the part for that night."

Mr. Tempest, seeing that the more he said the deeper he plunged into the mud, held it advisable to be silent. On the other hand, Mr. Goodchild began to be ashamed of his triumph over what he had supposed the lawyer's prejudices. He took his leave, therefore, in these words: "Good night, Mr. Tempest; and, for the future, my good sir, do not judge so precipitately as you did on that occasion when you complimented a black fellow with the title of king, and called St. Domingo by the absurd name of Hayti. Some little consideration and discretion go to every sound opinion."

So saying, the old dragon walked off with his treasure, and left the advocate with his ears still tingling from his mortifications.

"Just to see the young people of this day," said Mr. Goodchild; "what presumption and what ignorance!" The whole evening through he continued to return to this theme; and during supper nearly choked himself in an ebullition of fiery zeal upon this favourite topic.

CHAPTER XI.

The Letter-Box.

To her father's everlasting question, "Am not I in the right, then?" Ida replied in a sort of pantomime, which was intended to represent "Yes." This was her outward *yes*; but in her heart she was thinking of no other *yes* than that which she might one day be called on to pronounce at the altar by the side of Mr. Tempest. And therefore, at length, when the eternal question came round again, she nodded in a way which rather seemed to say, "Oh, dear sir, you are in the right for anything I have to say against it," than anything like a downright *yes*. On which Mr. Goodchild quitted one favourite theme for another more immediately necessary—viz., the lukewarmness of young people towards good counsel and sound doctrine.

Meantime, Ida's looks were unceasingly directed to her neck-handkerchief: the reason of which was this. In order, on the one hand, to have the love-letter as near as possible to her heart, and, on the other, to be assured that it was in safe custody, she had converted the beautiful white drapery of her bosom into a letter-case; and she felt continually urged to see whether the systole and diastole which went on in other important contents of this letter-case, might not by chance expose it to view. The letter asked for an answer; and late as it was, when all the house were in bed, Ida set about one. On the following morning, this answer was conveyed to its destination by the man who delivered the newspapers to her father and Mr. Tempest.

From this day forward there came so many letters to Miss Goodchild by the new-established post, that the beautiful letter-case was no longer able to contain them. She was now obliged to resort to the help of her writing-desk, which, so long as her father had no suspicion, was fully sufficient.

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CHAPTER XII.

The paper intercourse now began to appear too little to Mr. Tempest. For what can be despatched in a moment by word of mouth, would often linger unaccomplished for a thousand years when conducted in writing. True it was that a great deal of important business had already been despatched by the letters. For instance, Mr. Tempest had through this channel assured himself that Ida was willing to be his for ever. Yet even this was not enough. The contract had been made, but not sealed upon the rosy lips of Ida.

This seemed monstrous to Mr. Tempest. "Grant me patience," said he to himself; "grant me patience; when I think of the many disgusting old relations, great, raw-boned, absurd fellows, with dusty snuff-powdered beards, that have revelled in that lip-paradise, hardly knowing—old withered wretches!—what they were about, or what a blessing was conferred upon them? whilst I—yes, I, that am destined to call her my bride one of these days—am obliged to content myself with payments of mere paper money."

This seemed shocking; and, indeed, considering the terms on which he now stood with Ida, Mr. Tempest could scarcely believe it himself. He paced up and down his study in anger, flinging glances at every turn upon the opposite house, which contained his treasure. All at once he stopped: "What's all this?" said he, on observing Mr. Goodchild's servants lighting up the chandeliers in the great saloon. "What's in the wind now?" And immediately he went to his writing-table for Ida's last letter; for Ida sometimes communicated any little events in the family that could anyways affect their correspondence; on this occasion, however, she had given no hint of anything extraordinary approaching. Yet the preparations and the bustle indicated something *very* extraordinary. Mr. Tempest's heart began to beat violently. What was he to think? Great fêtes, in a house where there is an only daughter, usually have some reference to *her*. "Go, Tyrrel," said he to his clerk, "go and make inquiries (but, cautiously, you understand, and in a lawyer-like manner) as to the nature and tendency of these arrangements." Tyrrel came back with the following report: "Mr. Goodchild had issued cards for a very great party on that evening; all the seniors were invited to tea, and almost all the young people of condition throughout the town to a masqued ball at night. The suddenness of the invitation, and the consequent hurry of the arrangements, arose in this way: a rich relative who lived in the country had formed a plan of coming by surprise, with his whole family, upon Mr. Goodchild. But Mr. Goodchild had accidentally received a hint of his intention by some side-wind, and had determined to turn the tables on his rich relation by surprising him with a masquerade.

"Oh, heavens! what barbarity!" said Mr. Tempest, as towards evening he saw from his windows young and old trooping to the fête. "What barbarity! There's hardly a scoundrel in the place but is

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asked ; and I—I, John Tempest, that am to marry the jewel of the house, must be content to witness the preparations and to hear the sound of their festivities from the solitude of my den."

CHAPTER XIII.

Questions and Commands.

As night drew on, more and more company continued to pour in. The windows being very bright, and the curtains not drawn, no motion of the party could escape our advocate. What pleased him better than all the splendour which he saw, was the melancholy countenance of the kind-hearted girl as she stood at the centre window and looked over at him. This melancholy countenance and these looks, directed at himself, were occasioned, as he soon became aware, by a proposal which had been made to play at questions and commands. This game, in fact, soon began. "Thunder and lightning!" said Mr. Tempest, discovering what it was, "is this to be endured?"

If the mere possibility of such an issue had alarmed him, how much more sensible was his affliction when he saw, as a matter of fact laid visibly before his bodily eyes, that every fool and coxcomb availed himself of the privilege of the game to give to Ida, his own destined bride, kisses * without let or hindrance ; "whilst I," said he, "I, John Tempest, have never yet been blessed with one."

But if the *sight* of such liberties taken with his blooming Ida placed him on the brink of desperation, much more desperate did he become when that sight was shut out by that "consummate villain" (as he chose to style him) the footman, who at this moment took it into his head, or was ordered, to let down the curtains. Behind the curtains—ah ! ye gods, what scenes might not pass !

"This must be put a stop to," said Mr. Tempest, taking his hat and cane, and walking into the street. Aye ; but how ? This was a question he could not answer. Wandering, therefore, up and down the streets until it had become quite dark, he returned at length to the point from which he had set out, and found that one nuisance at least—viz., the kissing—had ceased, and had given place to a concert. For Ida's musical talents and fine voice were well known, and she was generally called the little Catalani. She was now singing, and a crowd of persons had collected under the window to hear her, who seemed, by their looks, to curse every passer-by for the disturbance he made.

Mr. Tempest crept on tip-toe to join the crowd of listeners, and was enraptured by the sweet tones of Ida's voice. After the conclusion of the air, and when the usual hubbub of enchanting ! divine !

* The reader must remember that the scene is laid in Germany. This, and other instances of grossièreté, have been purposely retained, in illustration of German manners.

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etc., had rung out its peal, the bystanders outside began to talk of the masquerade. In the crowd were some of those who had been invited, and one amongst them was flattering himself that nobody would recognize him before he should unmasque.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Death's-Head Masque.

Thus much information Mr. Tempest drew from this casual conversation, that he found it would not be required of the masquers to announce their names to any person on their arrival. Upon this hint he grounded a plan for taking a part in the masqued ball. By good luck he was already provided with a black domino against the winter masquerades at the public rooms; this domino was so contrived that the head of the wearer was hidden under the cloak, in which an imperceptible opening was made for the eyes; the real head thus became a pair of shoulders, and upon this was placed a false head, which, when lifted up, exposed a white skull with eyeless sockets, and grinning, with a set of brilliantly white teeth, at the curious spectator.

Having settled his scheme, Mr. Tempest withdrew to his own lodgings, in order to make preparations for its execution.

CHAPTER XV.

It's only I.

The company at Mr. Goodchild's consisted of two divisions: No. 1, embracing the elder or more fashionable persons, and those who were nearly connected with the family, had been invited to tea, supper, and a masqued ball; No. 2, the younger and less distinguished persons, had been invited to the ball only. This arrangement, which proceeded from the penurious disposition of Mr. Goodchild, had on this occasion the hearty approbation of Mr. Tempest. About eleven o'clock, therefore, when a great part of the guests in the second division had already arrived, he ordered a sedan-chair to be fetched; and then, causing himself to be carried up and down through several streets, that nobody might discover from what house the gigantic domino had issued, he repaired to the house of Mr. Goodchild.

His extraordinary stature excited so much the more astonishment amongst the party-coloured mob of masquers, because he kept himself wholly aloof from all the rest, and paced up and down with haughty strides. His demeanour and air had in it something terrific to everybody except to Ida, to whom he had whispered as he passed her alone in an ante-room—"Don't be alarmed; it's only I;" at the same time giving her a billet, in which he requested a few moments' conversation with her at any time in the course of the evening.

Some persons, however, had observed him speaking to Ida; and therefore, on her return to the great saloon, she was pressed on ail

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sides to tell what she knew of the mysterious giant. She, good heavens! how should she know anything of him? "What had he said, then?" *That*, too, she could as little answer. He spoke, she said, in such a low, hollow, and unintelligible tone, that she was quite alarmed, and heard nothing of what he uttered.

The company now betrayed more and more anxiety in reference to the unknown masque, so that Ida had no chance for answering his billet, or granting the request which it contained. Mr. Tempest now began to regret much that he had not selected an ordinary masque, in which he might have conversed at his ease, without being so remarkably pointed out to the public attention.

CHAPTER XVI.

Suspitions.

The murmurs about the tall domino grew louder and louder, and gathered more and more about him. He began to hear doubts plainly expressed, whether he was actually invited. The master of the house protested that, so far from having any such giant amongst his acquaintance, he had never seen such a giant except in show booths. This mention of booths gave a very unfortunate direction to the suspicions already abroad against the poor advocate; for at that time there was a giant in the town who was exhibiting himself for money, and Mr. Goodchild began to surmise that this man, either with a view to the increasing his knowledge of men and manners, or for his recreation after the tedium of standing to be gazed at through a whole day's length, had possibly smuggled himself as a contraband article into his masqued ball.

CHAPTER XVII.

Difficulties Increased.

The worthy host set to work very deliberately to count his guests, and it turned out that there was actually just one masque more than there should be. Upon this he stepped into the middle of the company, and spoke as follows:—"Most respectable and respected masques, under existing circumstances, and for certain weighty causes, me thereto moving (this phrase Mr. Goodchild had borrowed from his lawyer), I have to request that you will all and several, one after another, communicate your names to me, by whispering them into my ear.

Well did Mr. Tempest perceive what were the existing circumstances, and what the reasons thereto moving, which had led to this measure; and very gladly he would have withdrawn himself from this vexatious examination by marching off, but it did not escape him that a couple of sentinels were already posted at the door.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Panic.

More than one-half of the guests had already communicated their names to Mr. Goodchild, and stood waiting in the utmost impatience for the examination of the giant. But the giant, on his part, was so little eager to gratify them by pressing before others, that at length, when all the rest had gone through their probation honourably, he remained the last man, and thus was, *ipso facto*, condemned as the supernumerary man before his trial commenced.

The company was now divided into two great classes—those who had a marriage garment, and the unfortunate giant who had none. So much was clear; but, to make further discoveries, the host now stepped up to him hastily and said “Your name, if you please?”

The masque stood as mute, as tall, and as immovable as the gable end of a house. “Your name?” repeated Mr. Goodchild; “I’ll trouble you for your name?” No answer coming, a cold shivering seized upon Mr. Goodchild. In fact, at this moment a story came across him from his childish years, that, when Dr. Faustus was played, it had sometimes happened that amongst the stage devils there was suddenly observed to be one too many, and the supernumerary one was found to be no spurious devil, but a true, sound, and legitimate devil.

For the third time, while his teeth chattered, he said—“Your name, if you please?”

“I have none.” said Mr. Tempest, in so hollow a voice, that the heart of the worthy merchant sunk down in a moment to his knee-buckles, and an ice-wind of panic began to blow pretty freshly through the whole company.

“Your face, then, if you please, sir?” stammered out Mr. Goodchild.

Very slowly and unwillingly the masque, being thus importunately besieged, proceeded to comply; but scarcely had he unmasked and exposed the death’s head, when every soul ran out of the room with an outcry of horror.

The masque sprang after them, bounding like a greyhound, and his grinning skull nodding as he moved. This he did under pretence of pursuing them, but in fact to take advantage of the general panic for making his exit.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Parting Kiss—Miss Goodchild in the arms of Death.

In an ante-room, now totally deserted, Death was met by Ida, who said to him—“Ah! for God’s sake make your escape. Oh! if you did but know what anxiety I have suffered on account of your strange conceit.” Here she paused, and spite of her anxiety she could not forbear smiling at the thought of the sudden *coup-de-theatre* by which

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Mr. Tempest had turned the tables upon every soul that had previously been enjoying his panic. In the twinkling of an eye he had inflicted a far deeper panic upon them, and she had herself been passed by the whole herd of fugitives—tall and short, corpulent and lanky, halt and lame, young and old—all spinning away with equal energy before the face of the supernumerary guest.

Death, in return, told Ida how he had been an eye-witness to the game of questions and commands, and to the letting down of the curtains. This spectacle (he acknowledged) had so tortured him, that he could stand it no longer, and he had sworn within himself that he would have a kiss as well as other persons; and further, that he would go and fetch it himself from the midst of the masquerade, though not expecting to have been detected as the extra passenger or nip.* And surely, when a whole company had tasted the ambrosia of her lips, Miss Goodchild would not be so unkind as to dismiss him alone without that happiness.

No, Miss Goodchild was not so unkind; and Death was just in the act of applying his lips to the rosy mouth of Ida, when old Goodchild came peeping in at the door to see if the coast was clear of the dreadful masque, and behind him was a train of guests, all stepping gently and on tiptoe from an adjoining corridor.

Every soul was petrified with astonishment on seeing the young warm-breathing Ida on such close and apparently friendly terms with the black gigantic Death, whose skull was grinning just right above the youthful pair, and surmounting them like a crest. At this sight all became plain, and the courage of the company, which had so recently sunk below the freezing point, suddenly rose at once above boiling heat. Mr. Goodchild levelled a blow at the Death's head which had caused him so much pain and agitation; and Mr. Tempest, seeing that no better course remained, made off for the front door; and thus the uninvited masque, who had so lately chased and ejected the whole body of the invited ones, was in turn chased and ejected by them.

The festivities had been too violently interrupted to be now resumed; the guests took leave, and the weeping Ida was banished to a close confinement in her own room.

CHAPTER XX.

Here ends our episode. It was on the very morning after this *fracas* that Mr. Whelp waited upon Mr. Goodchild, to report to him the universal opinion of the world upon the bust of the late stamp-distributor, his brother; and upon that opinion to ground an appeal to justice.

A worse season for his visit he could not possibly have chosen. Mr. Goodchild stormed, and said, "The case had been tried and disposed of; and he must insist on being troubled with no further

* In England, passengers who are taken up on stage coaches by the collusion of the guard and coachman, without the knowledge of the proprietors, are called *nips*.

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explanations." And so far did his anger make him forget the common courtesies of life, that he never asked the proprietor of the china-works to sit down. Mr. Whelp, on his part, no less astonished and irritated at such treatment, inquired at the footman what was the matter with his master ; and the footman, who was going away, and was reckless of consequences, repeated the whole history of the preceding night with fits of laughter ; and added, that the sport was not yet over, for that this morning a brisk correspondence had commenced between his master and Mr. Tempest—which, by the effect produced on the manners of both, seemed by no means of the gentlest nature.

CHAPTER XXI.

The King of Hayti.

This account was particularly agreeable to Mr. Whelp. Concluding that, under the present circumstances, Mr. Tempest would naturally be an excellent counsellor against Mr. Goodchild, he hastened over to his apartments, and said that, his last effort to bring the merchant over the way to any reasonable temper of mind having utterly failed, he had now another scheme. But first of all he wished to have the professional opinion of Mr. Tempest, whether he should lay himself open to an action if he took the following course to reimburse himself the expenses of the three dozen of busts :—He had been told by some Englishman, whose name he could not at this moment call to mind, that the bust of the stamp-master was a most striking likeness of Christophe, the black King of Hayti ; now, this being the case, what he proposed to do was to wash over the late stamp-distributor with a black varnish, and to export one dozen and a half of the distributor on speculation to St. Domingo, keeping the rest for home consumption.

When Mr. Tempest heard this plan stated, in spite of his own disturbance of mind at the adventures of the last night, he could not forbear laughing heartily at the conceit ; for he well knew what was the real scheme which lurked under this pretended exportation to St. Domingo. Some little time back, Mr. Goodchild had addressed to the German people, through the *General Advertiser*, this question :—“How or whence it came about that, in so many newspapers of late days, mention had been made of a kingdom of Hayti, when it was notorious to everybody that the island in question was properly called St. Domingo ?” He therefore exhorted all editors of political journals to return to more correct principles. On the same occasion he had allowed himself many very disrespectful expressions against “a certain black fellow who pretended to be King of Hayti ;” so that it might readily be judged that it would not be a matter of indifference to him if his late brother the stamp-master were sold under the name of King of Hayti.

The barrister's opinion was, that as the heir of the bespaker had solemnly deposed to the non-resemblance of the busts, and had on this ground found means to liberate himself from all obligation to take them or to pay for them, those busts had reverted in full property to

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the china-works. However, he advised Mr. Whelp to blacken only one of them for the present, to place it in the same window where one had stood before, and then to await the issue.

CHAPTER XXII.

A week after this, the bust of the stamp-distributor, with the hair and face blackened, was placed in the window; and below it was written, in gilt letters, "*His most excellent Majesty, the King of Hayti.*"

This manœuvre operated with the very best effect. The passers-by all remembered to have seen the very same face a short time ago as the face of a white man; and they all remembered to whom the face belonged. The laughing, therefore, never ceased from morning to night before the window of the china-works.

Now, Mr. Goodchild received very early intelligence of what was going on, possibly through some persons specially commissioned by Mr. Whelp to trouble him with the news; and straightway he trotted off to the china-works—not, to be sure, with any view of joining the laughers, but, on the contrary, to attack Mr. Whelp, and to demand the destruction of the bust. However, all his remonstrances were to no purpose; and the more anger he betrayed, so much the more did it encourage his antagonist.

Mr. Goodchild hurried home in a great passion, and wrote a note to the borough-reeve, with a pressing request that he would favour him with his company to supper that evening, to taste some genuine London bottled porter.

This visit, however, did not lead to those happy results which Mr. Goodchild had anticipated. True it was that he showed his discretion in not beginning to speak of the busts until the bottled porter had produced its legitimate effects upon the spirits of the borough-reeve: the worshipful man was in a considerable state of elevation; but for all *that* he would not predict any favourable issue to the action against Mr. Whelp which his host was meditating. He shrugged his shoulders, and said that, on the former occasion when Mr. Goodchild had urged the bench to pronounce for the *non-resemblance* of the busts, they had gone further, in order to gratify him, than they could altogether answer to their consciences; but really, to come now and call upon the same bench to pronounce for the *resemblance* of the same identical busts was altogether inadmissible.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mr. Goodchild was on the brink of despair the whole night through; and, when he rose in the morning and put his head out of the window to inhale a little fresh air, what should be the very first thing that met him but a poisonous and mephitic blast from the window of his opposite neighbour, which in like manner stood wide open: for his sharp sight easily detected that the young barrister, his enemy, instead

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of the gypsum bust of Ulpian which had hitherto presided over his library, had mounted the black china bust of the King of Hayti.

Without a moment's delay Mr. Goodchild jumped into his clothes and hastened down to Mr. Whelp. His two principles of vitality, avarice and ambition, had struggled together throughout the night; but on the sight of his brother the stamp-master, thus posthumously varnished with lamp-black, and occupying so conspicuous a station in the library of his mortal enemy, ambition had gained a complete victory. He bought up, therefore, the whole thirty-five busts; and understanding that the only black copy was in the possession of Mr. Tempest, he begged that, upon some pretext or another, Mr. Whelp would get it back into his hands, promising to pay all expenses out of his own purse.

Mr. Whelp shook his head, but promised to try what he could do, and went over without delay to the advocate's rooms. Meantime, the longer he stayed and made it evident that the negotiation had met with obstacles, so much the larger were the drops of perspiration which stood upon Mr. Goodchild's forehead, as he paced up and down his room in torment.

At last Mr. Whelp came over, but with bad news; Mr. Tempest was resolute to part with the bust at no price.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Dictation.

Mr. Goodchild, on hearing this intelligence, hastened to his daughter, who was still under close confinement, and, taking her hand, said, "Thoughtless girl, come and behold!" Then, conducting her to his own room, and pointing with his finger to Mr. Tempest's book-case, he said—"See there! behold my poor deceased brother, the stamp-distributor, to what a situation is he reduced—that, after death, he must play the part of a black fellow, styling himself King of Hayti. And is it with such a man, one who aims such deadly stabs at the honour and peace of our family, that you would form a clandestine connection? I blush for you, inconsiderate child. However, sit down to my writing-desk, and this moment write what I shall dictate, *verbatim et literatim*; and in that case I shall again consider and treat you as my obedient daughter. Ida seated herself: her father laid a sheet of paper before her, put a pen into her hand, and dictated the following epistle, in which he flattered himself that he had succeeded to a marvel in counterfeiting the natural style of a young lady of seventeen:—

"Respectable and friendly Sir,—Since the unfortunate masquerade, I have not had one hour of peace. My excellent and most judicious father has shut me up in my own apartments; and, according to special information which I have had, it is within the limits of possibility that my confinement may last for a year and a day. Now,

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therefore, whereas credible intelligence has reached me that you have, by purchase from the china-manufactory of the city, possessed yourself of a bust claiming to be the representation of a black fellow, who (most absurdly!) styles himself King of Hayti; and whereas, from certain weighty reasons him thereunto moving, my father has a desire to sequester into his own hands any bust or busts purporting to represent the said black fellow; and whereas, further, my father has caused it to be notified to me, that immediately upon the receipt of the said bust, through any honourable application of mine to you, he will release me from arrest; therefore, and on the aforesaid considerations, I, Ida Goodchild, spinster, do hereby make known my request to you, that, as a testimony of those friendly dispositions which you have expressed, or caused to be expressed to me, you would, on duly weighing the premises, make over to me the bust aforesaid in consideration of certain monies (as shall be hereafter settled) to be by me paid over unto you. Which request being granted and ratified, I shall, with all proper respect, acknowledge myself your servant and well-wisher,

“IDA GOODCHILD,

“*Manu propria.*”

The two last words the poor child knew not how to write, and therefore her father wrote them for her, and said—the meaning of these words is, that the letter was written with your own hand; upon which, in law, a great deal depends. He then folded up the letter, sealed it, and rang for a servant to carry it over to Mr. Tempest. “But not from me, do you hear, William! Don’t say it comes from me: and if Mr. Tempest should cross-examine you, be sure you say I know nothing of it.”

CHAPTER XXV.

Candour.

“For the rest,” said Mr. Goodchild, “never conceivethat I shall lend any the more countenance, for all this, to your connection with the young visionary. As soon as the bust is once in my hands, from that moment he and I are strangers, and shall know each other no more.”

Mr. Goodchild had not for a long time been in such spirits as he was after this most refined *tour d’adresse* in diplomacy (as he justly conceived it). “The style,” said he, “cannot betray the secret: no, I flatter myself that I have hit *that* to a hair; I defy any critic, the keenest, to distinguish it from the genuine light sentimental *billet-doux* style of young ladies of seventeen. How should he learn then? William dares not tell him for his life. And the fellow can never be such a brute as to refuse the bust to a young lady whom he pretends to admire. Lord! it makes me laugh to think what a long face he’ll show when he asks for permission to visit you upon the strength of this sacrifice; and I, looking at him like a bull, shall say, ‘No, indeed, my good sir; as to the bust, what’s that to me, my good sir? What do I care for the bust, my good sir? I believe it’s all broken to pieces

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with a sledge-hammer, or else you might have it back again for anything I care.' Eh, Ida, my girl, won't that be droll? Won't it be laughable to see what a long face he'll cut?" But, but—

CHAPTER XXVI.

Won't it be laughable to see what a long face the fellow will cut?

If Ida had any particular wish to see *how* laughable a fellow looked under such circumstances, she had very soon that gratification; for her father's under jaw dropped enormously on the return of the messenger. It did not perhaps require any great critical penetration to determine from what member of the family the letter proceeded: and independently of *that*, Mr. Tempest had (as the reader knows) some little acquaintance with the epistolary style of Miss Goodchild. In his answer, therefore, he declined complying with the request; but, to convince his beloved Ida that his refusal was designed, not for her, but for her father, he expressed himself as follows:—

"Madam, my truly respectable young friend,—It gives me great concern to be under the painful necessity of stating that it is wholly out of my power to make over unto you the bust of his gracious majesty the King of Hayti, 'in consideration' (as you express it) 'of certain monies to be by you paid over unto me.' This, I repeat, is wholly impossible: seeing that I am now on the point of ratifying a treaty with an artist, in virtue of which three thousand copies are to be forthwith taken of the said bust on account of its distinguished excellence, and to be dispersed to my friends and others throughout Europe. With the greatest esteem, I remain your most obedient and devoted servant,

"JOHN TEMPEST."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Unexpected Denouement.

"Now, then," thought Mr. Goodchild, "the world is come to a pretty pass." The honour and credit of his name and family seemed to stand on the edge of a razor; and, without staying for any further consideration, he shot over, like an arrow, to Mr. Tempest.

Scarcely was he out of the house when in rushed the postman with a second note to Miss Goodchild, apologizing for the former, and explaining to her the particular purpose he had in writing it.

How well he succeeded in this was very soon made evident by the circumstance of her father's coming back with him, arm in arm. Mr. Tempest had so handsomely apologized for any offence he might have given, and with a tone of real feeling had rested his defence so entirely upon the excess of his admiration for Miss Goodchild, which had left him no longer master of his own actions or understanding, that her father felt touched and flattered—forgave everything frankly—and allowed him to hope, from his daughter's mouth, for the final ratification of his hopes.

"But this one stipulation I must make, my good sir," said Mr. Goodchild, returning to his political anxieties, "that in future you must

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wholly renounce that black fellow, who styles himself (most absurdly!) the King of Hayti." "With all my heart," said Mr. Tempest, "Miss Goodchild will be cheaply purchased by renouncing *The King of Hayti*."

GOETHE.

AS REFLECTED IN HIS NOVEL OF WILHELM MEISTER.

[Written in September, 1824.]

TO be an idoloclast is not a pleasant office, because an invidious one. Whenever that can be effected, therefore, it is prudent to devolve the odium of such an office upon the idol himself. Let the object of the false worship always, if possible, be made his own idoloclast. As respects Wilhelm Meister, this *is* possible: and so far, therefore, as Goethe's pretensions are founded on that novel, Goethe shall be his own idoloclast. For our own parts, we shall do no more than suggest a few principles of judgment, and recall the hasty reader to his own more honourable thoughts, for the purpose of giving an occasional impulse and direction to his feelings on the passages we may happen to quote—which passages, the very passages of Goethe, will be their own sufficient review, and Mr. Goethe's best exposure. We need not waste time in deprecating unreasonable prepossessions: for, except among his clannish coterie of partisans in London (collectively not enough to fill the boudoir of a blue-stocking), there *are* no such prepossessions. Some, indeed, of that coterie have on occasion of our former article pushed their partisanship to the extent of forgetting the language of gentlemen. This at least has been reported to us. We are sorry for *them*; not angry on our own account, nor much surprised. They are to a certain degree excusably irritable from the consciousness of being unsupported and unsteadied by general sympathy. Sectarians are allowably ferocious. However, we shall reply only by recalling a little anecdote of John Henderson,* in the spirit of which we mean to act. Upon one occasion, when he was disputing at a dinner party, his opponent being pressed by some argument too strong for his logic or his temper, replied by throwing a glass of wine in his face: upon which Henderson, with the dignity of

* The two authorities for all authentic information about J. Henderson are—
1. The Funeral Sermon of Mr. Aguttar. 2. A Memoir of him by Mr. Cottle, of Bristol, inserted in Mr. Cottle's Poems. We know not whether we learned the anecdote from these sources, or in conversation with Mr. Cottle many years ago. Meantime, to check any wandering conceit that Henderson may be a mere local notoriety, let me inform the reader that he is the man whom Samuel Johnson and Burke went to visit at Bristol upon the mere fame of his attainments, and then in scriptural language pronounced that "*the half had not been told them.*"

a scholar who felt too justly how much this boyish petulance had disgraced his antagonist to be in any danger of imitating it, coolly wiped his face, and said, "This, sir, is a digression : now, if you please, for the argument."*

And now, if you please, for our argument. What shall that be? How shall we conduct it? As far as is possible, the translator of Wilhelm Meister would deny us the benefit of *any* argument : for thus plaintively he seeks to forestall us (Preface, xii.), "Every man's judgment is, *in this free country*, a lamp to himself" (*Free country!* why, we hope there is no despotism so absolute, no, not in Turkey, nor Algiers, where a man may not publish his opinion of Wilhelm Meister !): "and many, it is to be feared, will insist on judging *Meister* by the common rule ; and what is worse, condemning it, let Schlegel bawl as loudly as he pleases." This puts us in mind of a diverting story in the memoirs of an old Cavalier, published by Sir Walter Scott. At the close of the Parliamentary War he was undergoing some examination (about passports, as we recollect) by the Mayor of Hull : upon which occasion the mayor, who was a fierce fanatic, said to him some such words as these : "Now, captain, you know that God has judged between you and us : and has given us the victory, praise be unto his name! and yet you see how kindly the Parliament treats you. But, if the victory had gone the other way, and you of the malignant party had stood in our shoes—I suppose now, captain, you would have evil-entreated us ; would have put all manner of affronts upon us ; kicked us, peradventure, pulled our noses, called us sons of w—s." "You're in the right on't, sir," was the reply of the bluff captain, to the great indignation of the mayor, and infinite fun of the good-natured aldermen. So, also, when the translator tells us it is to be feared that many will condemn Wilhelm Meister in spite of Schlegel's vociferation, we reply, "You're in the right on't, sir : they will do so ; and Schlegel is not the man, neither William nor Frederick, to frighten them from doing so. We have extracted this passage, however, for the sake of pointing the reader's eye to one word in it : "many will judge it by the common *rule*." What rule is *that*? The translator well knows that there *is* no rule : no rule which can stand in the way of fair and impartial criticism ; and that he is conjuring up a bugbear which has no existence. In the single cases of epic and dramatic poetry (but in these only as regards the mechanism of the fable) certain rules have undoubtedly obtained an authority which may prejudice the cause of a writer ; not so much, however, by corrupting sound criticism, as by occupying its place. But with regard to a novel, there is no rule which has obtained any "*prescription*" (to speak the language of civil law) but the golden

* One objection only we have heard to our last article from any person *not* a partisan of Goethe ; being plausible, and coming from a man of talents, we reply to it. "Surely," says he, "it cannot be any fault of Goethe's that he is *old*." Certainly not ; no fault at all, but a circumstance of monstrous aggravation connected with one particular fault of Wilhelm Meister.

rule of good sense and just feeling; and the translator well knows that in such a case, if a man were disposed to shelter his own want of argument under the authority of some "common rule," he can find no such rule to plead. How do men generally criticise a novel? Just as they examine the acts and conduct, moral or prudential, of their neighbours. And how is that? Is it by quoting the Nichomachean Ethics of Aristotle? Do they proceed as the French Consul did when the Dey of Tunis informed him that he meant to cut off his head? Upon which

"The Consul quoted Wickefort,
And Puffendorf and Grotius;
And proved from Vattel,
Exceedingly well,
Such a deed would be quite atrocious."

No: they never trouble Puffendorf and Grotius; but try the case "proprio Marte," appealing only to their own judgments and their own feelings. This is wise, they say, and that is foolish: this is indecorous, and that is inconsistent: this argues a bad motive, and that leads to a bad consequence. Or if the novel be German, this is indictably indecent. In this way they judge of actions, in this way of a novel; and in this way we shall judge of Wilhelm Meister; and cannot allow that our criticism shall be forestalled by any pretence that we are opposing mechanic rules, which do not and cannot exist, to the natural and spontaneous movements of the unprejudiced judgment.

"Scribendi rete SAPERE est principium et fons"—Good sense is the principle and fountain of all just composition. This is orthodox doctrine all over the world, or ought to be. Next, we presume that in all latitudes and under every meridian a poet stands amenable to criticism for the quality of his sentiments and the passions he attributes to his heroes, heroines, and "pattern people." That the general current of feeling should be deeper than that of ordinary life, nobler, and purer—is surely no unreasonable postulate: else wherefore is he a poet? Now within a short compass there is no better test by which we can try the style and tone of a poet's feelings than his ideal of the female character as expressed in his heroines. For this purpose we will have a general turn-out and field-day for Mr. Goethe's ladies. They shall all parade before the reader. This, while it answers our end, will provide for *his* amusement. Such a display will be sufficient for the style of sentiment: as to the good sense, *that* will be adequately put on record by every part of our analysis.

Now, therefore, turn out, ye belles of Germany! turn out before London on this fine 26th of August, 1824. *Place aux dames!* Let us have a grand procession to the temple of Paphos with its hundred altars: and Mr. Goethe, nearly 50 years old at the date of Wilhelm Meister, shall be the high-priest; and we will exhibit him surrounded by all his "young Corinthian laity."* Here, then, reader, is Mr. Goethe's—

* "Young Corinthian laity:" Milton, Apol. for Smectymn.

I. GALLERY OF FEMALE PORTRAITS.

Mariana.—No. 1 is Mariana, a young actress. With her the novel opens: and her situation is this. She is connected in the tenderest style of clandestine attachment with Wilhelm Meister, the hero. Matters have gone so far that she—how shall we express it? Oh! the German *phrase* is that—she “carries a pledge of love beneath her bosom.” Well, suppose she does: what’s that to us; us and the reader? Why nothing, we allow, unless she asks us to advance money on the *pledge*. The reader is yet but in the vestibule of the tale: he is naturally willing to be pleased, and indisposed to churlish constructions. Undoubtedly he is sorry: wishes it had been otherwise; but he is human himself; and he recollects the old excuse which will be pleaded on this frail planet of ours for thousands of years after we are all in our graves—that they were both young: and that she was artless and beautiful. And finally he forgives them: and, if at the end of the third volume, when they must necessarily be a good deal older, he finds them still as much attached to each other as when their hearts were young, he would feel it presumption in himself to remember the case as a transgression. But what is this? Hardly have we gone a few pages further, before we find that—about one month before this lady had surrendered her person to the hero—she had granted all she could grant to one Mr. Norberg, a merchant and a vile sensualist. True, says the book, but *that* was for money: she had no money; and how could she do without money? Whereas now, on the contrary, in Wilhelm’s case it could not be for money; for why? he had none; *ergo*, it was for love—pure love. Besides, she was vexed that she had ever encouraged Norberg, after she came to be acquainted with Wilhelm. Vexed! but did she resolve to break with Norberg? Once or twice she treated him harshly, it is true: but hear her latest cabinet council on this matter with her old infamous attendant (p. 65, i.): “I have no choice, continued Mariana; do you decide for me! Cast me away to this side, or to that; mark only one thing. I think I carry in my bosom a pledge that ought to unite me with him (*i.e.*, Wilhelm) more closely. Consider and determine: whom shall I forsake? whom shall I follow?”

“After a short silence, Barbara exclaimed: Strange that youth should still be for extremes.” By extremes Barbara means keeping only one; her way of avoiding extremes is to keep both. But hear the hag: “To my view nothing would be easier than for us to combine both the profit and enjoyment. Do you love the one, let the other pay for it: all we have to mind is being sharp enough to keep the two from meeting.”

Certainly that would be awkward: and now what is Mariana’s answer? “Do as you please; I can imagine nothing, but I will follow.” Bab schemes and Poll executes. The council rises with the following suggestion from the hag:—“Who knows what circumstances may arise to help us? If Norberg would arrive even now, when Wilhelm is away! who can hinder you from thinking of the one in the

arms of the other? I wish you a son and good fortune with him: he will have a rich father."

Adopting this advice, the lady receives Wilhelm dressed in the clothes furnished by Norberg. She is however found out by Wilhelm, who forsakes her; and in the end she dies. Her death is announced in the high German style to Wilhelm: old Bab places a bottle of champagne and three glasses on the table. Then the scene proceeds thus: "Wilhelm knew not what to say, when the crone in fact *let go* the cork, and filled the three glasses to the brim. Drink!" cried she, having emptied at a draught her foaming glass. "Drink ere the spirit of it pass! This third glass shall froth away untasted to the memory of my unhappy Mariana. How red were her lips when she last drank your health! Ah! and now for ever pale and cold!" At the next Pitt or Fox dinner this suggestion may perhaps be attended to. Mr. Pitt of course will have a bottle of good old port set for him; for he drank no champagne. As Kotzebue hastened from Germany to the Palais Royal of Paris for consolation on the death of his wife, so does Wilhelm on reading his sweetheart's farewell letters abscond in a transport of grief to —— a coffeehouse, where he disputes upon the stage and acting in general. We are rather sorry for this young creature after all; she has some ingenuous feelings; and she is decidedly the second best person in the novel. The child, which she leaves behind, is fathered by old Bab (drunk perhaps) upon every man she meets; and she absolutely extorts money from one or other person on account of three different fathers. If she meets the reader, she'll father it upon *him*. In the hands now of a skilful artist this surviving memorial of the frail Mariana might have been turned to some account: by Mr. Goethe it is used only as a handle for covering his hero with irresistible ridicule. He doubts whether he is the father of the child; and goes about, asking people in effect, "Do you think I can be the father? Really now, on your honour, has he a look of me?" That Mariana's conduct had given him little reason to confide in anything she could say, except upon her death-bed, we admit; and, as to old Bab's assurances, they clearly were open to that objection of the logicians—that they prove nothing by proving a little too much. But can any gravity stand the ridicule of a father's sitting down to examine his child's features by his own? and that he, who would not believe the dying and heart-broken mother, is finally relieved from his doubts (p. 120, iii.) by two old buffoons, who simply assure him that the child is his, and thus pretend to have an authority transcending that of the mother herself? But pass to

No. 2. *Philina*.—This lady is a sort of amalgam of Doll Tear-sheet and the wife of Bath; as much of a termagant as the first, and as frank-hearted as the second. Mr. Goethe's account of the matter (p. 172, i.) is, that "her chief enjoyment lay in loving one class of men, and being loved by them." In all particulars, but the good ones, she resembles poor Mariana: like her she is an actress; like her she has her "pledge;" and, like Mariana's, this pledge is open to doubts of the learned, on the question of its paternity; for, like her, she is not

content with one lover; *not* however, like her, content with two, for she has nearer to two dozen. She plays off the battery of her charms upon every man she meets with: the carnage is naturally great; so that we had half a mind to draw up a list of the killed and wounded. But we must hurry onwards. What becomes of her the reader never learns. Among her lovers, who in general keep her, is one whom she keeps: for he is her footman; a "fair-haired boy" of family. Him she kicks out of her service in vol. the first, p. 174, ostensibly because he will not lay the cloth; but in fact because he has no more money; as appears by p. 228, vol. ii., where she takes him back on his having "cozened from his friends a fresh supply;" and to him she finally awards her "pledge," and we think she does right. For he is a fine young lad—this Frederick; and we like him much: he is generous and not suspicious as "our friend" Wilhelm; and he is *par parenthèse* a great fool, who is willing to pass for such, which the graver fools of the novel are not; they being all "philosophers." Thus pleasantly does this believing man report the case to the infidel Wilhelm. "'Tis a foolish business that I must be raised at last to the paternal dignity: but she asserts, and the time agrees. At first, that cursed visit, which she paid you after Hamlet, gave me qualms. The pretty flesh-and-blood spirit of that night, if you do not know it, was Philina. This story was in truth a hard dower for me, but, if we cannot be contented with such things, we should not be in love. Fatherhood at any rate depends entirely upon conviction; I am convinced, and so I am a father.'" But time presses: so adieu! most philanthropic Philina; thou lover of all *mankind*!

No. 3 is *Mrs. Melina*.—She also is an actress with a "pledge," and so forth. But she marries the father, Herr Melina, and we are inclined to hope that all will now be well. And certainly as far as page so and so, the reader or ourselves, if summoned by Mrs. Melina on any trial affecting her reputation, would be most happy to say that whatever little circumstances might have come to our knowledge, which as gentlemen we could not possibly use to the prejudice of a lady, we yet fully believed her to be as irreproachable as that lady who only of all King Arthur's court had the qualification of chastity for wearing the magic girdle; and yet it shrank a little,* until she made a blushing confession that smoothed its wrinkles. This would be our evidence up perhaps to the end of vol. i.; yet afterwards it comes out that she "sighed" for Mr. Meister; and that, if she sighed in vain, it was no fault of hers.

The manners of these good people are pretty much on a level with their characters: our impression is that all are drunk together—men, women, and children: women are seen lying on the sofa "in no very elegant position:" the children knock their heads against the table: one plays the harp, one the triangle, another the tambourine: some sings canons; another "whistles in the manner of a nightingale;" another "gives a symphony *pianissimo* upon the Jew's harp:" and

* See the ballad somewhere in Percy's *Reliques*.

last of all comes an ingenious person who well deserves to be imported by Covent Garden for the improvement of the incantations in *Der Freischütz*: "by way of termination, Serlo (the manager) gave a fire-work, or what resembled one: for he could imitate the sound of crackers, rockets, and firewheels, with his mouth, in a style of nearly inconceivable correctness. You had only to shut your eyes, and the deception was complete." After the lyrical confusion of these Dutch concerts "it follows of course that men and women fling their glasses into the street, the men fling the punch-bowl at each other's heads, and a storm succeeds which the watch (Neptune and his Tritons)"* are called in to appease. Even from personal uncleanliness Mr. Goethe thinks it possible to derive a grace. "The white *négligée*" of Philina, because it was "not superstitiously clean" is said to have given her "a frank and domestic air." But the highest scene of this nature is the bed-room of Mariana; it passes all belief; "Combs, soap, towels, *with the traces of their use*, were not concealed, Music, portions of plays, and pairs of shoes, washes, and Italian flowers, pincushions, hair-skewers, rouge-pots and ribbons, books and straw-hats—all were united by a common element, powder and dust." This is the room into which she introduces her lover: and this is by no means the worst part of the description: the last sentence is too bad for quotation, and appears to have been the joint product of Dean Swift and a German Sentimentalist.

Well, but these people are not people of condition. Come we then to two women of rank; and first for

The Countess, who shall be No. 4 in the Goethian gallery. Wilhelm Meister has come within her husband's castle gates attached to a company of strolling players: and if any slight distinctions are made in his favour, they are tributes to his personal merits, and not at all to any such pretensions as could place him on a level with a woman of quality. In general he is treated as his companions; who seem to be viewed as a *tertium quod* between footmen and dogs. Indeed, the dogs have the advantage; for no doubt the dogs of a German "Graf" have substantial kennels; whereas Wilhelm and his party, on present-

* See the admirable description in Mr. Lamb's *Dramatic Specimens*. The situation is this: a number of people carousing in an upper room of a tavern become so thoroughly drunk as to fancy themselves in a ship far out at sea; and their own unsteady footing in "walking the deck," they concluded to be the natural effect from the tumbling billows of the angry ocean, which in fact is gathering rapidly into every sign of a coming storm. One man in his anxiety therefore climbs a bed-post, which he takes for the mast-head, and reports the most awful appearances ahead. By his advice they fall to lightening ship: out of the windows they throw overboard beds, tables, chairs, the good landlady's crockery, bottles, glasses, etc., working in agonies of haste for dear life. By this time the uproar and hurly-burly has reached the ears of the police, who come in a body upstairs: but the drunkards, conceiving them to be sea-gods—Neptune, Triton, etc., begin to worship them. What accounts for this intrusion of *Pagan* adorations—is this: viz., that originally the admirable scene was derived from a Greek comic sketch, though transplanted into the English drama with so much of life-like effect, as really to seem a native English growth.

ing themselves at the inhabited castle of the Count are dismissed with mockery and insults to an old dilapidated building which is not weather-proof; and, though invited guests, are inhospitably left without refreshments, fire, or candles, in the midst of storm, rain, and darkness. In some points they are raised to a level with the dogs: for, as a man will now and then toss a bone to a favourite pointer, so does a guest of the Count's who patronizes merit "contrive to send over many an odd bottle of champagne to the actors." In others they even think themselves far above the dogs: for "many times, particularly after dinner, the whole company were called out before the noble guests; an honour which the artists regarded as the most flattering in the world:" but others question the inference, observing "that on these very occasions the servants and huntsmen were ordered to bring in a multitude of hounds, and to lead strings of horses about the court of the castle." Such is the rank which Mr. Meister holds in her ladyship's establishment: and note that he has hardly been in her presence more than once; on which occasion he is summoned to read to her, but not allowed to proceed, and finally dismissed with the present of a "waistcoat." Such being the position of our waistcoateer in regard to the Countess, which we have sketched with a careful selection of circumstances, let the reader now say what he thinks of the following *scena*—and of the "pure soul" (p. 300, i.) of that noble matron who is joint performer in it. Wilhelm has been summoned again to read before the ladies, merely because they "felt the time rather tedious" whilst waiting for company, and is perhaps anticipating a pair of trousers to match his waistcoat. Being "ordered" by the ladies to read, he reads; but his weak mind is so overwhelmed by the splendid dress of the Countess that he reads very ill. Bad reading is not a thing to be stood: and accordingly, on different pretexts, the other ladies retire, and he is left alone with the Countess. She has presented him *not* with a pair of trousers, as we falsely predicted, but with a diamond ring: he has knelt down to thank her, and has seized her left hand. Then the *scena* proceeds thus: "He kissed her hand, and meant to rise; but as in dreams some strange thing fades and changes into something stranger, so, without knowing how it happened, he found the Countess in his arms: her lips were resting upon his; and their warm mutual kisses were yielding them that blessedness which mortals sip from the topmost sparkling foam on the freshly poured cup of love. Her head lay upon his shoulder; the disordered ringlets and ruffles were forgotten. She had thrown her arm around him: he clasped her with vivacity; and pressed her again and again to his breast. Oh that such a moment could but last for ever! And *woe to envious fate* that shortened even this brief moment to our friends!" Well done, Mr. Goethe! It well befits that he who thinks it rational to bully fate, should think it laudable and symptomatic of "a pure soul" to act as this German matron acts with this itinerant player. It is true that she tears herself away "with a shriek;" but the shriek, as we discover long afterwards, proceeds not from any pangs of conscience but from pangs of body; Wilhelm having pressed

too closely against a miniature of her husband which hung at her bosom. There is another *scena* of a still worst description prepared for the Countess,* but interrupted by the sudden return of the Count, for which we have no room, and in which the next lady on the roll plays a part for which decorum has no name. This lady is

The Baroness; and she is the friend and companion of the Countess. Whilst the latter was dallying with "our friend," "the Baroness, in the meantime, had selected Laertes, who, being a spirited and lively young man, pleased her very much; and who, woman-hater as he was, felt unwilling to refuse a passing adventure." Laertes, be it observed—this condescending gentleman who is for once disposed to relax his general rule of conduct in favour of the Baroness—is also a strolling player, and being such is of course a sharer in the general indignities thrown upon the theatrical company. In the present case his "passing adventure" was unpleasantly disturbed by a satirical remark of the lady's husband, who was aware of his intentions; for Laertes "happening once to celebrate her praises, and give her the preference to every other of her sex, the Baron, with a grin, replied: 'I see how matters stand: our fair friend (meaning by *our fair friend* his own wife) has got a fresh inmate for her stalls. Every stranger thinks he is the first whom this manner has *concerned*; but he is grievously mistaken; for all of us, at one time or another, have been trotted round this course. Man, youth, or boy, be he who he like, each must devote himself to her service for a season; must hang about her; and toil and long to gain her favour.'" (P. 284, i.) "After this discovery, Laertes felt heartily ashamed that vanity should have again misled him to think *well*, even in the smallest degree, of any woman whatsoever." That the Baroness wished to intrigue with himself was so far a reason with him for "thinking well" of HER: but that she could ever have thought anybody else worthy of this honour restores him to his amiable abhorrence of her sex; and forthwith "he forsook the Baroness entirely." By the way, how Laertes came by his hatred of women, and the abominable history of his "double wounds," the reader must look for in Mr. Goethe: in German novels such things may be tolerated, as also in English brothels; and it may be sought for in either place: but for us, *nous autres Anglois*—

"Non licet esse tam disertis
Qui musas colimus severiores."

Forsaken by Laertes, the Baroness looks about for a substitute; and, finding no better, she takes up with one Mr. Jarno. And who is Mr. Jarno? What part does *he* play in this play? He is an old gentleman, who has the honour to be also a major and a philosopher; and he plays the parts of bore, of ninny, and also (but not with equal success) of Socrates. Him, then, this Major Socrates, for want of some Alcibiades, the Baroness condescends to "trot," as the Baron

* It is afterwards related to her; and the passage, which describes the effect upon her mind (p. 317, vol. i.), is about the most infamous in any book.

phrases it; and trotting him we shall leave her. For what she does in her own person, the reader will not be disposed to apply any very respectful names to her: but one thing there is which she attempts to do for her friend the Countess (as Goethe acknowledges at p. 306, i.), which entitles her to a still worse name; a name not in our vocabulary; but it will be found in that of Mr. Goethe, who applies it (but very superfluously) to old Barbara.

Theresa.—This lady is thus described by Mr. Jarno: “Fraulein Theresa (*i.e.*, in French English, *Mees Terése*) is a lady such as you will rarely see. She puts many a man to shame: I may say she is a genuine Amazon, whilst others are but pretty counterfeits, that wander up and down the world in that ambiguous dress.” Yes, an Amazon she is—not destined, we hope, to propagate the race in England—although, by the way, not *the* Amazon: * however, she is far better entitled to the name, for in “putting men to shame” she is not exceeded by any lady in the novel. Her first introduction to “our friend” is a fair specimen of Amazonian *bienséance*. The reader must understand that Wilhelm has just arrived at her house as an invited guest; has never seen her before; and that both the lady and himself are young unmarried persons. “She entered Wilhelm’s room, inquiring if he wanted anything. ‘Pardon me,’ said she, ‘for having lodged you in a chamber which the smell of paint still renders disagreeable: my little dwelling is but just made ready: you are handselling this room, which is appointed for my guests. In other points you have many things to pardon. My cook has run away, and a serving-man has bruised his hand. I *might* (might?) be forced to manage all myself; and, if it *were* so (*were* so?), we must just † put up with it. One is plagued with nobody so much as with one’s servants: not one of them will serve you, scarcely even serve himself.’ She said a good deal more on different matters: in general she seemed to like to speak.” This the reader will find no difficulty in allowing; for, in answer to the very first words that Wilhelm utters, she proposes to tell him her whole history in a confidential way. Listen to her: thus speaks the Amazonian Fraülein (p. 39, iii.) “Let us get entirely acquainted as speedily as possible. The history of every person paints his character. I will tell you what my life has been: do you too place a little trust in me; and let us be united even when distance parts us.” Such is the sentimental overture; after which the reader will not be surprised to learn that in the evening Wilhelm’s chamber-door opens, and in steps with a bow a “handsome hunter boy,” viz., Fraülein Theresa in boy’s clothes. “Come along!” says she; “and they went accordingly.” (P. 43.) As they walked, “among some general

* By which title, for no reason upon earth (since she neither amputates one of her breasts, nor in any other point affects the Amazon) is constantly designated a fair incognita in a riding-habit, whom Wilhelm had once seen, and having seen had of course fallen in love with, not being at the time in love with more than three other persons.

† “Just,” in this use of it, is a Hyperboreanism, and still intelligible in some provinces.

remarks" Theresa asked him the following question—not general, but "*London particular*:" "Are you free?" (meaning free to make proposals to any woman he met). "I think I am," said he; "and yet I do not wish it." By which he meant that he thought Mariana was dead, but (kind creature) did not wish her to be dead. "Good!" said she: "that indicates a complicated story: you also will have something to relate." Conversing thus, they ascended the height and placed themselves beside a lofty oak. "Here," said she, "beneath this German tree will I disclose to you the history of a German maiden: listen to me patiently" (p. 44): that is, we suppose, with a German patience. But English patience will not tolerate what follows. We have already seen something of Mr. Goethe; else could it be credited that the most obtuse of old libertines could put into the mouth of a young unmarried woman, designed for a model of propriety and good sense, as fit matter for her very earliest communication with a young man, the secret history of her own mother's* adulterous intrigues? Adultery, by way of displaying her virgin modesty: her mother's adultery in testimony of her filial piety! So it is, however: and with a single "alas! that I should have to say so of my mother" (p. 44) given to the regrets and the delicacies of the case, this intrepid Amazon proceeds to tell how her father was "a wealthy noble," "a tender father and an upright friend: an excellent *economist*," who had "but one fault;" and what was *that*? "he was too compliant to a wife whose nature was the opposite of his." Then she goes on to say how this wife could not endure women—no, not her own daughter even, and therefore surrounded herself with men, who joined her in acting plays on a private stage: how "it was easy to perceive that," even amongst the men, "she did not look on all alike:" how she, the daughter, "gave sharper heed;" made sundry discoveries; "held her tongue, however," until the servants, whom she "was used to watch like a falcon" (p. 47, iii.), presuming upon the mother's conduct, began to "despise the father's regulations;" upon which she discovered all to that person; who answered however with a *smile*, "Good girl; I know it all; be quiet, bear it patiently;" which doctrine she disapproved: how at length her mother's extravagance "occasioned many a *conference* between her parents:" but "for a long time the evil was not helped, until at last the *passions* of her mother brought the business to a head." "Her first gallant," it seems ("first" by the way—in what sense? In order of time, or of favour?) "became unfaithful in a glaring manner:" upon which her conduct took so capricious an air, that some sort of arrangement was made, in virtue of which she consented, for "a considerable sum" of money, to travel for the benefit of her passions to the south of France. And so the tale proceeds: for what end, let us ask Mr. Goethe, which could not have been as well answered by any other of ten thousand expedients, as by this monstrous outrage upon filial affection, virgin modesty, or

* It is true that in the end the person in question turns out not to be her mother: but as yet Theresa has no suspicion of such a discovery.

(to put it on the lowest ground) upon mere sexual pride; which alone in any place on this earth except "under a German tree" would surely have been sufficient to restrain a female from such an exposure of female frailty? Indeed, if we come to that, for what end that needed to be answered at all? Notice this, reader; for the fair inference is—that all this voluntary exposure of her mother's depravity, delivered by a young "German maiden" dressed in men's clothes to a strolling player whom she had never seen or heard of before, is introduced as an episode that needs no other justification than its own inherent attractions.

We are supposed to have done with this young lady. Yet there is one circumstance about her, which to our English notions appears so truly comic, that before we dismiss her we shall advert to it. Many years ago there was a *crim. con.* case brought into the English courts, in the course of which the love-letters of the noble marquis, heir to a dukedom, were produced, read and of course published in all the newspapers. The matter, the "subject-matter" (as grave men say) of such epistles can generally be guessed at even by persons not destined to set the Thames on fire. How great, then, was the astonishment and diversion of the public on finding that the staple article in these tender communications was the price of oats at Oxford! We were at Oxford during the time, and well remember the astonishment of the Corn-market on finding that any part of their proceedings, that an unexceptionable price-current of Oxon grain, could by possibility have found its way into the billet-doux of an enamoured patrician. "Feed oats, 40s.; potato oats, same as per last; tick beans looking up." Undoubtedly, "*Oats is riz*" cannot be denied to be a just and laudable communication to and from certain quarters, especially grooms and ostlers; but it struck the English public as *not* the appropriate basis for a lover's correspondence. From this opinion, however, Mr. Goethe evidently dissents; for the whole sentiment of Theresa's character and situation is built upon the solid base of tare and tret, alligation, rebate and "such branches of learning." All this she had probably learned from her father, who (as we know) was a great "economist," and in the household of a neighbouring lady whom she had "assisted in *struggling* with her steward and domestics" (masters and servants, by the way, appear to be viewed by Goethe as necessary belligerents). Economy, at all events, is the basis of her amatory correspondence. "Our conversation," says she (speaking of her lover), "always in the end grew economical" (p. 58); and from household economy her lover drew her on by tender and seductive insinuations to political economy. Sentimental creatures! what a delicate transition from "tallow" and "raw hides" to the "bullion question," "circulating medium," and the "Exchequer Bills' bill." The Malthusian view of population, we suppose, would be rather an unwelcome topic; not, however, on the score of delicacy, as the reader will see by the following account from the economic lady herself of the way in which she contrived to introduce herself in an economic phasis to her economic lover. It surpasses the Oxford price-current. "The greatest service which I did my bene-

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factress was in bringing into order the extensive forests which belonged to her. In this precious property matters still went on according to the old routine; without regularity, without plan; no end to theft and fraud. Many hills were standing bare; an equal growth was nowhere to be found but in the oldest cuttings. I personally visited the whole of them with an experienced forester. I got the woods correctly measured; I set men to hew, to sow" (not *sew*, reader; don't mistake Theresa), "to sow, to plant. That I might mount more readily on horseback, and also walk on foot with less obstruction, I had a suit of men's clothes made for me: I was in many places, I was feared in all.

"Hearing that our young friends with Lothario were purposing to have another hunt, it came into my head for the first time in my life to make a figure; or, that I may not do myself injustice, to pass in the eyes of this noble gentleman for what I was. I put on my man's clothes, took my gun upon my shoulder, and went forward with our hunters to await the party on our marches. They came: Lothario did not know me: a nephew of the lady's introduced me to him as a clever forester; joked about my youth, and carried on his jesting in my praise, until at last Lothario recognized me. The nephew seconded my project, as if we had concocted it together" (concocted! what a word!) "He circumstantially and gratefully described what I had done for the estate of his aunt, and consequently for himself."

Now, at this point, laying all things together—the male attire—the gun—the forest—and the ominous name of the lover, we are afraid that the reader is looking to hear of something not quite correct; that, in short, he is anticipating some

"Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem Deveniunt."

Oh, fie! reader. How *can* you have such reprehensible thoughts? Nothing of the kind. No, no; we are happy to contradict such scandal, and to assure the public that nothing took place but what was perfectly "accurate" and as it should be. The whole went off in a blaze of Political Economy, which we doubt not would have even Mr. Ricardo's approbation. The following is Mr. Goethe's report, which may be looked upon as official.

"Lothario listened with attention; he talked with me; inquired concerning all particulars of the estates and district. I submitted certain projects of improvements to him, which he sanctioned; telling me of similar examples, and strengthening my arguments by the connection which he gave them. My satisfaction grew more perfect every moment. From that day he showed a true respect for me, a fine trust in me: in company he usually spoke to me; asked for my opinion; and appeared to be persuaded that, in household matters, nothing was unknown to me. His sympathy excited me extremely: even when the conversation was of general finance and political economy, he used to lead me to take a part in it."

We are loath to part with this most amusing Theresa: she is a political economist, and so are we; naturally, therefore, we love her.

We recite one more anecdote about her, and so leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*. The reader has heard of the proud but poor Gascon who was overheard calling to his son at night—"Chevalier, as-tu donné au cochon à manger?" Some such little household meditation furnishes the sentiment with which Theresa clenches one of her tenderest scenes. She has been confiding her history, her woes, and her despondency to "our friend;" and has indeed "as the sun went down" (milking time), "both her fine eyes," we need not say, "filled with tears." Such is the scene; and thus it is wound up: "Theresa spoke not; she laid her hand upon her new friend's hands; he kissed it with emotion; she dried her tears and rose. 'Let us return, and see that *all is right*,' said she." All right! all right behind! *Chevalier, as-tu donné au cochon à manger?*

Aurelia.—This lady is not, like Theresa, a "German maiden," for, indeed, she is not a maiden at all: neither has she a "German tree" to stand under: but, for all that, she is quite as well disposed to tell her German story in a German way. Let her speak for herself: "My friend," says she to "our friend,"* "it is but a few minutes since we saw each other first, and already you are going to become my confidant" (p. 78). Not as though he had offered to be so: nothing of the sort: but she is resolved he shall be so. What determinate kindness! What resolute liberality! For this time, however, her liberality is balked: for in bounces the philanthropic Philina; interrupts Aurelia; and, upon that lady's leaving the room, tells her story *for* her in the following elegant (though not quite accurate) terms: "Pretty things are going on here, just of the sort I like. Aurelia has had a hapless love-affair with some nobleman, who seems to be a very stately person, one that I myself could like to see some day. He has left her a memorial, or I much mistake. There is a boy running over the house, of three years old or *thereby* (*i.e.*, thereabouts); the papa must be a very pretty fellow. Commonly I cannot suffer children, but this brat quite delights me. I have calculated Amelia's business. The death of her husband, the new acquaintance, the child's age, all things agree. But now her spark has gone his ways, for a year she has not seen a glimpse of him. She is beside herself and inconsolable for this. The more fool she!" From Aurelia she passes to Aurelia's brother; and, though it is digressing a little, we must communicate our little memoir of this gentleman's "passions;" for naturally he has his passions as well as other people; every gentleman has a right to his passions; say, a couple of passions, or "thereby," to use the translator's phrase: but M. Serlo, the gentleman in question, is really unreasonable, as the muster-roll will show; the reader will be so good as to keep count. "Her brother," proceeds the frank-hearted Philina, "has a dancing girl among his troop, with whom he stands on pretty terms" (*one*); "an actress to whom he is betrothed" (*two*); "in the town some other women whom he courts" (women, observe, accusative plural; that must at least make *three, four, five*); "I, too,

* This is the designation of the hero throughout the novel.

am on his list" (*six*). "The more fool he! Of the rest thou shalt hear to-morrow." Verily, this M. Serlo has laid in a pretty fair winter's provision for his "passions!" The loving speaker concludes by informing Wilhelm that she, Philina, has for her part fallen in love with himself; begs him, however, to fall in love with Aurelia, because in that case "the chase would be worth beholding. She (that is, Aurelia) pursues her faithless swain, thou her, I thee, her brother me." Certainly an ingenious design for a reel of eight even in merry England: but what would it be then in Germany, where each man might (as we know by Wilhelm, etc.) pursue all the four women at once, and be pursued by as many of the four as thought fit. Our English brains whirl at the thought of the cycles and epicycles, the vortices, the osculating curves they would describe: what a practical commentary on the doctrine of combinations and permutations! What a lesson to English bell-ringers on the art of ringing changes! What "triple bobs" and "bob majors" would result! What a kaleidoscope to look into! O ye deities, that preside over men's Sides, protect all Christian ones from the siege of inextinguishable laughter which threatens them at this spectacle of eight heavy high-German lovers engaged in this amorous "barley-break!"*

To recover our gravity, let us return to Aurelia's story which she tells herself to Wilhelm. Not having, like Theresa, any family adulteries to record in the lineal, she seeks them in the collateral branches; and instead of her mother's intrigues, recites her aunt's, who "resigned herself headlong to every impulse." There is a description of this lady's paramours, retiring from her society, which it is absolutely impossible to quote. Quitting her aunt's intrigues, she comes to one of her own. But we have had too much of such matter; and of this we shall notice only one circumstance of horrible aggravation, viz., the particular situation in which it commenced. This we state in the words of the translation: "My husband grew sick, his strength was visibly decaying; anxiety for him interrupted my general indifference. *It was at this time* that I formed an acquaintance (viz., with Lothario) which opened up a new life for me; a new and *quicker* one, for it will soon be done." . . . One other part of this lady's conduct merits notice for its exquisite *Germanity*; most strikingly and *cuttingly*, it shows what difference a few score leagues will make in the moral quality of actions: that, which in Germany is but the characteristic act of a high-minded sentimentalist, would in England bring the party within the cutting and maiming act. The case is this. Mr. Meister, at the close of her story, volunteers a vow, for no reason that we can see but that he may have the pleasure of breaking it; which he does. Accept a vow," says he, as if it had been a peach. "*i* accept it," said she, and made a movement with her right hand, as if meaning to take hold of his, but instantly she darted it into her pocket, pulled out her dagger as quick as lightning, and scored with the edge and point of it across his hand. He hastily drew back his

* "*Barley-break*:" see any poet of 1600—1640; Sir J. Suckling, for instance.

arm" (Meister, German Meister even, does not like this); "but the blood was already running down. One must mark you men rather sharply, if one means you to take heed, cried she." . . . "She ran to her drawer; brought lint with other apparatus; stanced the blood; and viewed the wound attentively. *It went across the palm, close under the thumb, dividing the life-lines, and running towards the little finger.* She bound it up in silence with a significant reflective look."

Mignon.—The situation or character, one or both, of this young person, is relied upon by all the admirers of Goethe as the most brilliant achievement of his poetic powers. We, on our part, are no less ready to take our stand on this as the most unequivocal evidence of depraved taste and defective sensibility. The reader might in this instance judge for himself with very little waste of time, if he were to mark the margin of those paragraphs in which the name of Mignon occurs, and to read them detached from all the rest. An odd way, we admit, of examining a work of any art, if it were really composed on just principles of art: and the inference is pretty plain, where such an insulation is possible; which, in the case of Mignon, it is. The translator, indeed, is bound to think *not*: for, with a peculiar infelicity of judgment natural enough to a critic who writes in the character of a eulogist, he says of this person, that "her history runs like a thread of gold through the tissue of the narrative, connecting with the heart much that were else addressed only to the head." But a glittering metaphor is always suspicious in criticism: in this case it should naturally imply that Mignon in some way or other modifies the action and actors of the piece. Now, it is certain that never was there a character in drama or in novel on which any stress was laid, which so little influenced the movement of the story. Nothing is either hastened or retarded by Mignon: she neither acts nor is acted upon: and we challenge the critic to point to any incident or situation of interest which would not remain uninjured though Mignon were wholly removed from the story. So removeable a person can hardly be a connecting thread of gold; unless, indeed, under the notion of a thread which everywhere betrays, by difference of colour or substance, its refusal to blend with the surrounding tissue; a notion which is far from the meaning of the critic. But without dwelling on this objection: the relation of Mignon to the other characters and the series of the incidents is none at all: but, waiving this, let us examine her character and her situation each for itself, and not as any part of a novel. The character in this case, if Mignon can be said to have one, arises out of the situation. And what is that? For the information of the reader, we shall state it as accurately as possible. First of all, Mignon is the offspring of an incestuous connection between a brother and sister. Here let us pause one moment to point the reader's attention to Mr. Goethe, who is now at his old tricks; never relying on the grand high road sensibilities of human nature, but always travelling into by-paths of unnatural or unhallowed interest. Suicide, adultery, incest, monstrous situations, or manifestations of supernatural power, are the

stimulants to which he constantly resorts in order to rouse his own feelings, originally feeble, and long before the date of this work, grown torpid from artificial excitement. In the case before us, what purpose is answered by the use of an expedient, the very name of which is terrific and appalling to men of all nations, habits, and religions? What comes of it? What use, what result can be pleaded to justify the tampering with such tremendous agencies? The father of Mignon, it may be answered, goes mad. He does: but is a madness, such as his, a justifying occasion for such an adjuration; is this a *dignus vindice nodus*? a madness, which is mere senile dotage and fatuity, pure childish imbecility, without passion, without dignity, and characterized by no one feeling but such as is base and selfish, viz., a clinging to life, and an inexplicable *dread of little boys!* A state so mean might surely have arisen from some cause less awful: and we must add that a state so capriciously and fantastically conceived, so little arising out of any determinate case of passion, or capable of expressing any case of passion as its natural language, is to be justified only by a downright affidavit to the facts, and is not a proper object for the contemplation of a poet, we submit. Madhouses doubtless furnish many cases of fatuity, no less eccentric and to all appearance arbitrary: as facts, as known realities, they do not on this account cease to be affecting: but as poetic creations, which must include their own law, they become unintelligible and monstrous. Besides, we are conceding too much to Mr. Goethe: the fatuity of the old man is nowhere connected with the unhappy circumstances of his previous life; on the whole, it seems to be the product of mere constitutional weakness of brain, or probably is a liver case: for he is put under the care of a mad doctor; and, by the help chiefly of a *course of newspapers*, he begins to recover; and finally he recovers altogether by one of the oddest prescriptions in the world: he puts a glassful of laudanum into a "firm, little, ground-glass phial:" of this, however, he never drinks, but simply keeps it in his pocket; and the consciousness that he carries suicide in his waistcoat pocket reconciles him to life, and puts the finishing hand to the "recovery of his reason" (p. 274). With such a pocket companion about him, the reader would swear now that this old gentleman, if he must absolutely commit suicide for the good of the novel, will die by laudanum. Why else have we so circumstantial an account of the "ground-glass phial," drawn up as if by some great auctioneer—Christie or Squibb—for some great catalogue ("No. so and so, one firm, little, ground-glass phial"). But no: he who is born to be hanged will never be drowned; and the latter end of the old half-wit is as follows: being discharged as cured (or incurable) he one day enters a nobleman's house, where by the way he had no sort of introduction; in this house, as it happens, Wilhelm Meister is a visitor, and has some difficulty in recognizing his former friend, "an *old harper* with a long beard" in a *young gentleman*, who is practising as a dandy in an early stage. Goethe has an irresistible propensity to freeze his own attempts at the pathetic by a blighting air of the ludicrous. Accordingly in the present case he introduces his

man of woe as "cleanly and genteelly dressed;" "beard vanished;"* hair dressed with some attention to the mode; and in his countenance the *look of age no longer to be seen.*" This last item certainly is as wondrous as Mr. Coleridge's *reading fly*; and we suspect that the old Æson, who had thus recovered his juvenility, deceived himself when he fancied that he carried his laudanum as a mere *reversionary* friend who held a sinecure in his waiscoat pocket; that in fact he must have drunk of it "pretty considerably." Be that as it may, at his first *début* he behaves decently; rather dull he is, perhaps, but rational, "cleanly," polite, and (we are happy to state) able to face any little boy, the most determined that ever carried pop-gun. But such heroism could not be expected to last for ever: soon after he finds a MS. which contains an account of his own life; and upon reading it he prepares for suicide. And let *us* prepare also, as short-hand writers to a genuine GERMAN SUICIDE! In such a case now, if the novel were an English novel, supposing, for instance, of our composition, who are English reviewers, or of our reader's compositions (who are probably English readers); if then we were reduced to the painful necessity of inflicting capital punishment upon one or two of our characters (as surely in our own novel, where all the people are our own creatures, we have the clearest right to put all of them to death); matters, we say, being come to that pass that we were called on to make an example of a mutineer or two, and it were fully agreed that the thing must be; we should cause them to take their laudanum, or their rifle bullet, as the case might be, and die "*sans phrase*;" die (as our friend "the Dramatist" says):

"Die nobly, die like demigods."

Not so our German: he takes the matter more coolly; and dies transcendently; "by cold gradations and well-balanced form." First of all, he became convinced that it was now "impossible for him to live:" that is, the idea struck him in the way of a theory: it was a new idea, a German idea, and he was pleased with it. Next he considered that, as he designed to depart this life "se offendendo." "Argal," if the water would not come to him he must look out for the water; so he pulls out the "ground-glass phial," and pours out his laudanum into a glass of "almond milk." Almond milk! Was there ever such a German blunder! But to proceed: having mixed his potion, a potion unknown to all the pharmacopœias in Christendom, "he raised it to his mouth; but he shuddered when it reached his lips; he set it down untasted; went out to walk once more across the garden," etc. (p. 284). O fie, fie! Mr. Mignonette! † this is sad work:

* "*Vanished*:" or should we read perhaps *varnished*?

† His name is *not* Mignonette, Mr. Goethe will say. No; in fact he has no name: but he is father to Mignon; and therefore in default of a better name we cannot see why we should not be at liberty to call him Mignonette.

"Si tibi Mistyllus coquus . . . vocatur,
Dicetur quare non *T' ara t' alla* mihi?"

Not having a Martial at hand, we must leave a little gap in the first line to be filled

“walking across the garden,” and “shuddering,” and “doing nothing,” as Macmorris (*Henry V.*) says, “when by Chrish there is work to be done and throats to be cut.” He returns from the garden, and is balked in his purpose by a scene too ludicrous to mention amongst such tender and affecting matter; and thus for one day he gets a reprieve. Now this is what we call false Mercy: well knowing that his man was to die, why should Mr. G—— keep him lingering in this absurd way? Such a line of conduct shall have no countenance in any novel that we may write. Once let a man of ours be condemned, and if he won't drink off his laudanum, then (as Bernardine says, *Measure for Measure*) we will “beat out his brains with billets,” but he shall die that same day, without further trouble to ourselves or our readers. Now, on the contrary, Mr. Mignonette takes three days in dying: within which term we are bold to say that any reasonable man would have been sat upon by the coroner, buried, unburied by the resurrection-man, and demonstrated upon by the anatomical Professor. Well, to proceed with this long concern of Mr. Mignonette's suicide, which travels as slowly as a Chancery suit or as the York coach in Charles II.'s reign (note: this coach took fourteen days between York and London, *vide* Eden's *State of the Poor*). To proceed, we say: on the second day, Mr. Mignonette cut his own throat with his own razor: and *that*, you will say, was doing something towards the object we all have in view. It was; at least, it might seem so; but there's no trusting to appearances; it's not every man that will die because his throat is cut: a Cambridge man of this day* (*Diary of an Invalid*) saw a man at Rome who, or whose head rather, continued to express various sentiments through his eyes after he (or his head) had been entirely amputated from him (or his body). By the way, this man might have some little headache perhaps, but he must have been charmingly free from indigestion. But this is digressing: to return to Mr. Mignonette. In conversing with a friend upon his case, we took a bet that, for all his throat was cut, he would talk again, and talk very well too. Our friend conceived the thing to be impossible; but he knew nothing of German. “It cannot be,” said he, “for when the larynx—” “Ay, bless your heart!” we interrupted him, “but in this case the larynx of the party was a German larynx.” However, to go on with Mr. Mignonette's suicide. His throat is cut; and still, as Macmorris would be confounded to hear, “by Chrish there is nothing to be done:” for a doctor mends it again (p. 283), and at p. 284 we

up by those who have: *Emiliane* is perhaps the word. The names in Wilhelm Meister are of themselves worthy of notice, as furnishing a sufficient evidence of Goethe's capriciousness and fantastic search after oddity. Most of the Germans, for no possible reason, have Italian names ending in *o* and *a* (the Italians, on the other hand, have not); of one Italian name (*Jarno*) Goethe himself says that “nobody knows what to make of it.” Our own theory is that it comes by syncope from *Jargono*.

* Matthews, a man of extraordinary intellectual promise, and a special friend of Lord Byron's. He defrauded all the expectations of his friends by dying prematurely. The reader will do well, however, to look into his *Diary*.

win our bet ; for he talks as well as ever he did in his life ; only we are concerned to say that his fear of little boys returns. But still he talks down to the very last line of p. 284 ; in which line, by the way, is the very last word he is known to have uttered : and that is "glass ;" not, however, that well-known unexceptionable "firm little ground-glass phial," but another, which had less right to his dying recollections. Now, then, having heard the "last word of dying Mignonette," the reader fondly conceives that certainly Mignonette is dead. *Mit nichten*, as they say in Germany, by no means ; Mignonette is *not* dead, nor like to be for one day ; nor perhaps would he have been dead at this moment if he had not been a *German* Mignonette ; being so, however, the whole benefit of a German throat is defeated. His throat is mended by the surgeon ; but having once conceived a German theory that it was impossible for him to live, although he is so composed as to relate his own theory and the incident which caused it, he undoes all that the doctor has done, tears away the bandages, and bleeds to death. This event is ascertained on the morning after he had uttered his last word, "glass ;" the brittle glass of Mignonette's life is at length broken past even a German skill to repair it ; and Mignonette is dead,—dead as a door-nail, we believe ; though we have still some doubts whether he will not again be mended and re-appear in some future novel ; our reason for which is not merely his extreme tenacity of life, which is like that of a tortoise, but also because we observe that though he is said to be dead, he is not buried ; nor does anybody take any further notice of him, or ever mention his name ; but all about him fall to marrying and giving in marriage ; and a few pages wind up the whole novel in a grand *bravura* of kissing and catch-match-making : we have Mr. Goethe's word for it, however, that Mignonette is dead, and he ought to know. But, be that as it may, nothing is so remarkable as the extreme length of time which it took to do the trick : not until "the third rosy-fingered morn appears" (to speak Homericly) is the suicide accomplished ; three days it took to kill this old young man, this flower, this Mignonette : which we take to be, if not the boldest, the longest suicide on record. And so much for Mr. Mignonette ; and so much for a German suicide.*

HISTORY OF MR. MEISTER'S "AFFAIRS OF THE HEART."

First we find him "in love" (oh! dishonoured phrase!) with Mariana ; rapturously in love, if the word of Mr. Goethe were a sufficient guarantee. Not so, however. An author may assert what he will of his own creatures ; and as long as he does not himself contradict it by the sentiments, wishes, or conduct which he attributes to them, we are to take his word for it ; but no longer. We, who cannot condescend to call by the name of "love" the fancies for a pretty face, which

* Mignonette has taken so long in killing that we have no room for Mignon in the gallery ; but as she is easily detached from the novel, we hope to present her on some other opportunity as a cabinet picture.

vanish before a week's absence or before a face somewhat prettier, still less the appetites of a selfish voluptuary, know what to think of Wilhelm's passion, its depth, and its purity, when we find (p. 211, i.) "the current of his spirits and ideas" stopped by "the spasm of a sharp jealousy." Jealousy about whom? Mariana? No, but Philina. And by whom excited? By the "boy" Frederick. His jealousy was no light one; it was "a fierce jealousy" (p. 221, i.); it caused him "a general discomfort," such as he had never felt in his life before (p. 221, i.); and, had not decency restrained him, he could have "crushed in pieces all the people round him" (p. 221, i.) Such a jealousy, with regard to Philina, is incompatible, we presume, with any real fervour of love for Mariana: we are now therefore at liberty to infer that Mariana is dethroned, and that Philina reigneth in her stead. Next he is "in love" with the Countess; and Philina seldom appears to him as an object of any other feelings than those of contempt. Fourthly, at p. 45, ii., he falls desperately in love with "the Amazon," *i.e.*, a young lady mounted on a grey courser, and wrapped up in "a man's white great-coat." His love for this *incognita* holds on throughout the work like the standing bass, but not so as to prevent a running accompaniment, in the treble, of various other "passions." And these passions not merely succeed each other with rapidity, but are often all upon him at once; at p. 64, ii., "the recollection of the amiable Countess is to Wilhelm infinitely sweet; but anon, the figure of the noble Amazon would step between;" and two pages further on he is indulging in day-dreams that "perhaps Mariana might appear," or, "above all, the beauty whom he worshipped" (*i.e.*, the Amazon). Here, therefore, there is a sort of glee for three voices between the Countess, Mariana, and the Amazon. Fifthly, he is in love with Theresa, the other Amazon. And this love is no joke; for at p. 134, iii., meditating upon her "great virtues" (and we will add, her political economy), he writes a letter offering her his hand; and at this time (what time? why, post time, to be sure) "his resolution was so firm, and the business was of such importance" that, lest Major Socrates should intercept his letter, he carries it himself to the office. But, sixthly, see what the resolutions of men are! In the very next chapter, and when time has only advanced by ten pages (but unfortunately after the letter-bags were made up), Wilhelm finds himself furiously in love with a friend of Theresa's; not that he has seen her since post-time, but he has been reminded of her: this lady is Natalia, and turns out to be "the Amazon." No sooner has he a prospect of seeing her than "all the glories of the sky," he vows, "are as nothing to the moment which he looks for." In the next page (145), this moment arrives: Wilhelm reaches the house where she lives; on entering, "finds it the most earnest and (as he almost felt) the holiest place which he had ever trod; on going upstairs to the drawing-room is obliged to kneel down "to get a moment's breathing time; can scarcely raise himself again; and upon actual introduction to the divinity, "falls upon his knees, seizes her hand, and kisses it with unbounded rapture." What's to be done now, Mr. Meister? Pity you had not known this the night

before, or had intrusted your letter to Socrates, or had seen some verses we could have sent you from England—

" 'Tis good to be merry and wise,
 'Tis good to be honest and true ;
 'Tis good to be off with the old love
 Before you be on with the new."

Matters begin to look black, especially as Theresa accepts his offer; and (as though Satan himself had a plot against him) in consequence of that very visit to Natalia which made him pray that she would not. "I hope you will be grateful," says the new love: "for she (viz., the old love) asked me for advice; and as it happened that you were here just then, I was enabled to destroy the few scruples which my friend still entertained." Here's delectable news. A man receives a letter from a lady who has had "her scruples"—accepting him nevertheless, but begging permission "at times to bestow a cordial thought upon her former friend" (Lothario to wit): in return for which she "will press his child (by a former mother) to her heart:" such a letter he receives from one Amazon: "when with terror he discovers in his heart most vivid traces of an inclination" for another Amazon. A man can't marry two Amazons. Well, thank Heaven! it's no scrape of ours. A German wit has brought us all into it; and a German *dénouement* shall help us all out. *Le voici!* There are two Amazons, the reader knows. Good: now one of these is *ci-devant* sweetheart to Lothario, the other his sister. What may prevent, therefore, that Meister shall have the sister, and Lothario (according to Horace's arrangement with Lydia) his old sweetheart? Nothing but this sweetheart's impatience, who (p. 184. iii.) "dreads that she shall lose *him*" (Meister) "and not regain Lothario;" *i.e.*, between two chairs, etc.; and as Meister will not come to her, though she insists upon it in letter after letter, she comes to Meister; determined to "hold him fast" (p. 184, iii.) O Amazon of little faith! put your trust in Mr. Goethe, and he will deliver you! This he does by a *coup de théâtre*. That lady whose passions had carried her into the south of France, had bestowed some of her favours upon Lothario: but she is reputed the mother of Theresa; and hence had arisen the separation between Theresa and Lothario. This maternal person, however, is suddenly discovered NOT to be the mother of Theresa: the road is thus opened to a general winding-up of the whole concern; and the novel, as we said before, hastens to its close amid a grand *bravura* of kissing and catch-match-making. In the general row, even old Major Socrates catches a wife; and a young one,* too, though probably enough we fear a Xantippe.

* This young lady we overlooked in the general muster: her name is Lydia; and her little history is that she had, first of all, set her cap at Lothario, and succeeded in bringing him to her feet; secondly, had been pushed aside to make room for Theresa; thirdly, had forced herself into Lothario's house and bedroom under the pretext of nursing him when wounded; but fourthly, had been fairly ejected from both house and bedroom by a stratagem in which "our friend" in the character of toad-eater takes a most ungentlemanly part.

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Thus we have made Mr. von Goethe's novel speak for itself. And whatever impression it may leave on the reader's mind, let it be charged upon the composer. If that impression is one of entire disgust, let it not be forgotten that it belongs exclusively to Mr. Goethe. The music is his: we have but arranged the concert, and led in the orchestra.

Even thus qualified, however, the task is not to us an agreeable one: our practice is to turn away our eyes from whatsoever we are compelled to loath or to disdain; and to leave all that dishonours human nature to travel on its natural road to shame and oblivion. If in this instance we depart from that maxim, it is in consideration of the rank which the author has obtained elsewhere, and through his partisans is struggling for in this country. Without the passport of an eminent name, Wilhelm Meister is a safe book; but backed in that way the dullest books are floated into popularity (thousands echoing their praise, who are not aware of the matter they contain): and thus even such books become influential and are brought within the remark of Cicero (*De Legg.* lib. 3) on the mischief done by profligate men of rank: "Quod non solum vitia concipiunt, sed ea infundunt in civitatem; neque solum obsunt quia ipsi corrumpuntur, sed quia corrumpunt; plusque exemplo quam peccato nocent."

ON THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE IN MACBETH.

FROM my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in Macbeth. It was this: the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan, produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was, that it reflected back upon the murderer a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity; yet, however obstinately I endeavoured with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect.

Here I pause for one moment, to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding, when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind, and the most to be distrusted; and yet the great majority of people trust to nothing else, which may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophical purposes. Of this out of ten thousand instances that I might produce, I will cite one. Ask of any person whatsoever, who is not previously prepared for the demand by a knowledge of the perspective, to draw in the rudest way the commonest appearance which depends upon the laws of that science; as, for instance, to represent the effect of two walls standing at right angles to each other, or the appearance of the

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houses on each side of a street, as seen by a person looking down the street from one extremity. Now in all cases, unless the person has happened to observe in pictures how it is that artists produce these effects, he will be utterly unable to make the smallest approximation to it. Yet why? For he has actually seen the effect every day of his life. The reason is—that he allows his understanding to overrule his eyes. His understanding, which includes no intuitive knowledge of the laws of vision, can furnish him with no reason why a line which is known and can be proved to be a horizontal line, should not *appear* a horizontal line; a line that made any angle with the perpendicular, less than a right angle, would seem to him to indicate that his houses were all tumbling down together. Accordingly, he makes the line of his houses a horizontal line, and fails, of course, to produce the effect demanded. Here, then, is one instance out of many, in which not only the understanding is allowed to overrule the eyes, but where the understanding is positively allowed to obliterate the eyes, as it were; for not only does the man believe the evidence of his understanding in opposition to that of his eyes, but (what is monstrous!) the idiot is not aware that his eyes ever gave such evidence. He does not know that he has seen (and therefore *quoad* his consciousness has *not* seen) that which he *has* seen every day of his life.

But to return from this digression, my understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in Macbeth should produce any effect, direct or reflected. In fact, my understanding said positively that it could *not* produce any effect. But I knew better: I felt that it did; and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. At length, in 1812, Mr. Williams made his *début* on the stage of Ratcliff Highway, and executed those unparalleled murders which have procured for him such a brilliant and undying reputation. On which murders, by the way, I must observe, that in one respect they have had an ill effect, by making the connoisseur in murder very fastidious in his taste, and dissatisfied by anything that has been since done in that line. All other murders look pale by the deep crimson of his; and, as an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone, "There has been absolutely nothing *doing* since his time, or nothing that's worth speaking of." But this is wrong; for it is unreasonable to expect all men to be great artists, and born with the genius of Mr. Williams. Now it will be remembered, that in the first of these murders (that of the Marrs), the same incident (of a knocking at the door, soon after the work of extermination was complete) did actually occur, which the genius of Shakspeare has invented; and all good judges, and the most eminent dilettanti, acknowledged the felicity of Shakspeare's suggestion, as soon as it was actually realized. Here, then, was a fresh proof that I was right in relying on my own feeling, in opposition to my understanding; and I again set myself to study the problem; at length I solved it to my own satisfaction, and my solution is this. Murder, in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason that it flings the interest exclu-

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sively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life ; an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all living creatures : this instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of "the poor beetle that we tread on," exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do ? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with *him* (of course, I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them—not a sympathy of pity or approbation*). In the murdered person, all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic ; the fear of instant death smites him "with its petrific mace." But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion—jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred—which will create a hell within him ; and into this hell we are to look.

In Macbeth, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakspeare has introduced two murderers ; and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated ; but, though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her—yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed ; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, "the gracious Duncan," and adequately to expound "the deep damnation of his taking off," this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature, *i.e.*, the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man—was gone, vanished, extinct ? and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvellously accomplished in the *dialogues* and *soliloquies* themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration : and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle is *that* in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some

* It seems almost ludicrous to guard and explain my use of a word, in a situation where it would naturally explain itself. But it has become necessary to do so, in consequence of the unscholarlike use of the word sympathy, at present so general, by which, instead of taking it in its proper sense, as the act of reproducing in our minds the feelings of another, whether for hatred, indignation, love, pity, or approbation, it is made a mere synonyme of the word *pity*, and hence, instead of saying "sympathy *with* another," many writers adopt the monstrous barbarism of "sympathy *for* another."

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great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and chancing to walk near the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully in the silence and desertion of the streets, and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man—if all at once he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible by reaction. Now, apply this to the case in Macbeth. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart, and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is “unsexed;” Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers and the murder must be insulated—cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid asleep—tranced—racked into a dread armistice; time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is, that, when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced: the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

O mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art: but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers; like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert—but that, the farther we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!

HISTORICO-CRITICAL INQUIRY

INTO THE ORIGIN OF THE

ROSICRUCIANS AND THE FREE-MASONS.

THERE is a large body of outstanding problems in history, great and little, some relating to persons, some to things, some to usages, some to words, etc., which furnish occasion, beyond any other form of historical researches, for the display of extensive reading and critical acumen. 1. In reference to *persons*, as those which regard whole nations—*e.g.*, What became of the ten tribes of Israel? Did Brennus and his Gauls penetrate into Greece? Who and what are the Gipsies?—or those, far more in number, which regard individuals; as the case of the Knights Templars—of Mary Stuart—of the Ruthvens (the Gowrie Conspiracy). Who was the man in the Iron Mask? Was the unhappy Lady of the Haystack, who in our own days slept out of doors or in barns up and down Somersetshire, a daughter of the Emperor of Germany? Was Perkin Warbeck three centuries ago the true Plantagenet? * 2. In reference to *things*; as—who first discovered the sources of the Nile? Who built Stonehenge? Who discovered the compass? What was the Golden Fleece? Was the Siege of Troy a romance, or a grave historic fact? Was the Iliad the work of one mind, or (on the Wolfian hypothesis) of many? What is to be thought of the Thundering Legion? of the miraculous dispersion of the Emperor Julian's labourers before Jerusalem? of the burning of the Alexandrian Library, etc. Who wrote the *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*? Who wrote the Letters of Junius? Was the Fluxional Calculus discovered simultaneously by Leibnitz and Newton; or did Leibnitz derive the first hint of it from the letter of Newton? 3. In reference to *usages*; as the May-pole and May-day dances—the Morris dancers—the practice (not yet extinct amongst uneducated people) of saying "God bless you!" on hearing a person sneeze, and thousands of others. 4. In reference to *words*; as whence came the mysterious *Labarum* of Constantine? etc. Among the problems of the first class, there are not many more irritating to the curiosity than that which concerns the well-known order of Free-masons. In our own language I am not aware of any work which has treated this question with much learning. I have therefore abstracted, re-arranged, and in some respects I shall not scruple to say—have improved the German work on this subject, of Professor J. G. Buhle. This work is an expansion of a Latin Dissertation read by the Professor in the year 1803 to the Philosophical Society of Göttingen; and, in respect to the particular sort of merit looked for in a work of this kind, has (I believe) satisfied the most

* There can be no doubt that he was. But I mention it as a question which most people suppose to be yet *sub judice*.

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competent judges. Coming after a crowd of other learned works on the Rosicrucians, and those of Lessing and Nicolai on the Free-masons, it could not well fail to embody what was most important in their elaborate researches, and to benefit by the whole. Implicitly, therefore, it may be looked upon as containing the whole learning of the case, as accumulated by all former writers, in addition to that contributed by the Professor himself; which, to do him justice, seems to be extensive and accurate. But the Professor's *peculiar* claims to distinction in this inquiry are grounded upon the solution which he first has given in a satisfactory way to the main problem of the case—What is the *origin* of Free-masonry? For, as to the *secret* of Free-masonry, and its occult doctrines, there is a readier and more certain way of getting at those than through any Professor's book. To a hoax played off by a young man of extraordinary talents in the beginning of the seventeenth century (*i.e.*, about 1610–14), but for a more elevated purpose than most hoaxes involve, the reader will find that the whole mysteries of Free-masonry, as now existing all over the civilized world, after a lapse of more than two centuries, are here distinctly traced: such is the power of a grand and capacious aspiration of philosophic benevolence to embalm even the idlest levities, as amber enshrines straws and insects!

Any reader who should find himself satisfied with the Professor's solution and its proof, would probably be willing to overlook his other defects: his learning and his felicity of conjecture may pass as sufficient and redeeming merits in a Göttingen Professor. Else, and if these merits were set aside, I must say that I have rarely met with a more fatiguing person than Professor Buhle. That his essay is readable at all, if it *be* readable, the reader must understand that he owes to me. Mr. Buhle is celebrated as the historian of philosophy, and as a logic-professor at a great German University.* But a more illogical work than his as to the conduct of the question, or one more confused in its arrangement, I have not often seen. It is doubtless a rare thing to meet with minds sufficiently stern in their logic to keep a question steadily and immovably before them, without ever being thrown out of their track by verbal delusions: and for my own part I must say that I never was present in my life at one of those after-dinner disputations by which social pleasure is poisoned (except in the higher and more refined classes), where the course of argument did not within ten minutes quit the question upon which it had first started—and all upon the seduction of some equivocal word, or of some theme which bore affinity to the main theme, but was not that main theme itself, or still oftener of some purely verbal transition. All this is common: but the eternal see-sawing, weaving and counter-weaving, flux and reflux, of Professor Buhle's course of argument is *not* common by any means,

* I believe that he is also the editor of the Bipont Aristotle: but not possessing that edition of Aristotle myself, I cannot pretend to speak of its value. His *History of Philosophy* I have: it is probably as good as such works usually are; and, alas!—no better.

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but very uncommon, and worthy of a place in any cabinet of natural curiosities. There is an everlasting confusion in the worthy man's mind between the two questions—What is the *origin* of Free-masonry? and what is the *nature* and *essence* of Free-masonry? The consequence is that one idea always exciting the other, they constantly come out shouldering and elbowing each other for precedence—every sentence is charged with a double commission—the Professor gets angry with himself, begins to splutter unintelligibly, and finds on looking round him that he has wheeled about to a point of the argument considerably in the rear of that which he had reached perhaps 150 pages before. I have done what I could to remedy these infirmities of the book; and upon the whole it is a good deal less paralytic than it was. But, having begun my task on the assumption that the first chapter should naturally come before the second, the second before the third, and so on—I find now (when the mischief is irreparable) that I made a great mistake in that assumption, which perhaps is not applicable to Göttingen books, and that if I had read the book on the Hebrew principle—or Βουστροφῆδιν—or had tacked and traversed—or done anything but sail in a straight line, I could not have failed to improve the arrangement of my materials. But, after all, I have so whitewashed the Professor, that nothing but a life of gratitude on his part, and free admission to his logic lectures for ever, can possibly repay me for my services.

The three most triumphant dissertations existing upon the class of historico-critical problems which I have described above are—1. Bentley's upon the spurious Epistles ascribed to Phalaris; 2. Malcolm Laing's upon Perkin Warbeck (published by Dr. Henry in his *Hist. of Great Britain*); 3. Mr. Taylor's upon the Letters of Junius. All three are loaded with a superfetation of evidence, and conclusive beyond what the mind altogether wishes. For it is pleasant to have the graver part of one's understanding satisfied, and yet to have its capricious part left in possession of some miserable fragment of a scruple upon which it may indulge itself with an occasional speculation in support of the old error. In fact, coercion is not pleasant in any cases; and though reasons be as plenty as blackberries, one would not either give or believe them "on compulsion." In the present work the reader will perhaps not find himself under this unpleasant sense of coercion, but left more to the free exercise of his own judgment. Yet upon the whole I think he will give his final award in behalf of Professor Buhle's hypothesis.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE ESSENTIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ORDERS OF THE ROSICRUCIANS AND THE FREE-MASONS.

I DEEM it an indispensable condition of any investigation into the origin of the Rosicrucians and Free-masons—that both orders should be surveyed comprehensively and in the whole compass of their

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relations and characteristic marks ; not with reference to this or that mythos, symbol, usage, or form : and to the neglect of this condition, I believe, we must impute the unsuccessful issue which has hitherto attended the essays on this subject. First of all, therefore, I will assign those distinguishing features of these orders which appear to me universal and essential ; and these I shall divide into *internal* and *external*—accordingly as they respect the personal relations and the purposes of their members, or simply the outward form of the institutions.

The universal and essential characteristics of the two orders, which come under the head of *internal*, are these which follow :—

I. As their fundamental maxim they assume—*Entire equality of personal rights amongst their members in relation to their final object.* All distinctions of social rank are annihilated. In the character of masons the prince and the lowest citizen behave reciprocally as free men—standing to each other in no relation of civic inequality. This is a feature of masonry in which it resembles the church : projecting itself, like *that*, from the body of the state ; and in *idea* opposing itself to the state, though not in fact : for, on the contrary, the ties of social obligation are strengthened and sanctioned by the masonic doctrines. It is true that these orders have *degrees*—many or few, according to the constitution of the several mother-lodges. These, however, express no subordination in rank or power : they imply simply a more or less intimate connection with the concerns and purposes of the institution. A gradation of this sort, corresponding to the different stages of knowledge and initiation in the mysteries of the order, was indispensable to the objects which they had in view. It could not be advisable to admit a young man, inexperienced and untried, to the full participation of their secrets : he must first be educated and moulded for the ends of the society. Even elder men it was found necessary to subject to the probation of the lower degrees before they were admitted to the higher. Without such a regulation dangerous persons might sometimes have crept into the councils of the society ; which, in fact, happened occasionally, in spite of all provisions to the contrary. It may be alleged that this feature of personal equality amongst the members in relation to their private object is not exclusively the characteristic of Rosicrucians and Freemasons. True ; it belongs no less to all the secret societies which have arisen in modern times. But, notwithstanding *that*, it is indisputable that to them was due the original scheme of an institution, having neither an ecclesiastic nor a political tendency, and built on the personal equality of all the individuals who composed it.

II. *Women, children, those who were not in the full possession of civic freedom, Jews, Anti-Christians generally, and* (according to undoubted historic documents) *in the early days of these orders—Roman Catholics were excluded from the society.* For what reason women were excluded, I suppose it can hardly be necessary to say. The absurd spirit of curiosity, talkativeness and levity, which distinguish that unhappy sex, were obviously incompatible with the grave purposes

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of the Rosicrucians and Masons. Not to mention that the familiar intercourse, which co-membership in these societies brings along with it, would probably have led to some disorders in a promiscuous assemblage of both sexes, such as might have tainted the good fame or even threatened the existence of the order. More remarkable is the exclusion of *persons not wholly free*, of *Jews*, and of *anti-Christians*; and, indeed, it throws an important light upon the origin and character of the institutions. By *persons not free* we are to understand not merely slaves and vassals, but also those who were in the service of others—and generally all who had not an independent livelihood. Even freeborn persons are comprehended in this designation, so long as they continued in the state of minority. Masonry presumes in all its members the devotion of their knowledge and powers to the objects of the institution. Now, what services could be rendered by vassals, menial servants, day-labourers, journeymen, with the limited means at their disposal as to wealth or knowledge, and in their state of dependency upon others? Besides, with the prejudices of birth and rank prevalent in that age, any admission of plebeian members would have immediately ruined the scheme. Indeed, we have great reason to wonder that an idea so bold for those times as the union of nobles and burghers under a law of perfect equality could ever have been realised. And, in fact, among any other people than the English, with their national habits of thinking, and other favourable circumstances, it could *not* have been realised. *Minors* were rejected unless when the consent of their guardians was obtained; for otherwise the order would have exposed itself to the suspicion of tampering with young people in an illegal way: to say nothing of the want of free-agency in minors. That lay-brothers were admitted for the performance of servile offices, is not to be taken as any departure from the general rule; for it was matter of necessity that persons of lower rank should fill the menial offices attached to the society; and these persons, be it observed, were always chosen from amongst those who had an independent property, however small. As to the exclusion of Anti-Christians, especially of Jews, this may seem at first sight inconsistent with the cosmo-political tendency of Masonry. But had it that tendency at its first establishment? Be this as it may, we need not be surprised at such a regulation in an age so little impressed with the virtue of toleration, and indeed so little able—from political circumstances, to practise it. Besides, it was necessary for their own security; the Free-masons themselves were exposed to a suspicion of atheism and sorcery; and this suspicion would have been confirmed by the indiscriminate admission of persons hostile to Christianity. For the Jews in particular, there was a further reason for rejecting them founded on the deep degradation of the national character. With respect to the Roman Catholics, I need not at this point anticipate the historic data which favour their exclusion. The fact is certain; but, I add, only for the earlier periods of Free-masonry. Further on, the cosmo-political constitution of the order had cleared it of all such religious tests; and at this day, I believe, that in the

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lodges of London and Paris there would be no hesitation in receiving as a brother any upright Mohammedan or Jew. Even in smaller cities, where lingering prejudices would still cleave with more bigotry to the old exclusions, greater stress is laid upon the natural religion of the candidate—his belief in God and his sense of moral obligation—than upon his positive confession of faith. In saying this, however, I would not be understood to speak of certain individual sects among the Rosicrucians, whose mysticism leads them to demand special religious qualities in their proselytes which are dispensed with by common Free-masonry.

III. *The orders make pretensions to mysteries*; these relate partly to ends, and partly to means; and are derived from the East, whence they profess to derive an occult wisdom not revealed to the profane. This striving after hidden knowledge, it was, that specially distinguished these societies from others that pursued unknown objects. And because their main object was a mystery, and that it might remain such, an oath of secrecy was demanded of every member on his admission. Nothing of this mystery could ever be discovered by a visit from the police: for when such an event happens, and naturally it has happened many times, the business is at end—and the lodge *ipso facto* dissolved: besides that, all the acts of the members are symbolic, and unintelligible to all but the initiated. Meantime no government can complain of this exclusion from the mysteries: as every governor has it at his own option to make himself fully acquainted with them by procuring his own adoption into the society. This it is which in most countries has gradually reconciled the supreme authorities to Masonic Societies, hard as the persecution was which they experienced at first. Princes and prelates made themselves brothers of the order as the condition of admission to the mysteries. And, think what they would of these mysteries in other respects, they found nothing in them which could justify any hostility on the part of the state.

In an examination of Masonic and Rosicrucian Societies the weightiest question is that which regards the nature of these mysteries. To this question we must seek for a key in the spirit of that age when the societies themselves originated. We shall thus learn, first of all, whether these societies do in reality cherish any mystery as the final object of their researches; and, secondly, perhaps we shall thus come to understand the extraordinary fact that the Rosicrucian and Masonic secret should not long ago have been betrayed in spite of the treachery which we must suppose in a certain proportion of those who were parties to that secret in every age.

IV. *These orders have a general system of signs* (e.g., that of recognition) *usages, symbols, myths, and festivals*. In this place it may be sufficient to say generally that even that part of the ritual and mythology which is already known to the public,* will be found to

* We must not forget, however, that the Rosicrucian and Masonic orders were not originally at all points what they now are; they have passed through many changes and modifications; and no inconsiderable part of their symbolic system, etc., has been the product of successive generations.

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confirm the conclusions drawn from other historical data as to the origin and purpose of the institution : thus, for instance, we may be assured beforehand that the original Free-masons must have had some reason for appropriating to themselves the attributes and emblems of real handicraft Masons : which part of their ritual they are so far from concealing that in London they often parade on solemn occasions attired in full costume. As little can it be imagined that the selection of the feast of St. John (Midsummer-day) as their own chief festival—was at first arbitrary and without a significant import.

Of the *external* characteristics—or those which the society itself announces to the world—the main is the *public profession of beneficence*; not to the brothers only, though of course to them more especially, but also to strangers. And it cannot be denied by those who are least favourably disposed to the order of Free-masons that many states in Europe, where lodges have formerly existed or do still exist, are indebted to them for the original establishment of many salutary institutions, having for their object the mitigation of human suffering. The other external characteristics are properly negative, and are these :

I. *Masonry is compatible with every form of civil constitution*; which cosmo-political relation of the order to every mode and form of social arrangements has secured the possibility of its reception amongst all nations, however widely separated in policy and laws.

II. *It does not impose celibacy*: and this is the criterion that distinguishes it from the religious orders, and from many of the old knightly orders in which celibacy was an indispensable law, or still is so.

III. *It enjoins no peculiar dress* (except indeed in the official assemblages of the lodges, for the purpose of marking the different degrees), *no marks of distinction in the ordinary commerce of life and no abstinence from civil offices and business*. Here again is a remarkable distinction from the religious and knightly orders.

IV. *It grants to every member a full liberty to dissolve his connection with the order at any time, and without even acquainting the superiors of the lodge*: though of course he cannot release himself from the obligation of his vow of secrecy. Nay, even after many years of voluntary separation from the order, a return to it is always allowed. In the religious and knightly orders, the members have not the powers, excepting under certain circumstances, of leaving them; and, under no circumstances, of returning. This last was a politic regulation: for, whilst on one hand the society was sufficiently secured by the oath of secrecy, on the other hand by the easiness of the yoke which it imposed, it could the more readily attract members. A young man might enter the order; satisfy himself as to the advantages that were to be expected from it; and leave it upon further experience or any revolution in his own way of thinking.

In thus assigning the internal and external characteristics of the Rosicrucians and Free-masons, I have purposely said nothing of the

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distinctions between the two orders themselves : for this would have presupposed that historical inquiry which is now to follow. That the above characteristics, however, were common to both, is not to be doubted. Rosicrucianism, it is true, is not Free-masonry : but the latter borrowed its form from the first. He that gives himself out for a Rosicrucian, without knowing the general ritual of masonry, is unquestionably an impostor. Some peculiar sects there are which adopt certain follies and chimeras of the Rosicrucians (as gold-making) ; and to these he may belong ; but a legitimate Rosicrucian, in the original sense and spirit of the order, he cannot be.

CHAPTER II.

UPON THE EARLIEST HISTORICAL TRACES OF THE ROSICRUCIAN AND MASONIC ORDERS.

THE accredited records of these orders do not ascend beyond the two last centuries. On the other hand, it is alleged by many that they have existed for eighteen hundred years. He who adopts this latter hypothesis, which even as a hypothesis seems to me scarcely endurable for a moment, is bound to show, in the first place, in what respect the deduction of these orders from modern history is at all unsatisfactory ; and secondly, upon his own assumption of a far elder origin, to explain how it happened that for sixteen entire centuries no writers contemporary with the different periods of these orders have made any allusion to them. If he replies by alleging the secrecy of their proceedings, I rejoin that this might have secured their doctrines and mysteries from being divulged, but not the mere fact of their existence. My view of their origin will perhaps be granted with relation to Western Europe ; but I shall be referred to the East for the *incunabula* of the order. At one time Greece, at another Egypt, or different countries of Asia, are alleged as the cradle of the Rosicrucians and the Free-masons. Let us take a cursory survey of the several hypotheses.

1. In the earlier records of GREECE we meet with nothing which bears any resemblance to these institutions but the Orphic and Eleusinian mysteries. Here, however, the word *mysteries* implied not any occult problem or science sought for, but simply sensuous* and dramatic representations of religious ideas—which could not otherwise be communicated to the people in the existing state of intellectual culture, and which (as often happens), having been once established, were afterwards retained in a more advanced state of the national mind. In the Grecian mysteries there were degrees of initiation amongst the members, but with purposes wholly distinct from those of the masonic degrees. The Grecian mysteries were not to be profaned ; but *that*

* The word *sensuous* is a Miltonic word ; and is, moreover, a word that cannot be dispensed with.

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was on religious accounts. Lastly, the Grecian mysteries were a part of the popular religion acknowledged and authorized by the state. The whole resemblance, in short, rests upon nothing, and serves only to prove an utter ignorance of Grecian antiquities in those who have alleged it.*

2. Neither in the history of EGYPT is any trace to be found of the Rosicrucian and Masonic characteristics. It is true that the meaning of the Egyptian religious symbols and usages was kept secret from the people and from strangers; and in that sense Egypt may be said to have had mysteries; but these mysteries involved nothing more than the essential points of the popular religion.† As to the writings attributed to Hermes Trismegistus, they are now known to be spurious; and their pretensions could never have imposed upon any person who had examined them by the light of such knowledge as we still possess of the ancient Egyptian history and religion: indeed, the gross syncretism in these writings of Egyptian doctrines with those of the later Platonists too manifestly betrays them as a forgery from the schools of Alexandria. Forgery apart, however, the substance of the Hermetic writings disconnects them wholly from masonic objects: it consists of a romantic Theology and Theurgy; and the whole is very intelligible, and far from mysterious. What is true of these Hermetic books, is true *à fortiori* of all later writings that profess to deliver the traditional wisdom of ancient Egypt.

3. If we look to ancient CHALDÆA and PERSIA for the origin of these orders, we shall be as much disappointed. The vaunted knowledge of the Chaldæans extended only to Astrology, the interpretation of dreams, and the common arts of jugglers. As to the Persian Magi, as well before as after the introduction of the doctrine of Zoroaster, they were simply the depositaries of religious ideas and traditions, and the organs of the public worship. Moreover, they composed no secret order: but rather constituted the highest *caste* or rank in the nation, and were recognized by the government as an essential part of the body politic. In succeeding ages the religion of the Magi passed over to many great nations, and has supported itself up to our days. Anquetil du Perron has collected and published the holy books in which it is contained. But no doctrine of the Zendavesta is presented as a mystery; nor could any of those doctrines, from their very

* See the German essay of Meiners, upon the Mysteries of the Ancients, especially the Eleusinian mysteries, in the third part of his *Miscellaneous Philosophical Works*. Collate with this the work of Ste. Croix, entitled *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Religion secrète des anciens Peuples*. Paris: 1784.

† On the principle and meaning of the popular religion in Egypt and the hieroglyphics connected with it, consult Gatterer's essay *De Theogoniâ Aegyptiorum* in the 7th vol.—and his essay *Demetempsychoi, immortalitatis animorum symbolo Aegyptio* in the 9th vol. of the Göttingen Transactions. The path opened by Gatterer has been since pursued with success by Dornedden in his *Amenophis* and in his new theory for the explanation of the Grecian Mythology; 1802. Consult also Vogel's Essay on the Religion of the Ancient Egyptians and the Greeks. 4to. Nuremberg; 1793.

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nature, have been presented as such. Undoubtedly among the Rosicrucian titles of honour we find that of Magus: but with them it simply designates a man of rare knowledge in physics—*i.e.*, especially in Alchemy. That the ancient Magi in the age immediately before and after the birth of Christ, attempted the transmutation of metals, is highly improbable: that idea, there is reason to believe, first began to influence the course of chemical pursuits amongst the Arabian students of natural philosophy and medicine.

4. The pretensions of the DERVISHES and BRAHMINS of Asia, especially of Hindostan, to be the fathers of the two orders, need no examination, as they are still more groundless than those which have been just noticed.

5. A little before and after the birth of Christ there arose in Egypt and Palestine a Jewish religious sect, which split into two divisions—the ESSENES and the THERAPEUTÆ. Their history and an account of their principles may be found in Josephus, and more fully in Philo, who probably himself belonged to the Therapeutæ. The difference between the two sects consisted in this—that the Essenes looked upon practical morality and religion as the main business of life, whereas the Therapeutæ attached themselves more to philosophic speculations, and placed the essence of religion in the contemplation and reverence of the deity. They dwelt in hermitages, gardens, villages, and cottages, shunning the uproar of crowds and cities. With them arose the idea of monkish life, which has subsisted to this day, though it has received a mortal shock in our revolutionary times. To these two systems have been traced the Rosicrucians and Free-masons. Now, without entering minutely into their history, it is sufficient for the overthrow of such an hypothesis to cite the following principles common to both the Essenes and the Therapeutæ. First, they rejected as morally unlawful all distinction of ranks in civil society. Secondly, they made no mystery of their doctrines. Thirdly, they admitted to their communion persons of either sex. Fourthly, though not peremptorily enjoining celibacy, they held it to be a more holy state than that of marriage. Fifthly, they disallowed of oaths. Sixthly, they had nothing symbolic in their worship or ritual. If it should be objected that the Free-masons talk much of the rebuilding of Solomon's Temple, and refer some of their legends to this speculation,—I answer that the Essenes and Therapeutæ either were Christians, or continued Jews until by little and little their sects expired. Now to the Christians the rebuilding of the Temple must have been an object of perfect indifference; and to the Jews it must have been an important object in the literal sense. But with the Free-masons it is a mere figure under which is represented the secret purpose of the society; why this image was selected will be satisfactorily accounted for further on.

6. The ARABS, who step forth upon the stage of history in the seventh century after Christ, have as little concern with the origin of these orders. They were originally a nomadic people that rapidly became a conquering nation not less from the weakness of their

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neighbours than their own courage and religious fanaticism. They advanced not less rapidly in their intellectual conquests; and these they owed chiefly to their Grecian masters, who had themselves at that time greatly degenerated from the refinement of their ancestors. The sciences in which the Arabs made original discoveries, and in which, next after the Greeks, they have been the instructors of the moderns, were Mathematics, Astronomy, Astrology, Medicine, *Materia Medica*, and Chemistry. Now it is very possible that from the Arabs may have originally proceeded the conceit of physical mysteries without aid of magic, such as the art of gold-making, the invention of a panacea, the philosopher's stone, and other chimeras of alchemy which afterwards haunted the heads of the Rosicrucians and the elder Free-masons. But of Cabbalism and Theosophy, which occupied both sects in their early period, the Arabs as Mahometans could know nothing. And, if those sects had been derived from an Arabian stock, how comes it that at this day in most parts of Europe (and until lately everywhere) a Mahometan candidate would be rejected by both of them? And how comes it that in no Mahometan country at this time are there any remains of either?

In general, then, I affirm as a fact established upon historical research that, before the beginning of the seventeenth century, no traces are to be met with of the Rosicrucian or Masonic orders. And I challenge any antiquarian to contradict me. Of course [I do not speak of individual and insulated Adepts, Cabbalists, Theosophists, etc., who doubtless existed much earlier. Nay, I do not deny that in elder writings mention is made of the *rose* and the *cross* as symbols of Alchemy and Cabbalism. Indeed it is notorious that in the sixteenth century Martin Luther used both symbols on his seal; and many Protestant divines have imitated him in this. Semler, it is true, has brought together a great body of data from which he deduces the conclusion that the Rosicrucians were of very high antiquity.* But all of them prove nothing more than what I willingly concede: Alchemists, Cabbalists, and dealers in the Black Art, there were unquestionably before the seventeenth century; *but not Rosicrucians and Free-masons connected into a secret society and distinguished by those characteristics which I have assigned in the first chapter.*

One fact has been alleged from Ecclesiastical History as pointing to the order of the Rosicrucians. In 1586 the *Militia crucifera evangelica* assembled at Lunenburg: the persons composing this body have been represented as Rosicrucians; but in fact they were nothing more than a Protestant sect heated by apocalyptic dreams; and the object of the assemblage appears to have been exclusively connected with religion. Our chief knowledge of it is derived from the work of Simon Studion, a mystic and Theosophist, entitled *Naometria*, and written about the year 1604. The author was born at Urach, a little

* See Solomon Semler's *Impartial Collections for the history of the Rosicrucians. In Four Parts, 8vo. Leipzig: 1786—8.*

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town of Wirtemberg; in 1565 he received the degree of Master of Arts at Tübingen; and soon after settled at Marbach, not far from Louisberg, in the capacity of teacher. His labours in Alchemy brought him into great embarrassment; and his heretical novelties into all kinds of trouble. His *Naometria*,* which is a tissue of dreams and allegories relating to the cardinal events of the world and to the mysteries of Scripture, as well as of external nature from its creation to its impending destruction, contains a great deal of mysticism and prophecy about the *rose* and the *cross*. But the whole has a religious meaning; and the *fundus* of his ideas and his imagery is manifestly the Apocalypse of St. John. Nor is there any passage or phrase in his work upon which an argument can be built for connecting him with the Rosicrucians which would not equally apply to Philo the Alexandrian, to John Picus of Mirandula, to Reuchlin, to George of Venice, to Francis Patrick, and to all other Cabbalists, Theosophists, Magicians, and Alchemists.

Of the alleged connection between the Templars and the Rosicrucians, or more properly with the Free-masons,—which connection, if established, would undoubtedly assign a much earlier date to the origin of both orders,—I shall have occasion to speak in another part of my inquiry.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH GAVE THE FIRST OCCASION TO THE RISE OF THE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER, AND OF THE EARLIEST AUTHENTIC RECORDS OF HISTORY WHICH RELATE TO IT.

TOWARDS the end of the sixteenth century,—Cabbalism, Theosophy, and Alchemy, had overspread the whole of Western Europe, and especially of Germany. To this mania, which infected all classes—

* The full title of this unprinted and curious book is this: "NAOMETRIA, seu nuda et prima libri, intus et foris scripti, per clavem Davidis et calamum (virgæ similem) apertio; in quo non tantum ad cognoscenda tam S. Scripturæ totius, quam naturæ quoque universæ, mysteria, brevis fit introductio—verum etiam Prognosticus (stellæ illius matutinæ, anno Domini 1572, conspectæ ductu) demonstratur Adventus ille Christi ante diem novissimum secundus per quem homine peccati (Papâ) cum filio suo perditionis (Mahometo) divinitus devastato, ipse ecclesiam suam et principatus mundi restaurabit, ut in iis posthac sit cum ovili pastor unus. In *crucifera militæ Evangelicæ* gratiam. Authore Simone Studione inter Scorpiones. Anno 1604." An anonymous writer on the Rosicrucians in the Wirtemberg Magazine (No. 3, p. 523) and the learned Von Murr in his treatise upon the true origin of the Rosicrucians and Free-masons, printed at Salzburg in the year 1803, have confounded the word *Naometria* (*Naometria*) *temple-measuring*, with *Neometria* (*Neometria*) *New art of measuring*, as though Studion had written a new geometry. By the Temple, inner and outer, Studion means the Holy Scriptures and Nature—the liber intus et foris scriptus, of which St. John says in the Revelations—"I saw on the right of him who sat on the throne a book written within and without, and guarded with seven seals," etc.

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high and low, learned and unlearned—no writer had contributed so much as Theophrastus Paracelsus. How general was the diffusion, and how great the influence of the writings of this extraordinary man (for such, amidst all his follies, he must ever be accounted in the annals of the human mind), may be seen in the life of Jacob Behmen. Of the many Cabbalistic conceits drawn from the Prophetic books of the Old Testament, and still more from the Revelations, one of the principal and most interesting was this—that in the seventeenth century a great and general reformation was believed to be impending over the human race, as a necessary forerunner to the day of judgment. What connects this very general belief with the present inquiry is the circumstance of Paracelsus having represented the comet which appeared in 1572 as the sign and harbinger of the approaching revolution, and thus fixed upon it the expectation and desire of a world of fanatics. Another prophecy of Paracelsus, which created an equal interest, was, that soon after the decease of the Emperor Rudolph, there would be found three treasures that had never been revealed before that time. Now in the year 1610, or thereabouts, there were published simultaneously three books, the substance of which it is important in this place to examine, because these books, in a very strange way, led to the foundation of the Rosicrucian order as a distinct society.

The first is so far worthy of notice as it was connected with the two others, and furnished something like an introduction to them. It is entitled—*Universal Reformation of the whole wide world*, and is a tale not without some wit and humour. The Seven Wise Men of Greece, together with M. Cato and Seneca, and a secretary named Mazzonius, are summoned to Delphi by Apollo at the desire of the Emperor Justinian, and there deliberate on the best mode of redressing human misery. All sorts of strange schemes are proposed. Thales advised to cut a hole in every man's breast and place a little window in it, by which means it would become possible to look into the heart, to detect hypocrisy and vice, and thus to extinguish it. Solon proposes an equal partition of all possessions and wealth. Chilo's opinion is—that the readiest way to the end in view would be to banish out of the world the two infamous and rascally metals, gold and silver. Kleobulus steps forward as the apologist of gold and silver, but thinks that iron ought to be prohibited—because in that case no more wars could be carried on amongst men. Pittacus insists upon more rigorous laws, which should make virtue and merit the sole passports to honour; to which, however, Periander objects that there had never been any scarcity of such laws, nor of princes to execute them, but scarcity enough of subjects conformable to good laws. The conceit of Bias is, that nations should be kept apart from each other, and each confined to its own home; and, for this purpose, that all bridges should be demolished, mountains rendered insurmountable, and navigation totally forbidden. Cato, who seems to be the wisest of the party, wishes that God in his mercy would be pleased to wash away all women from the earth by a new deluge, and at the

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same time to introduce some new arrangement for the continuation of the excellent male sex without female help.* Upon this pleasing and sensible proposal the whole company manifest the greatest displeasure, and deem it so abominable that they unanimously prostrate themselves on the ground and devoutly pray to God "that He would graciously vouchsafe to preserve the lovely race of women" (what absurdity!) "and to save the world from a second deluge." At length, after a long debate, the counsel of Seneca prevails; which counsel is this—That out of all ranks a society should be composed having for its object the general welfare of mankind, and pursuing it in secret. This counsel is adopted: though without much hope on the part of the deputation, on account of the desperate condition of "the Age," who appears before them in person, and describes his own wretched state of health.

The second work gives an account of such a society as already established: this is the celebrated work entitled *Fama Fraternitatis of the meritorious order of the Rosy Cross, addressed to the learned in general, and the Governors of Europe*; and here we are presented with the following narrative:—Christian Rosycross, of noble descent, having upon his travels into the East and into Africa, learned great mysteries from Arabians, Chaldeans, etc., upon his return to Germany established, in some place not mentioned, a secret society composed at first of four—afterwards of eight—members, who dwelt together in a building called the House of the Holy Ghost, erected by him: to these persons, under a vow of fidelity and secrecy, he communicated his mysteries. After they had been instructed, the society dispersed agreeably to their destination, with the exception of two members, who remained alternately with the founder. The rules of the order were these: "The members were to cure the sick without fee or reward. No member to wear a peculiar habit, but to dress after the fashion of the country. On a certain day in every year all the members to assemble in the House of the Holy Ghost, or to account for their absence. Every member to appoint some person with the proper qualifications to succeed him at his own decease. The word *Rosy-Cross* to be their seal, watchword, and characteristic mark. The association to be kept unrevealed for a hundred years." Christian Rosycross died at the age of 106 years. His death was known to the society, but not his grave; for it was a maxim of the first Rosicrucians to conceal their burial-places even from each other. New masters were continually elected into the House of the Holy Ghost; and the society had

* In which wish he seems to have anticipated the Miltonic Adam:—

— "O why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With Men, as Angels, without feminine;
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind,"

P. L. Book X.

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now lasted 120 years. At the end of this period a door was discovered in the house, and upon the opening of this door a sepulchral vault. Upon the door was this inscription : One hundred and twenty years hence I shall open (*Post CXX. annos patebo*). The vault was a heptagon. Every side was five feet broad and eight feet high. It was illuminated by an artificial sun. In the centre was placed, instead of a grave-stone, a circular altar with a little plate of brass, whereon these words were inscribed : This grave, an abstract of the whole world, I made for myself while yet living (A. C. R. C. Hoc Universi compendium vivus mihi sepulchrum feci). About the margin was—To me Jesus is all in all (Jesus mihi omnia). In the centre were four figures enclosed in a circle by this revolving legend : Nequaquam vacuum legis jugum. Libertas Evangelii. Dei gloria intacta. (The empty yoke of the law is made void. The liberty of the gospel. The unsullied glory of God.) Each of the seven sides of the vault had a door opening into a chest ; which chest, besides the secret books of the order and the *Vocabularium* of Paracelsus, contained also mirrors—little bells—burning lamps—marvellous mechanisms of music, etc., all so contrived that, after the lapse of many centuries, if the whole order should have perished, it might be re-established by means of this vault. Under the altar, upon raising the brazen tablet, the brothers found the body of Rosycross, without taint or corruption. The right hand held a book written upon vellum with golden letters : this book, which is called T., has since become the most precious jewel of the society next after the Bible ; and at the end stand subscribed the names of the eight brethren, arranged in two separate circles, who were present at the death and burial of Father Rosycross. Immediately after the above narrative follows a declaration of their mysteries, addressed by the society to the whole world. They profess themselves to be of the Protestant faith ; that they honour the Emperor and the laws of the Empire ; and that the art of gold-making is but a slight object with them, and a mere *πάρεργον*. The whole work ends with these words : “Our House of the Holy Ghost, though a hundred thousand men should have looked upon it, is yet destined to remain untouched, imperturbable, out of sight, and unrevealed to the whole godless world for ever.”

The third book, which originally appeared in Latin with the title—*Confessio Fraternitatis Roseæ Crucis ad Eruditos Europæ*—contains nothing more than general explanations upon the object and spirit of the order. It is added that the order has different degrees ; that not only princes, men of rank, rich men, and learned men, but also mean and inconsiderable persons are admitted to their communion, provided they have pure and disinterested purposes, and are able and willing to exert themselves for the ends of the institution ; that the order has a peculiar language : that it is possessed of more gold and silver than the whole world beside could yield ; that it is not this, however, but true philosophy, which is the object of their labours.

The first question which arises on these three works, the *Uni-*

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versal Reformation—the *Fama Fraternalitatis*—and the *Confessio Fraternalitatis*,* is this; from what quarter do they proceed? The reputed author was John Valentine Andreä, a celebrated theologian of Wirtemberg, known also as a satirist and a poet, and in our days revived into notice by the late illustrious Herder. Others have disputed his claim to these works; and Burke has excluded them from his catalogue of Andreä's writings. I shall attempt, however, to prove that he was the true author—Andreä was born in 1586, at Herrenberg, a little town of Wirtemberg, and was the grandson of the Chancellor Jacob Andreä, so deservedly celebrated for his services to the church of Wirtemberg. From his father, the Abbot of Königsbronn, he received an excellent education, which his own extraordinary thirst for knowledge led him to turn to the best account. Besides Hebrew, Greek, and Latin (in which languages he was distinguished for the elegance of his style), he made himself master of the French, Italian, and Spanish: was well versed in Mathematics, Natural and Civil History, Geography, and Historical Genealogy, without at all neglecting his professional study of divinity. Very early in life he seems to have had a deep sense of the evils and abuses of the times—not so much the political abuses, as those in philosophy, morals, and religion. These it seems that he sought to redress by the agency of secret societies: on what motives and arguments, he has not told us in the record of his own life, which he left behind him in MS.† But the fact is certain: for as early as his sixteenth year he had written his *Chemical Nuptials of Christian Rosy-cross*, his *Julius sive de Politia*, his *Condemnation of Astrology*, with other works of the same tendency. Between the years 1607 and 1612 Andreä travelled extensively in south and west Germany, Switzerland, France, and Italy.‡ In the succeeding years

* The earliest edition of these works which I have seen is that of 1614, printed at Cassel, in 8vo, which is in the Wolfenbüttel library; but in this the *Confessio* is wanting. From a passage in this edition, it appears that the *Fama Fraternalitatis* had been received in the Tyrol as early as 1610, in *manuscript*, as the passage alleges; but the words seem to imply that printed copies were in existence even before 1610. In the year 1615 appeared "Secretioris Philosophiæ Consideratio à Philippo à Gabella, Philosophiæ studioso, conscripta; et nunc primum unâ cum Confessione Fraternalitatis Ros. Crucis in lucem edita. Cassellis: excud. G. Wes-selius, A. 1615." In the very same year, at Frankfurt-on-the-Mayne, was printed by John Berner, an edition of all the three works—the *Confessio* in a German translation. In this year also appeared a Dutch translation of all three: a copy of which is in the Gottingen library. The second Frankfurt edition was followed by a third in 1616, enlarged by the addition of some letters addressed to the brotherhood of the R. Cross. Other editions followed in the years immediately succeeding; but these it is unnecessary to notice. In the title-page of the third Frankfurt edit. stands—*First printed at Cassel in the year 1616*. But the four first words apply to the orig. edit. The four last to this.

† This is written in Latin. A German translation will be found in the second book of Seybold's *Autobiographies of celebrated men*.

‡ Travelling was not at that time so expensive for learned men as it now is. Many scholars travelled on the same plan as is now pursued by the journeymen artisans of Germany—exercising their professional knowledge at every stage of their journey, and thus gaining a respectable livelihood.

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he made short excursions almost annually: after the opening of the thirty years' war he still continued this practice; and in the very midst of that great storm of wretchedness and confusion which then swept over Germany, he exerted himself in a way which is truly astonishing to heal the "sorrow of the times," by establishing schools and religious worship—and by propagating the Lutheran faith through Bohemia, Moravia, Carinthia, etc. Even to this day his country owes to his restless activity and enlightened patriotism many great blessings. At Stuttgart, where he was at length appointed chaplain to the court, he met with so much thwarting and persecution, that, with his infirm constitution of body and dejection of mind from witnessing the desolation of Germany, it is not to be wondered that he became weary of life, and sank into deep despondency and misanthropy. In this condition he requested leave, in 1646, to resign his office; this was at first refused, with many testimonies of respect, by Eberhard, the then Duke of Wirtemberg; but on the urgent repetition of his request he was removed to the Abbey of Bebenhausen—and shortly afterwards was made Abbot of Adelberg. In the year 1654, after a long and painful sickness, he departed this life. On the day of his death he dictated a letter to his friend and benefactor, Augustus, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel. He made an effort to sign it; wrote the two first letters of his name: and, in the act of writing the third, he expired. From a close review of his life and opinions, I am not only satisfied that Andreã wrote the three works which laid the foundation of Rosicrucianism, but I see clearly *why* he wrote them. The evils of Germany were then enormous; and the necessity of some great reform was universally admitted. As a young man without experience, Andreã imagined that this reform would be easily accomplished. He had the example of Luther before him, the heroic reformer of the preceding century, whose memory was yet fresh in Germany, and whose labours seemed on the point of perishing unless supported by corresponding efforts in the existing generation. To organize these efforts and direct them to proper objects, he projected a society composed of the noble, the intellectual, the enlightened, and the learned—which he hoped to see moving, as under the influence of one soul, towards the redressing of public evils. Under this hope it was that he travelled so much: seeking everywhere, no doubt, for the coadjutors and instruments of his designs. These designs he presented originally in the shape of a project for a Rosicrucian society; and in this particular project he intermingled some features that were at variance with its gravity and really elevated purposes. Young as he was at that time, Andreã knew that men of various tempers and characters could not be brought to co-operate steadily for any object so purely disinterested as the elevation of human nature: he therefore addressed them through the common foible of their age, by holding out promises of occult knowledge which should invest its possessor with authority over the powers of nature, should lengthen his life, or raise him from the dust of poverty to wealth and high station. In an age of Theosophy, Cabbalism, and Alchemy, he knew that the popular ear would be caught by an account,

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issuing nobody knew whence, of a secret society that professed to be the depositary of Oriental mysteries, and to have lasted for two centuries. Many would seek to connect themselves with such a society: from these candidates he might gradually select the members of the real society which he projected. The pretensions of the ostensible society were indeed illusions; but, before they could be detected as such by the new proselytes, those proselytes would become connected with himself and (as he hoped) moulded to nobler aspirations. On this view of Andreä's real intentions, we understand at once the ground of the contradictory language which he held about astrology and the transmutation of metals: his satirical works show that he looked through the follies of his age with a penetrating eye. He speaks with toleration then of these follies—as an exoteric concession to the age; he condemns them in his own esoteric character as a religious philosopher. Wishing to conciliate prejudices, he does not forbear to *bait* his schemes with these delusions: but he is careful to let us know that they are with his society mere *πάρεργα* or collateral pursuits, the direct and main one being true philosophy and religion. Meantime, in opposition to the claims of Andreä, it has been asked why he did not avow the three books as his own composition. I answer, that to have done so at first would have defeated the scheme. Afterwards he had still better reasons for disavowing them. In whatever way he meant to have published the works, it is clear that they were in fact printed without his consent. An uproar of hostility and suspicion followed the publication, which made it necessary for the author to lie hid. If he would not risk his own safety, and make it impossible for his projects to succeed under any other shape, the author was called on to disown them. Andreä did so: and, as a suspected person, he even joined in public the party of those who ridiculed the whole as a chimera.* More privately, however, and in his posthumous memoirs of himself, we find that he nowhere disavows the works. Indeed, the bare fact of his being confessedly the author of the "Chemical Nuptials of Christian Rosycross"—a hero never before heard of—is alone sufficient to vindicate his claim. But further, if Andreä were not the author, who was? Heidegger, in his *Historia Vitæ Jo. Ludov. Fabricii*, maintains that Jung, the celebrated mathematician of Hamburg, founded the sect of Rosicrucians and wrote the *Fama*: but on what ground? Simply on the authority of Albert Fabricius, who reported the story in casual conversation as derived from a secretary of the court of Heidelberg. (See the *Acta Eruditorum Lipsiensia* 1698, p. 172.) Others have brought forward a claim for Giles Gutmann, supported by no other argument than that he was a distinguished mystic in that age of mysticism.

Morhof (*Polyhist.* I. p. 131, ed. Lubecæ, 1732) has a remark which,

* In the midst of his ridicule, however, it is easy to discover the tone of a wiper who is laughing not *with* the laughers but *at* them. Andreä laughed at those follies of the scheme which he well knew that the general folly of the age had compelled him to interweave with it against his own better judgment.

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if true, might leave Andreä in possession of the authorship, without therefore ascribing to him any influence in the formation of the Rosicrucian order: "Fuere," says he, "non priscis tantum seculis collegia talia occulta, sed et superiori seculo (*i.e.*, sexto-decimo) de Fraternitate Roseæ Crucis fama percrebuit." According to this remark,* the order existed in the sixteenth century, that is, before the year 1600: now, if so, the three books in question are not to be considered as an anticipation of the order, but as its history. Here, then, the question arises—Was the brotherhood of Rosicrucians, as described in these books, an historical matter of fact, or a romance? That it was a pure romantic fiction, might be shown by arguments far more than I can admit. The '*Universal Reformation*' (the first of the three works) was borrowed from the '*Generale Riforma dell' Universo dai sette Savii della Grecia e da altri Letterati, publicata di ordine di Apollo*,' which occurs in the *Raguaglio di Parnasso* of Boccacini. It is true that the earliest edition of the *Raguaglio*, which I have seen, bears the date of 1615 (*in Milano*); but there was an edition of the first *Centuria* in 1612. Indeed, Boccacini himself was cudgelled to death in 1613 (See *Mazzuchelli*—*Scrittori d'Italia*, vol. ii. p. iii. p. 1378.) As to the *Fama*, which properly contains the pretended history of the order, it teems with internal arguments against itself. The House of the Holy Ghost exists for two centuries, and is seen by nobody. Father Rosycross dies, and none of the order even knew where he is buried; and yet afterwards it appears that eight brothers witnessed his death and his burial. He builds himself a magnificent sepulchre, with elaborate symbolic decorations; and yet for 120 years it remains undiscovered. The society offers its treasures and its mysteries to the world; and yet no reference to place or person is assigned to direct the inquiries of applicants. Finally, to say nothing of the *Vocabularium* of Paracelsus, which must have been put in the grave before it existed, the Rosicrucians are said to be Protestants—though founded upwards of a century before the Reformation. In short, the fiction is monstrous, and betrays itself in every circumstance. Whoever was its author must be looked upon as the founder in effect of the Rosicrucian order, inasmuch as this fiction was the accidental occasion of such an order's being really founded. That Andreä was that author I shall now prove by one argument: It is a presumptive argument, but in my opinion conclusive: *The armorial bearings of Andreä's family were a St. Andrew's cross and four roses.* By the order of the Rosy-cross, he means, therefore, an order founded by himself. †

* Which has been adopted by many of the learned: see Arnold's *Hist. of the Church and of Heretics*, book ii. p. 245. Bruckeri *Hist. Crit. Philosophiæ*, tom. iv. p. 735, sq. Nicolai on the charges against the Templars, part i. p. 164. Herder's *Letters on Nicolai's work in the German Mercury for 1782.*

† Nicolai supposes that the *rose* was assumed as the symbol of secrecy, and the *cross* to express the solemnity of the oath by which the vow of secrecy was ratified. Such an allegoric meaning is not inconsistent with that which I have assigned, and

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CHAPTER IV.

OF THE IMMEDIATE RESULTS OF THE FAMA AND THE CONFESSIO IN GERMANY.

THE sensation which was produced throughout Germany by the works in question is sufficiently evidenced by the repeated editions of them which appeared between 1614 and 1617, but still more by the prodigious commotion which followed in the literary world. In the library at Göttingen there is a body of letters addressed to the imaginary order of Father Rosycross from 1614 to 1617, by persons offering themselves as members. These letters are filled with complimentary expressions and testimonies of the highest respect, and are all printed—the writers alleging that, being unacquainted with the address of the society (as well they might), they could not send them through any other than a public channel. As certificates of their qualifications, most of the candidates have enclosed specimens of their skill in alchemy and cabbalism. Some of the letters are signed with initials only, or with fictitious names, but assign real places of address. Many other literary persons there were at that day who forbore to write letters to the society, but threw out small pamphlets containing their opinions of the order, and of its place of residence. Each successive writer pretended to be better informed on that point than all his predecessors. Quarrels arose; partisans started up on all sides; the uproar and confusion became indescribable; cries of heresy and atheism resounded from every corner; some were for calling in the secular power; and the more coyly the invisible society retreated from the public advances, so much the more eager and amorous were its admirers—and so much the more bloodthirsty its antagonists. Meantime there were some who from the beginning had escaped the general delusion; and there were many who had gradually recovered from it. It was remarked that of the many printed letters to the society, though courteously and often learnedly written, none had been answered; and all attempts to penetrate the darkness in which the order was shrouded by its unknown memorialist were successfully baffled. Hence arose a suspicion that some bad designs lurked under the ostensible purposes of these mysterious publications: a suspicion which was naturally strengthened by what now began to follow. Many vile impostors arose, who gave themselves out for members of the Rosicrucian order; and upon the credit which they thus obtained for a season, cheated numbers of their money by alchemy—or of their health by panaceas. Three in particular made a great noise at Wetzlar, at Nuremberg, and at Augsburg: all were punished by the magistracy, one lost his ears in running the gauntlet, and one was

may have been a secondary purpose of *Andrea*. Some authors have insisted on the words *Sub Umbra Alarum tuarum Jehova*—which stand at the end of the *Fama Fraternalitatis* as furnishing the initial letters of *Johannes Val Andrea, Stipendiata Tubingensis*. But on this I have not thought it necessary to lay much stress.

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hanged. At this crisis stepped forward a powerful writer, who attacked the supposed order with much scorn and homely good sense. This was Andrew Libau. He exposed the impracticability of the meditated reformation—the incredibility of the legend of Father Rosycross—and the hollowness of the pretended sciences which they professed. He pointed the attention of governments to the confusions which these impostures were producing, and predicted from them a renewal of the scenes which had attended the fanaticism of the Anabaptists. These writings (of which two were Latin, Frankfurt, 1615, folio—one in German, Erfurt, 1616, 8vo), added to others of the same tendency, would possibly have laid the storm by causing the suppression of all the Rosicrucian books and pretensions: but this termination of the *mania* was defeated by two circumstances: the first was the conduct of the Paracelsists. With frantic eagerness they had sought to press into the imaginary order: but, finding themselves lamentably repulsed in all their efforts, at length they paused; and, turning suddenly round, they said to one another—"What need to court this perverse order any longer? We are ourselves Rosicrucians as to all the essential marks laid down in the three books. We also are holy persons of great knowledge; we also make gold, or shall make it: we also, no doubt, give us but time, shall reform the world: external ceremonies are nothing: substantially it is clear that we are the Rosicrucian order." Upon this they went on in numerous books and pamphlets to assert that they were the identical order instituted by Father Rosycross and described in the *Fama Fraternitatis*. The public mind was now perfectly distracted; no man knew what to think; and the uproar became greater than ever. The other circumstance which defeated the tendency of Libau's exertions, was the conduct of Andreä and his friends. Clear it is that Andreä enjoyed the scene of confusion, until he began to be sensible that he had called up an apparition which it was beyond his art to lay. Well knowing that in all that great crowd of aspirants, who were knocking clamorously for admittance into the airy college of Father Rosycross, though one and all pretended to be enamoured of that mystic wisdom he had promised, yet by far the majority were in fact enamoured of that *gold* which he had hinted at,—it is evident that his satirical * propensities were violently tickled: and he was willing to keep up the hubbub of delusion by flinging out a couple of pamphlets amongst

* I have no doubt that Andreä alludes to his own high diversion on this occasion in the following passage of a later work (*Mythologia Christiana*) which he printed at Strasburg in 1619. It is *Truth (die Alethia)* who is speaking: "Planissime nihil cum hac Fraternitate (sc. Ros. Crucis) commune habeo. Nam, cum paullo ante lusum quendam ingeniosiore personatus aliquis (no doubt himself) in literario foro agere vellet,—nihil mota sum libelis inter se confictantibus; sed velut in scenâ prodeuntes histriones non sine voluptate spectavi."—Like *Miss in her Teens* (in the excellent farce of Garrick) who so much enjoys the prospect of a battle between her two lovers, Andreä—instead of calming the tumult which he had caused, was disposed at first to cry out to the angry polemics—"Stick him, Captain Flash; do,—stick him, Captain Flash."

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the hungry crowd, which tended to amuse them. They were, 1. *Epistola ad Reverendam Fratritatem R. Crucis*. Francof. 1613; 2. *Assertio Fratritatis R. C. à quodam Fratrn. ejus Socio carmine expressa*, Franc. 1614: which last was translated into German in 1616; and again, in 1618, into German rhyme, under the title of *Ara Fœderis therapici*, or *Altar of the Healing Fraternity*: (the most general abstraction of the pretensions made for the Rosicrucians being—that they healed both the body and the mind). All this, in a young man and a professed satirist, was natural and excusable. But in a few years Andréâ was shocked to find that the delusion had taken firm root in the public mind. Of the many authors who wrote with a sincere design to countenance the notion of a pretended Rosicrucian society, I shall here mention a few of the most memorable:—

1. A writer calling himself *Julianus à Campis* wrote expressly to account for the Rosicrucians not revealing themselves, and not answering the letters addressed to them. He was himself, he said, a member of the order; but in all his travels he had met but three other members, there being (as he presumed) no more persons on the earth worthy of being entrusted with its mysteries. The Rosicrucian wisdom was to be more extensively diffused in future, but still not to be hawked about in market-places.—
2. Julius Sperber of Anhalt-Dessau (according to common repute) wrote * the echo of the Divinely illuminated iraternity of the admirable order of the R.C." In this there is a passage which I recommend to the especial notice of Free-masons:— Having maintained the probability of the Rosicrucian pretensions on the ground that such *magnalia Dei* had from the creation downwards been confided to the keeping of a few individuals, agreeably to which he affirms that Adam was the first Rosicrucian of the Old Testament and Simcon the last, he goes on to ask whether the Gospel put an end to the secret tradition? By no means, he answers; Christ established a new "college of magic" amongst his disciples, and the greater mysteries were revealed to St. John and St. Paul. In this passage, which I shall notice farther on, we find the Grand-Master, and the St. John of masonry.—
3. Rادتich Brotoffer was not so much a Cabbalist, like Julius Sperber, as an Alchemist. He understood the three Rosicrucian books not in a literal sense, but allegorically as a description of the art of making gold and finding the Philosopher's stone. He even favoured the public with an interpretation of it; so that both "*materia et præparatio lapidis aurei*" were laid bare to the profane. With this practical test of his own pretensions, it might have been supposed that Brotoffer would have exposed himself as an impostor; but on the contrary his works sold well, and were several times reprinted.—
4. A far more important person in the history of Rosicrucianism was Michael Maier: he it was that first transplanted it

* This was printed at Dantzic in 1616. Nicolai, however, cites an edition printed in 1615.—Whether Sperber was the author, is a point not quite settled. Kazauer, in his *Dissert. de Rosacrucianis*, p. 38, takes him for the same person as Julianus à Campis: but from internal grounds this is very improbable.

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into England, where (as we shall see) it led ultimately to more lasting effects than in Germany. He was born in Holstein, and was physician to the Emperor Rudolph II., who, being possessed by the mystical frenzy of the age, sent for him to Prague. In 1622 he died at Magdeburg, having previously travelled extensively, and particularly to England. His works are among the rarities of bibliography, and fetch very high prices. The first of them, which concerns our present inquiry, is that entitled *Focus Severus; Francof. 1617*. It is addressed (in a dedication written on his road from England to Bohemia), "omnibus veræ chymię amantibus per Germaniam," and amongst them more especially "illi ordini adhuc *delitescenti*, at Famâ Fraternitatis et Confessione suâ admirandâ et probabili *manifestato*." This work, it appears, had been written in England. On his return to Germany he became acquainted with the fierce controversy on the Rosicrucian sect; and as he firmly believed in the existence of such a sect, he sought to introduce himself to its notice: but, finding this impossible, he set himself to establish such an order by his own efforts; and in his future writings he spoke of it as already existing—going so far even as to publish its laws (which indeed had previously been done by the author of the *Echo*). From the principal work which he wrote on this subject, entitled *Silentium post clamores*,* I shall make an extract, because in this work it is that we meet with the first traces of Masonry. "Nature is yet but half unveiled. What we want is chiefly experiment and tentative inquiry. Great, therefore, are our obligations to the Rosicrucians for labouring to supply this want. Their weightiest mystery is a Universal Medicine. Such a Catholicon lies hid in nature. It is, however, no simple, but a very compound medicine. For out of the meanest pebbles and weeds, medicine, and even gold, is to be extracted."—"He that doubts the existence of the R. C. should recollect that the Greeks, Egyptians, Arabians, etc., had such secret societies; where, then, is the absurdity in their existing at this day? Their maxims of self-discipline are these—To honour and fear God above all things; to do all the good in their power to their fellow-men:" and so on. "What is contained in the Fama and Confessio is true. It is a very childish objection that the brotherhood have promised so much and performed so little. With them, as elsewhere, many are called but few are chosen. The masters of the order hold out the rose as a remote prize, but they impose the cross on those who are entering."† "Like the Pythagoreans and Egyptians, the Rosicrucians exact vows of silence and secrecy. Ignorant men have treated the whole as a fiction; but this has arisen from the five years' probation to which they subject even well-qualified novices before they are

* *Silentium post clamores*, h. e. *Tractatus Apologeticus, quo causæ non solum Clamorum (seu revelationem) Fraternitatis Germanicæ de R. C., sed et Silentii (seu non redditæ, ad singulorum vota responsionis) traduntur et demonstrantur. Autore Michaele Maiero, Imp. Consist. Comite, et Med. Doct. Francof. 1617.*

† *Ecce innumeri adsunt ex vocatis, seseque offerunt: at non audiuntur à magistras R. Crucis, qui rosas ostentant, at crucem exhibent. P. 77.*

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admitted to the higher mysteries : within this period they are to learn how to govern their tongues." In the same year with this book he published a work of Robert Fludd's (with whom he had lived on friendly terms in England), *De vitâ, morte, et resurrectione*. Of other works, which he published afterwards, I shall here say nothing : neither shall I detain my reader with any account of his fellow-labourers in this path—Theophilus Schweighart of Constance, Josephus Stellatus, or Giles Gutmann. The books I have mentioned were enough to convince Andreä that his romance had succeeded in a way which he had never designed. The public had accredited the *charlatanerie* of his books, but gave no welcome to that for the sake of which this *charlatanerie* was adopted as a vehicle. The Alchemy had been approved, the moral and religious scheme slighted. And societies were forming even amongst the learned upon the basis of all that was false in the system, to the exclusion of all that was true. This was a spectacle which could no longer be viewed in the light of a joke : the folly was becoming too serious ; and Andreä set himself to counteract it with all his powers. For this purpose he now published his *Chemical Nuptials of Christian Rosycross*, which he had written in 1601-2 (when only in his sixteenth year), but not printed. This is a comic romance of extraordinary talent, the covert purpose of it being a refined and delicate banter of the Pedants, Theosophists, Goldmakers, and Enthusiasts of every class with whom Germany at that time swarmed. In his former works he had treated the Paraclesists with forbearance, hoping by such treatment to have won them over to his own elevated designs : but in this they were invested with the cap and bells. Unfortunately for the purpose of Andreä, however, even this romance was swallowed by the public as true and serious history. Upon this, in the following year, he published a collection of satirical dialogues under the title of *Menippus ; sive dial satyricorum centuria, inanitatum nostratium Speculum*. In this he more openly unveils his true design—revolution of method in the arts and sciences, and a general religious reformation. The efforts of Andreä were seconded by those of his friends, especially of Irenæus, Agnostus, and of Joh. Val. Alberti under the name of Menapius. Both wrote with great energy against the Rosicrucians : the former, indeed, from having ironically styled himself "an unworthy clerk of the Fraternity of the R. C." has been classed by some learned writers on the Rosicrucians as one of that sect ; but it is impossible to read his writings without detecting the lurking satire. Soon after these writers, a learned foreigner placed the Rosicrucian pretensions in a still more ludicrous light : this was the celebrated Thomas Campanella. In his work upon the Spanish Monarchy, which was translated into German, published, and universally read in Germany some time * before the original work appeared, the Italian philosopher—speaking of the follies of the age—

* It was published in 1620, at which time Campanella was confined in prison at Naples. The publishers had obtained the original copy, either from some traveller, or during their own residence in Italy.

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thus expresses himself of the R. C. : "That the whole of Christendom teems with such heads (viz., Reformation jobbers) we have one proof more than was wanted in the Fraternity of the R. C. For scarcely was that absurdity hatched, when — notwithstanding it was many times declared to be nothing more than a *lusus ingenii nimium lascivientis*, a mere hoax of some man of wit troubled with a superfluity of youthful spirits — yet, because it dealt in reformations and in pretences to mystical arts, straightway from every country in Christendom pious and learned men, passively surrendering themselves dupes to this delusion, made offers of their good wishes and services ; some by name ; others anonymously, but constantly maintaining that the brothers of the R. C. could easily discover their names by Solomon's mirror or other cabbalistic means. Nay, to such a pass of absurdity did they advance, that they represented the first of the three Rosicrucian books (the *Universal Reformation*) as a high mystery, and expounded it in a chemical sense, as if it had contained a cryptical account of the art of gold-making, whereas it is nothing more than a literal translation, word for word, of the Parnasso of Boccalini." The effect of all this ridicule and satire was, that in Germany, as there is the best reason to believe, no regular lodge of Rosicrucians was ever established. *Des Cartes*, who had heard a great deal of talk about them in 1619, during his residence at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, sought to connect himself with some lodge (for which he was afterwards exposed to the ridicule of his enemies) ; but the impossibility of finding any body of them formally connected together, and a perusal of the Rosicrucian writings, satisfied him in the end that no such order was in existence. Many years after, Leibnitz came to the same conclusion. He was actually connected in early life with a soi-disant society of the R. C. in Nuremberg ; for even at this day there is obviously nothing to prevent any society in any place from assuming that or any other title : but that they were not connected traditionally with the alleged society of Father Rosycross, Leibnitz was convinced. "Il me paroît," says he, in a letter to a friend, published by Feller in the *Otium Hannoveranum* (p. 222), "il me paroît que tout ce, que l'on a dit des Freres de la Croix de la Rose, est une pure invention de quelque personne ingenieuse." And again, so late as the year 1696, he says in another letter — "Fratres Roseæ Crucis fictitios fuisse suspicor ; quod et Helmontius mihi confirmavit." Adepts there were here and there, it is true, and even whole clubs of swindlers who called themselves Rosicrucians : thus Ludov. Conr. Orvius, in his *Occulta Philosophia, sive Calum sapientum et Vexatio stultorum*, tells a lamentable tale of such a society, pretending to deduce themselves from Father Rosycross, who were settled at the Hague in 1622, and after swindling him out of his own and his wife's fortune, amounting to eleven thousand dollars, kicked him out of the order, with the assurance that they would murder him if he revealed their secrets : "which secrets," says he, "I have faithfully kept, and for the same reason that women keep secrets, viz., because I have none to reveal ; for their knavery is no secret." There is a well-known story also in Voltaire's *Diction. Philosoph.*, Art.

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Alchimiste, of a rogue who cheated the Duke of Bouillon of 40,000 dollars under the masque of Rosicrucianism. But these were cases for the police-office, and the gross impostures of jail-birds. As the aberration of learned men, and as a case for the satirist, Rosicrucianism received a shock from the writings of its accidental Father Andrea and others, such as in Germany* it never recovered. And hence it has happened that, whatever number there may have been of individual mystics calling themselves Rosicrucians, no collective body of Rosicrucians acting in conjunction was ever matured and actually established in Germany. In England the case was otherwise; for there, as I shall show, the order still subsists under a different name. But this will furnish matter for a separate chapter. Meantime, one word remains to be said of Andrea's labours with respect to the Rosicrucians. He was not content with opposing gravely and satirically the erroneous societies which learned men were attempting to found upon his own romance of the *Fama Fraternitatis*, but laboured more earnestly than ever to mature and to establish that genuine society for the propagation of truth, which has been the real though misinterpreted object of his romance, and indeed of his whole life. Such a society he lived to see accomplished: and in order to mark upon what foundation he placed all hopes of any great improvement in the condition of human nature, he called it by the name of the *Christian Fraternity*. This fact I have recorded, in order to complete the account of Andrea's history in relation to Rosicrucianism: but I shall not further pursue the history of the *Christian Fraternity*,† as it is no ways connected with the subject of the present inquiry.

* In France it never had even a momentary success. It was met by the ridicule of P. Garasse and of Gabriel Naudé in his *Instruction à la France sur verité de l'histoire des Freres de la Rose-Croix*: Paris, 1623; and in *Le Mascurat*, a rare work, printed in 1624, and of which the second edition 1650 is still rarer. Independently of these works, France was at that time the rival of Italy in science, and had greatly the start of Germany and England in general illumination. She was thus sufficiently protected from such a delusion. Thus far Professor Buhle. But pace tuâ, worthy Professor, I—the translator of your book—affirm that France had not the start of England, nor wanted then or since the ignobler elements of credulity, as the History of Animal Magnetism and many other fantastic follies before that have sufficiently shown. But she has always wanted the nobler (*i.e.*, the imaginative) elements of credulity. On this account the French have always been an irreligious people. And the scheme of Father Rosycross was too much connected with religious feelings, and moved too much under a religious impulse, to recommend itself to the French. This reason, apart, however, accident had much to do with the ill fortune of Rosicrucianism in France.

† See the *Invitatio Fraternitatis Christi ad Sacri amoris candidatos*: Argentur, 1617; the *Christianæ societatis idea*: Tubingæ, 1624; the *Veræ unionis in Christo Jesu specimen*: Norimb., 1628; and other works on the same subject. A list of the members composing this Christian Brotherhood, which continued its labours after Andrea's death, is still preserved.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE ORIGIN OF FREE-MASONRY IN ENGLAND.

THUS I have traced the history of Rosicrucianism from its birth in Germany; and have ended with showing that, from the energetic opposition and ridicule which it latterly incurred, no college or lodge of Rosicrucian brethren, professing occult knowledge, and communicating it under solemn forms and vows of secrecy, can be shown from historical records to have been ever established in Germany. I shall now undertake to prove that Rosicrucianism was transplanted to England, where it flourished under a new name, under which name it has been since re-exported to us in common with the other countries of Christendom. For I affirm, as the main thesis of my concluding labours, THAT FREE-MASONRY IS NEITHER MORE NOR LESS THAN ROSICRUCIANISM AS MODIFIED BY THOSE WHO TRANSPLANTED IT TO ENGLAND.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century many learned heads in England were occupied with Theosophy, Cabbalism, and Alchemy: amongst the proofs of this (for many of which see the *Athenæ Oxonienses*) may be cited the works of John Pordage, of Norbert, of Thomas and Samuel Norton, but above all (in reference to our present inquiry), of Robert Fludd. Fludd it was, or whosoever was the author of the *Summum Bonum*, 1629, that must be considered as the immediate father of Free-masonry, as Andreä was its remote father. What was the particular occasion of his own first acquaintance with Rosicrucianism is not recorded; all the books of Alchemy or other occult knowledge, published in Germany, were at that time immediately carried over to England—provided they were written in Latin; and, if written in German, were soon translated for the benefit of English students. He may therefore have gained his knowledge immediately from the three Rosicrucian books. But it is more probable that he acquired his knowledge on this head from his friend Maier (mentioned in the preceding chapter), who was intimate with Fludd during his stay in England, and corresponded with him after he left it. At all events, he must have been initiated into Rosicrucianism at an early period, having published his *apology** for it in the year 1617. This indeed is denied to be his work, though ascribed to him in the title-page; but, be that as it may, it was at any rate the work of the same author who wrote the *Summum Bonum*, † being expressly claimed by him at p. 39. If not Fludd's, it was the work of

* Tractatus apologeticus—integritatem Societatis de Roseâ Cruce defendens. Authore Roberto De Fluctibus, Anglo, M.D.L. Lugd. Bat. 1617.

† This work was disavowed by Fludd. But as the principles, the style, the animosity towards Mersenne, the publisher, and the year, were severally the same in this as in the *Sophiæ cum Moriâ certamen* which Fludd acknowledged, there cannot be much reason to doubt that it was his. Consult the "Catalogue of some rare books" by G. Serpilius, No. II. p. 238.

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a friend of Fludd's: and, as the name is of no importance, I shall continue to refer to it as Fludd's—having once apprised my reader that I mean by Fludd the author, be he who he may, of these two works. Now the first question which arises is this: for what reason did Fludd drop the name of Rosicrucians? The reason was briefly this: his apology for the Rosicrucians was attacked by the celebrated Father Mersenne. To this Fludd replied, under the name of Joachim Fritz, in two witty but coarse books, entitled *Summum Bonum*, and *Sophiæ cum Moriâ certamen*; in the first of which, to the question—"Where the Rosicrucians resided?" he replied thus—"In the houses of God, where Christ is the corner-stone;" and he explained the symbols of the Rose and Cross in a new sense, as meaning "the Cross sprinkled with the rosy blood of Christ." Mersenne being obviously no match for Fludd either in learning or polemic wit, Gassendi stepped forward into his place, and published (in 1630) an excellent rejoinder to Fludd in his *Exercitatio Epistolica*, which analysed and ridiculed the principles of Fludd in general, and in particular reproached him with his belief in the romantic legend of the Rosicrucians. Upon this, Fludd, finding himself hard pressed under his conscious inability to assign their place of abode, evades the question in his answer to Gassendi (published in 1633) by formally withdrawing the name *Rosicrucians*: for, having occasion to speak of them, he calls them "*Fratres R. C. olim sic dicti, quos nos hodie Sapientes (Sophos) vocamus; omissis illo nomine (tanquam odioso miseris mortalibus velo ignorantiae obductis) et in oblivione hominum jam fere sepulto.*" Here, then, we have the negative question answered—why and when they ceased to be called Rosicrucians. But now comes a second, or affirmative question—why and when they began to be called Free-masons. In 1633 we have seen that the old name was abolished; but as yet no new name was substituted; in default of such a name they were styled *ad interim* by the general term *wise men*. This, however, being too vague an appellation for men who wished to form themselves into a separate and exclusive society, a new one was to be devised bearing a more special allusion to their characteristic objects. Now the immediate hint for the name Masons was derived from the legend, contained in the *Fama Fraternalitatis*, of the "House of the Holy Ghost." Where and what was that house! This had been a subject of much speculation in Germany; and many had been simple enough to understand the expression of a literal house, and had inquired after it up and down the empire. But Andreâ had himself made it impossible to understand it in any other than an allegoric sense, by describing it as a building that would remain "invisible to the godless world for ever." Theophilus Schweighart also had spoken of it thus: "It is a building," says he, "a great building, *carens fenestris et foribus*, a princely, nay an imperial palace, everywhere visible and yet not seen by the eyes of man." This building in fact represented the purpose or object of the Rosicrucians. And what was that? It was the secret wisdom, or in their language *magic*—(viz., 1. Philosophy of nature or occult knowledge of the works of God; 2. Theology, or the occult knowledge of

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God himself; 3. Religion, or God's occult intercourse with the spirit of man), which they imagined to have been transmitted from Adam through the Cabbalists to themselves. But they distinguished between a carnal and a spiritual knowledge of this magic. The spiritual knowledge is the business of Christianity, and is symbolised by Christ himself as a rock, and as a building of which he is the head and the foundation. What rock, and what building? says Fludd. A spiritual rock, and a building of human nature, in which men are the stones and Christ the corner-stone.* But how shall stones move and arrange themselves into a building? They must become living stones: "Transmutemini, transmutemini," says Fludd, "de lapidibus mortuis in lapides vivos philosophicos." But what is a living stone? A living stone is a *mason* who builds himself up into the wall as a part of the temple of human nature: "Viam hujusmodi transmutationis nos docet Apostolus, dum ait—Eadem mens sit in vobis quæ est in Jesu." In these passages we see the rise of the allegoric name *masons* upon the extinction of the former name. But Fludd expresses this allegory still more plainly elsewhere: "Denique," says he, "qualiter debent operari Fratres ad gemmæ istiusmodi (meaning *magic*) inquisitionem, nos docet pagina sacra:" how, then? "Nos docet Apostolus ad mysterii perfectionem vel sub Agricolæ, vel *Architecti*, typo pertingere;"—either under the image of a husbandman who cultivates a field, or of an architect who builds a house: and, had the former type been adopted, we should have had *Free-husbandmen* instead of *Free-masons*. Again, in another place, he says, "Atquæ sub istiusmodi *Architecti* typo nos monet propheta ut ædificemus domum Sapientiæ." The society was therefore to be a *masonic* society, in order to represent typically that temple of the Holy Spirit which it was their business to erect in the spirit of man. This temple was the abstract of the doctrine of Christ, who was the Grand-master: hence the light from the *East*, of which so much is said in Rosicrucian and Masonic books. St. John was the beloved disciple of Christ: hence the solemn celebration of his festival. Having moreover, once adopted the attributes of masonry as the figurative expression of their objects, they were led to attend more minutely to the legends and history of that art; and in these again they found an occult analogy with their own relations to the Christian wisdom. The first great event in the art of Masonry was the building of the Tower of Babel: this expressed figuratively the attempt of some unknown Mason to build up the temple of the Holy Ghost in anticipation of Christianity, which attempt, however, had been confounded by the vanity of the builders. The building of

* Summum Bonum, p. 27. "Concludimus igitur quod Jesus sit templi humani lapis angularis; atque ita, ex mortuis, lapides vivi facti sunt homines pii; idque transmutatione reali ab Adami lapsi statu in statum suæ innocentiae et perfectionis—i. e., à vili et leprosa plumbi conditione in auri purissimi perfectionem." Masonic readers will remember a ceremony used on the introduction of a new member which turns upon this distinction between lead and gold as the symbol of transition from the lost state of Adam to the original condition of innocence and perfection.

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Solomon's Temple, the second great incident in the art, had an obvious meaning as a prefiguration of Christianity. Hiram,* simply the architect of this temple to the real professors of the art of building, was to the English Rosicrucians a type of Christ: and the legend of Masons, which represented this Hiram as having been murdered by his fellow-workmen, made the type still more striking. The two pillars, also, Jachin and Boaz † (strength and power), which are amongst the memorable singularities in Solomon's temple, have an occult meaning to the Free-masons, which, however, I shall not undertake publicly to explain. This symbolic interest to the English Rosicrucians in the attributes, incidents, and legends of the art exercised by the literal Masons of real life, naturally brought the two orders into some connection with each other. They were thus enabled to realize to their eyes the symbols of their own allegories; and the same building which accommodated the guild of builders in their professional meetings offered a desirable means of secret assemblies to the early Free-masons. An apparatus of implements and utensils such as were presented in the fabulous sepulchre of Father Rosycross, were here actually brought together. And accordingly, it is upon record that the first formal and solemn lodge of Freemasons, on occasion of which the very name of Free-masons was first publicly made known, was held in Mason's Hall, Mason's Alley, Basinghall Street, London, in the year 1646. Into this lodge it was that Ashmole the Antiquary was admitted. Private meetings there may doubtless have been before; and once at Warrington (half-way between Liverpool and Manchester) is expressly mentioned in the life of Ashmole; but the name of a Free-masons' Lodge, with all the insignia, attributes, and circumstances of a lodge, first came forward in the page of history on the occasion I have mentioned. It is perhaps in requital of the services at that time rendered in the loan of their hall, etc., that the guild of Masons as a body, and where they are not individually objectionable, enjoy a precedency of all orders of men in the right to admission, and pay only half fees. Ashmole, by the way, whom I have just mentioned as one of the earliest Free-masons, appears from his writings to have been a zealous Rosicrucian. ‡ Other members of the lodge were Thomas Wharton, a physician, George Wharton, Oughtred the mathematician, Dr. Hewitt, Dr. Pearson the divine, and William Lily the principal astrologer of the day. All the members, it

* The name of Hiram was understood by the elder Free-masons as an anagram: H. I. R. A. M. meant Homo Jesus Redemptor Animarum. Others explained the name Homo Jesus Rex Altissimus Mundi. Others added a C to the Hiram, in order to make it Christus Jesus, etc.

† See the account of these pillars in the 1st Book of Kings, vii. 14—22, where it is said—"And there stood upon the pillars as it were *Roses*." Compare 2nd Book of Chron. iii. 17.

‡ When Ashmole speaks of the antiquity of Free-masonry, he is to be understood either as confounding the order of philosophic masons with that of the handicraft masons (as many have done), or simply as speaking the language of Rosicrucians, who (as we have shown) carry up their traditional pretensions to

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must be observed, had annually assembled to hold a festival of astrologers *before* they were connected into a lodge bearing the title of Free-masons. This previous connection had no doubt paved the way for the latter.

I shall now sum up the results of my inquiry into the origin and nature of Free-masonry, and shall then conclude with a brief notice of one or two collateral questions growing out of popular errors on the main one.

I. The original Free-masons were a society that arose out of the Rosicrucian mania, certainly within the thirteen years from 1633 to 1646, and probably between 1633 and 1640. Their object was *magic* in the cabbalistic sense—*i.e.*, the *occult wisdom* transmitted from the beginning of the world, and matured by Christ; to communicate this when they had it, to search for it when they had it not; and both under an oath of secrecy.

II. This object of Free-masonry was represented under the form of Solomon's Temple—as a type of the true Church, whose cornerstone is Christ. This Temple is to be built of men, or living stones: and the true method and art of building with men it is the province of *magic* to teach. Hence it is that all the masonic symbols either refer to Solomon's Temple, or are figurative modes of expressing the ideas and doctrines of *magic* in the sense of the Rosicrucians, and their mystical predecessors in general.

III. The Free-masons having once adopted symbols, etc., from the art of masonry, to which they were led by the language of Scripture, went on to connect themselves in a certain degree with the order itself of handicraft masons, and adopted their distribution of members into apprentices, journeymen, and masters—Christ is the Grand-Master; and was put to death whilst laying the foundation of the temple of human nature.

IV. The Jews were particularly excluded from the original lodges of Free-masons as being the great enemies of the Grand-Master. For the same reason, in a less degree, were excluded Mahometans and Pagans.—The reasons for excluding Roman Catholics were these: first, the original Free-masons were Protestants in an age when Protestants were in the liveliest hostility to Papists, and in a country which had suffered deeply from Popish cruelty. They could not therefore be expected to view popery with the languid eyes of modern indifference. Secondly, the Papists were excluded prudentially, on account of their intolerance: for it was a distinguishing feature of the Rosicrucians that *they* first * conceived the idea of a society which

Adam as the first professor of the secret wisdom. In Florence, about the year 1512, there were two societies (the *Compagnia della Cazzuola* and the *Compagnia del Pajuolo*) who assumed the mason's hammer as their sign: but these were merely convivial clubs. See the life of J. F. Rustici in Vasari—*Vite dei Pittori*, etc. Roma: 1760, p. 76.

* It is well known that until the latter end of the seventeenth century, all churches and the best men discountenanced the doctrine of religious toleration: in fact, they rejected it with horror as a deliberate act of compromise with error: they

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should act on the principle of religious toleration, wishing that nothing should interfere with the most extensive co-operation in their plans except such differences about the essentials of religion as must make all sincere co-operation impossible. This fact is so little known, and is so eminently honourable to the spirit of Free-masonry, that I shall trouble the reader with a longer quotation in proof of it than I should otherwise have allowed myself: Fludd, in his *Summum Bonum* (Epilog. p. 53), says:—

Quod, si quaeratur cujus sint religionis—qui mysticâ istâ Scripturarum interpretatione pollent, viz., an Romanæ, Lutheranae, Calvinianæ, etc., vel habeantne ipsi religionem aliquam sibi ipsis peculiarem et ab aliis divisam? Facillimum erit ipsis respondere: Nam, cum omnes Christiani, cujuscunque religionis, tendant ad unam eandem metam (viz. ipsum Christum, qui est sola veritas), in hoc quidem unanimi consensu illæ omnes religiones conveniunt.—At verò, quatenus religiones istæ in ceremoniis Ecclesiæ externis, humanis nempe inventionibus (cujusmodi sunt habitus varii Monachorum et Pontificum, crucis adoratio, imaginum approbatio vel abnegatio, luminum de nocte accensio, et infinita alia) discrepare videntur,— hæc quidem disceptationes sunt præter essentielles veræ sapientiæ mysticæ leges.

V. Free-masonry, as it honoured all forms of Christianity, deeming them approximations more or less remote to the ideal truth, so it abstracted from all forms of civil polity as alien from its own objects—which, according to their briefest expressions, are, 1. The glory of God; 2. The service of men.

VI. There is nothing in the imagery, mythi, ritual, or purposes of the elder Free-masonry—which may not be traced to the romances of Father Rosycross, as given in the *Fama Fraternalitatis*.

CONCLUSION.

I. THAT the object of the elder Free-masons was not to build Lord Bacon's imaginary Temple of Solomon:—

This was one of the hypotheses advanced by Nicolai: the House of Solomon, which Lord Bacon had sketched in his romantic fiction of

were intolerant on principle, and persecuted on conscientious grounds. It is among the glories of Jeremy Taylor and Milton—that, in so intolerant an age, they fearlessly advocated the necessity of mutual toleration as a Christian duty. Jeremy Taylor in particular is generally supposed to have been the very earliest champion of toleration in his "Liberty of Prophecy," first published in 1647: and the present Bishop of Calcutta has lately asserted in his life of that great man (prefixed to the collected edition of his works: 1822) that "*The Liberty of Prophecy* is the first attempt on record to conciliate the minds of Christians to the reception of a doctrine which was then by every sect alike regarded as a perilous and portentous novelty" (p. xxvii.): and again (at p. ccxi.) his lordship calls it "the first work perhaps, since the earliest days of Christianity, to teach the art of differing harmlessly." Now, in the place where this assertion is made,—i.e., in the life of Jeremy Taylor—perhaps it is virtually a just assertion: for it cannot affect the claims of Jeremy Taylor that he was anticipated by authors whom in all probability he never read: no doubt he owed the doctrine to his own comprehensive intellect and the Christian magnanimity of his nature. Yet, in a history of the doctrine itself, it should not be overlooked that the *Summum Bonum* preceded the *Liberty of Prophecy* by eighteen years.

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the island of Bensalem (New Atlantis), Nicolai supposed that the elder Free-masons had sought to realise; and that forty years afterwards they had changed the Baconian house of Solomon into the scriptural type of Solomon's Temple.—Whoever has read the *New Atlantis* of Bacon, and is otherwise acquainted with the relations in which this great man stood to the literature of his own times, will discover in this romance a gigantic sketch from the hand of a mighty scientific intellect, that had soared far above his age, and sometimes on the heights to which he had attained, indulged in a dream of what might be accomplished by a rich state under a wise governor for the advancement of the arts and sciences. This sketch, agreeably to the taste of his century, he delivered in the form of an allegory, and feigned an island of Bensalem, upon which a society, composed on his model, had existed for a thousand years under the name of Solomon's house; for the law-giver of this island, who was also the founder of the society, had been indebted to Solomon for his wisdom. The object of this society was the extension of physical science; on which account it was called the College of the Work of Six Days. Romance as all this was, it led to very beneficial results; for it occasioned in the end the establishment of the Royal Society of London, which for nearly two centuries has continued to merit immortal honour in the department of physics. Allegory, however, it contains none, except in its idea and name. The house of Solomon is neither more nor less than a great academy of learned men, authorised and supported by the state, and endowed with a liberality approaching to profusion for all purposes of experiment and research. Beneficence, education of the young, support of the sick, cosmopolitism, are not the objects of this institution. The society is divided into classes according to the different objects of their studies: but it has no higher and lower degrees. None but learned men can be members; not, as in the masonic societies, every decent workman who is *sui juris*. Only the exoteric knowledge of nature, not the esoteric, is pursued by the house of Solomon. The book of the Six Days is studied as a book that lies open before every man's eyes; by the Free-masons it was studied as a mystery which was to be illuminated by the light out of the East. Had the Free-masons designed to represent or to imitate the house of Solomon in their society, they would certainly have adopted the forms, constitution, costume, and attributes of that house as described by Bacon. They would have exerted themselves to produce or to procure a philosophical apparatus such as that house is represented as possessing; or would at least have delineated this apparatus upon their carpets by way of symbols. But nothing of all this was ever done. No mile-deep cellars, no mile-high towers, no lakes, marshes, or fountains, no botanic or kitchen-gardens, no modelling-houses, perspective-houses, collections of minerals and jewels, etc., were ever formed by them, either literal or figurative. Universally the eldest Free-masonry was indifferent with respect to all profane sciences and all exoteric knowledge of nature. Its business was with a secret wisdom in which learned and unlearned were alike capable of ini-

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tiation. And in fact the *exoterici*, at whose head Bacon stood, and who afterwards composed the Royal Society of London, were the antagonistic party of the Theosophists, Cabbalists, and Alchemists, at the head of whom stood Fludd, and from whom Free-masonry took its rise.*

II. That the object of the elder Free-masons and the origin of the master's degree had no connection with the restoration of Charles II.—

This is another of the hypotheses advanced by Nicolai, and not more happy than that which we have just examined. He postulates that the elder Free-masons pretended to no mystery; and the more so, because very soon after their first origin they were really engaged in a secret transaction, which made it in the highest degree necessary that their assemblies should wear no appearance of concealment, but should seem to be a plain and undisguised club of inquirers into natural philosophy. What was this secret transaction according to Mr. Nicolai? Nothing less than the restoration of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Charles II., to the throne of England. The members of the Masonic union, says he, were hostile to the parliament and to Cromwell, and friendly to the Royal family. After the death of Charles I. (1649) several people of rank united themselves with the Free-masons, because under this mask they could assemble and determine on their future measures. They found means to establish within this society a "secret conclave" which held meetings apart from the general meetings. This conclave adopted secret signs expressive of its grief for its murdered master, of its hope to revenge him on his murderers, and of its search for the lost word or logos (the son), and its design to re-establish him on his father's throne. As faithful adherents of the Royal family, whose head the Queen had now become, they called themselves *sons of the widow*. In this way a secret connection was established amongst all persons attached to the Royal family, as well in Great Britain and Ireland as in France and the Netherlands, which subsisted until after the death of Cromwell, and had the well-known issue for the royal cause. The analogies alleged by Nicolai between the historical events in the first period of Free-masonry and the symbols and myths of the masonic degree of master are certainly very extraordinary; and one might easily be led to suppose that the higher object of masonry had passed into a political object, and that the present master's degree was nothing more than a figurative memorial of this event. Meantime the weightiest historical reasons are so entirely opposed to this hypothesis, that it must evidently be pronounced a mere conceit of Mr. Nicolai's:—

1. *History mentions nothing at all of any participation of the Free-*

* There is besides in this hypothesis of Nicolai's a complete confusion of the end of the society with the persons composing it. The Free-masons wished to build the Temple of Solomon. But Lord Bacon's House of Solomon did not typify the *object* of his society: it was simply the *name* of it, and means no more than what is understood at present by an academy, *i.e.*, a circle of learned men united for a common purpose. It would be just as absurd to say of the Academicians of Berlin—not that they composed or formed an Academy—but that they proposed, as their secret object, to build one.

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masons in the transactions of those times. We have the most accurate and minute accounts of all the other political parties—the Presbyterians, the Independents, the Levellers, etc., etc. : but no historian of this period has so much as mentioned the Free-masons. Is it credible that a society, which is represented as the centre of the counter-revolutionary faction, should have escaped the jealous eye of Cromwell, who had brought the system of *espionage* to perfection, and who carried his vigilance so far as to seize the *Oceana* of Harrington at the press? He must have been well assured that Free-masonry was harmless ; or he would not have wanted means to destroy it with all its pretensions and mysteries. Moreover, it is a pure fancy of Nicolai's that the elder Free-masons were all favourably disposed to the royal cause. English clubs, I admit, are accustomed to harmonize in their political principles : but the society of Free-masons, whose true object abstracted from all politics, must have made an exception to this rule then, as certainly as they do now.

2. *The masonic degree of master, and indeed Free-masonry in general, is in direct contradiction to this hypothesis of Nicolai.* It must be granted to me by those who maintain this hypothesis that the order of the Free-masons had attained some consistence in 1646 (in which year Ashmole was admitted a member), consequently about three years before the execution of Charles I. It follows, therefore, upon this hypothesis, that it must have existed for some years without any ground or object of its existence. It pretended as yet to no mystery, according to Nicolai (though I have shown that at its very earliest formation it made such a pretension); it pursued neither science, art, nor trade : social pleasure was not its object : it “masoned” mysteriously with closed doors in its hall at London ; and no man can guess at *what* it “masoned.” It constituted a “mystery” (a guild)—with this contradiction *in adjecto*, that it consisted not of masters, journeymen, and apprentices ; for the master's degree, according to Nicolai, was first devised by the conclave after the execution of Charles I. Thus far the inconsistencies of this hypothesis are palpable : but in what follows it will appear that there are still more striking ones. For, if the master's degree arose first after the execution of Charles I. and symbolically imported vengeance on the murderers of their master and restoration of his son to the royal dignity, in that case during the two Protectorates, and for a long time after the abdication of Richard, the mythus connected with that degree might indeed have spoken of a murdered master, but not also (as it does) of a master risen again, living, and triumphant : for as yet matters had not been brought thus far. If to this it be replied that perhaps in fact the case was really so, and that the mythus of the restored master might have been added to that of the slain master after the restoration, there will still be this difficulty, that in the masonic mythus the two masters are one and the same person who is first slain and then restored to life ; yet Charles I. who was slain, did not arise again from the dead ; and Charles II., though he was restored to his throne, was yet never slain—and therefore could not even meta-

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phorically be said to rise again.* Suiting therefore to neither of these kings, the mythus of the masonic master's degree does not adapt itself to this part of history. Besides, as Herder has justly remarked, what a childish part would the Free-masons be playing *after* the restoration ! With this event their object was accomplished : to what purpose then any further mysteries ? The very ground of the mysteries had thus fallen away ; and, according to all analogy of experience, the mysteries themselves should have ceased at the same time.

But the Free-masons called themselves at that time *Sons of the Widow* (i.e., as it is alleged, of Henrietta Maria, the wife of the murdered king) ; and they were in search of the lost word (the Prince of Wales). This, it is argued, has too near an agreement with the history of that period to be altogether a fiction. I answer that we must not allow ourselves to be duped by specious resemblances. The elder Free-masons called themselves *Sons of the Widow*, because the working masons called and still call themselves by that name agreeably to their legend. In the 1st Book of Kings, vii. 13, are these words :—“ And King Solomon sent and fetched Hiram of Tyre, a widow's son of the tribe of Naphtali.” Hiram, therefore, the eldest mason of whom anything is known, was a widow's son. Hence therefore the masons of the seventeenth century, who were familiar with the Bible, styled themselves in memory of their founder *Sons of the Widow* ; and the Free-masons borrowed this designation from them as they did the rest of their external constitution. Moreover, the masonic expression *Sons of the Widow* has the closest connection with the building of Solomon's Temple.

Just as little did the Free-masons mean, by *the lost word* which they sought, the Prince of Wales. That great personage was not lost, so that there could be no occasion for seeking him. The Royal party knew as well where he was to be found as in our days the French Royalists have always known the residence of the emigrant Bourbons. The question was not—where to find him, but how to replace him on his throne. Besides, though a most majestic person in his political relations, a Prince of Wales makes no especial pretensions to sanctity of character : and familiar as scriptural allusions were in that age, I doubt whether he could have been denominated *the logos* or *word* without offence to the scrupulous austerity of that age in matters of religion. What was it then that the Free-masons really *did* mean by the lost word ? Manifestly the masonic mystery itself, the secret wisdom delivered to us under a figurative veil through Moses, Solomon, the prophets, the grand master Christ, and his confidential disciples.

* Begging Professor Buhle's pardon, he is wrong in this particular argument—though no doubt right in the main point he is urging against Nicolai : the mere passion of the case would very naturally express the identity of interest in any father and son by attributing identity to their persons, as though the father lived again and triumphed in the triumph of his son. But in the case of an English king, who never dies *quoad* his office, there is not only a pathos but a philosophic accuracy and fidelity to the constitutional doctrine in this way of symbolizing the story.

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Briefly they meant the lost word of God in the Cabbalistic sense; and therefore it was that long *after* the Restoration they continued to seek it, and are still seeking it to this day.

III. That Cromwell was not the founder of Free-masonry :—

As Nicolai has chosen to represent the elder Free-masons as zealous Royalists, so on the contrary others have thought fit to describe them as furious democrats. According to this fiction, Cromwell with some confidential friends (*e.g.* Ireton, Algernon Sidney, Neville, Martin Wildman, Harrington, etc.) founded the order in 1645—ostensibly, on the part of Cromwell, for the purpose of reconciling the contending parties in religion and politics, but really with a view to his own ambitious projects. To this statement I oppose the following arguments :

First, it contradicts the internal character and spirit of Free-masonry—which is free from all political tendency, and is wholly unintelligible on this hypothesis.

Secondly, though it is unquestionable that Cromwell established and supported many secret connections, yet the best English historians record nothing of any connection which he had with the Free-masons. *Divide et impera* was the Machiavellian maxim which Cromwell derived, not from Machiavel, but from his own native political sagacity ; and with such an object before him it is very little likely that he would have sought to connect himself with a society that aims at a general harmony amongst men.

Thirdly, how came it—if the order of Free-masons were the instrument of the Cromwellian revolution—that the royalists did not exert themselves after the restoration of Charles II. to suppress it ?

But the fact is that this origin of Free-masonry has been forged for the purpose of making it hateful and an object of suspicion to monarchial states. See for example “The Free-masons Annihilated, or Prosecution of the detected Order of Free-masons,” Frankfort and Leipzig, 1746. The first part of this work, which is a translation from the French, appeared under the title of “Free-masonry exposed,” etc., Leipz. 1745.

IV. That the Scotch degree, as it is called, did not arise from the intrigues for the restoration of Charles II. :—

I have no intention to enter upon the tangled web of the modern higher masonry ; though, from an impartial study of the historical documents, I could perhaps bring more light, order, and connection into this subject than at present it exhibits. Many personal considerations move me to let the curtain drop on the history of the modern higher masonry ; or at most to allow myself only a few general hints, which may be pursued by those amongst my readers who may be interested in such a research. One only of the higher masonic degrees—viz. the Scotch degree, which is the most familiarly known and is adopted by most lodges, I must notice more circumstantially—because, upon some statements which have been made, it might seem to have been connected with the elder Free-masonry. Nicolai's account of this matter is as follows :

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"After the death of Cromwell and the deposition of his son, the government of England fell into the hands of a violent but weak and disunited faction. In such hands, as every patriot saw, the government could not be durable; and the sole means for delivering the country was to restore the kingly authority. But in this there was the greatest difficulty; for the principal officers of the army in England, though otherwise in disagreement with each other, were yet unanimous in their hostility to the king. Under these circumstances the eyes of all parties were turned upon the English army in Scotland, at that time under the command of Monk, who was privately well affected to the royal cause; and the secret society of the king's friends in London, who placed all their hopes on him, saw the necessity in such a critical period of going warily and mysteriously to work. It strengthened their sense of this necessity—that one of their own members, Sir Richard Willis, became suspected of treachery; and therefore out of the bosom of their 'secret conclave' (the masonic master's degree) they resolved to form a still narrower conclave to whom the Scotch, *i.e.* the most secret, affairs should be confided. They chose new symbols adapted to their own extremely critical situation. These symbols imported that, in the business of this interior conclave, wisdom—obedience—courage—self-sacrifice—and moderation were necessary. Their motto was—*Wisdom above thee*. For greater security they altered their signs, and reminded each other in their tottering condition not to stumble and—*break the arm*."

I do not deny that there is much plausibility in this hypothesis of Nicolai's: but upon examination it will appear that it is all pure delusion without any basis of historical truth.

1. Its validity rests upon the previous assumption that the interpretation of the master's degree, as connected with the political interests of the Stuarts, between the death of Charles I. and the restoration of his son, is correct: it is therefore a *petitio principii*; and what is the value of the *principium*, we have already seen.

2. Of any participation on the part of a secret society of Free-masons in the counsels and expedition of Gen. Monk—history tells us absolutely nothing. Even Skinner preserves a profound silence on this head. Now, if the facts were so, to suppose that this accurate biographer should not have known it—is absurd: and, knowing it, that he should designedly suppress a fact so curious and so honourable to the Free-masons amongst the Royal party—is inexplicable.

3. Nicolai himself maintains, and even proves, that Monk was not himself a Free-mason. In what way then could the society gain any influence over his measures. My sagacious friend justly applauds the politic mistrust of Monk (who would not confide his intentions even to his own brother), his secrecy, and the mysterious wisdom of his conduct; and in the very same breath he describes him as surrendering himself to the guidance of a society with which he was not even connected as a member. How is all this to be reconciled?

Undoubtedly there existed at that time in London a secret party of Royalists—known in history under the name of the secret Conclave:

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but we are acquainted with its members, and there were but some few Free-masons amongst them.—Nicolai alleges the testimony of Ramsay—"that the restoration of Charles II. to the English throne was first concerted in a society of Free-masons, because Gen. Monk was a member of it." But in this assertion of Ramsay's there is at any rate one manifest untruth on Nicolai's own showing: for Monk, according to Nicolai, was not a Free-mason. The man, who begins by such an error in his premises, must naturally err in his conclusions.*

4. The Scotch degree, nay the very name of Scotch masonry, does not once come forward in the elder Free-masonry throughout the whole of the seventeenth century; as it must inevitably have done if it had borne any relation to the restoration of Charles II. Indeed it is doubtful whether the Scotch degree was known even in Scotland or in England before the third decennium of the eighteenth century.

But how then did this degree arise? What is its meaning and object? The answer to these questions does not belong to this place. It is enough on the present occasion to have shown how it did *not* arise, and what were *not* its meaning and object. I am here treating of the origin and history of the elder and legitimate masonry, not of an indecent pretender who crept at a later period into the order, and, by the side of the Lion—the Pelican—and the Dove, introduced the Ape and the Fox.

V. The Free-masons are not derived from the order of the Knights Templars:—

No hypothesis upon the origin and primitive tendency of the Free-masons has obtained more credit in modern times than this—That they were derived from the order of Knights Templars so cruelly persecuted and ruined under Pope Clement V. and Philip the Fair of France, and had no other secret purpose on their first appearance than the re-establishment of that injured order. So much influence has this opinion had in France that in the first half of the eighteenth century it led to the amalgamation of the external forms and ritual of the Templars with those of the Free-masons; and some of the higher degrees of French masonry have undoubtedly proceeded from this amalgamation.—In Germany it was Lessing, who if not first, yet chiefly, gave to the learned world an interest in this hypothesis by some allusions to it scattered through his masterly dialogues for Free-masons.

* Andrew Michael Ramsay was a Scotchman by birth, but lived chiefly in France, where he became a Catholic, and is well known as the author of "The Travels of Cyrus," and other works. His dissertation on the Free-masons contains the old legend that Free-masonry dated its origin from a guild of working masons, who resided during the crusades in the Holy Land for the purpose of rebuilding the Christian churches destroyed by the Saracens, and were afterwards summoned by a king of England to his own dominions. As tutor to the two sons of the Pretender, for whose use he wrote "The Travels of Cyrus," Ramsay is a distinguished person in the history of the later Free-masonry. Of all that part of its history, which lay half a century before his own time, he was however very ill-informed. On this he gives us nothing but the cant of the later English lodges, who had lost the kernel in the shell—the original essence and object of masonry in its form—as early as the beginning of the eighteenth century.

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With many it became a favourite hypothesis : for it assigned an honourable origin to the Masonic order, and flattered the vanity of its members. The Templars were one of the most celebrated knightly orders during the crusades : their whole Institution, Acts, and Tragical Fate, are attractive to the feelings and the fancy : how natural therefore it was that the modern masons should seize with enthusiasm upon the conjectures thrown out by Lessing. Some modern English writers have also adopted this mode of explaining the origin of Free-masonry ; not so much on the authority of any historical documents, as because they found in the French lodges degrees which had a manifest reference to the Templar institutions, and which they naturally attributed to the elder Free-masonry, being ignorant that they had been purposely introduced at a later period to serve an hypothesis : in fact, the French degrees had been originally derived from the hypothesis ; and now the hypothesis was in turn derived from the French degrees. If in all this there were any word of truth, it would follow that I had written this whole book of 418 pages to no purpose : and what a shocking thing would that be ! Knowing therefore the importance to myself of this question, it may be presumed that I have examined it not negligently—before I ventured to bring forward my own deduction of the Free-masons from the Rosicrucians. This is not the place for a full critique upon all the idle prattle about the Templars and the Free-masons : but an impartial review of the arguments for and against the Templar hypothesis may reasonably be demanded of me as a negative attestation of my own hypothesis. In doing this I must presume in my reader a general acquaintance with the constitution and history of the Templars, which it will be very easy for any one not already in possession of it to gain.

1. It is alleged that the masonic mystical allegory represented nothing else in its capital features than the persecution and overthrow of the Templars, especially the dreadful death of the innocent grand-master James Burg de Mollay. Some knights together with Aumont, it is said, made their escape in the dress of masons to Scotland ; and, for the sake of disguise, exercised the trade of masons. This was the reason that they adopted symbols from that trade ; and, to avoid detection, gave them the semblance of moral purposes. They called themselves *Franc Maçons* : as well in memory of the Templars who in Palestine were always called Francs by the Saracens, as with a view to distinguish themselves from the common working masons. The Temple of Solomon, which they professed to build, together with all the masonic attributes, pointed collectively to the grand purpose of the society—the restoration of the Templar order. At first the society was confined to the descendants of its founders : but within the last 150 years the Scotch masters have communicated their hereditary right to others in order to extend their own power ; and from this period, it is said, begins the *public* history of Free-masonry. See “The Use and Abuse of Free-masonry by Captain George Smith, Inspector of the Royal Military School at Woolwich, etc. etc., London. 1783.” See also, “Scotch Masonry compared with the three Vows of the Order,

and with the Mystery of the Knights Templars : from the French of Nicolas de Bonneville.”

Such is the legerd, which is afterwards supported by the general analogy between the ritual and external characteristics of both orders. The *three* degrees of masonry (the holy masonic number) are compared with the triple office of general amongst the Templars. The masonic dress is alleged to be copied from that of the Templars. The signs of Free-masonry are the same with those used in Palestine by the Templars. The rites of initiation, as practised on the admission of a novice, especially on admission to the master's degree, and the symbolic object of this very degree, are all connected with the persecution of the Templars, with the trial of the knights, and the execution of the grand-master. To this grand-master (*James Burg*) the letters I and B, which no longer mean Jachin and Boaz, are said to point. Even the holiest masonic name of Hiram has no other allusion than to the murdered grand-master of the Templars. With regard to these analogies in general, it may be sufficient to say that some of them are accidental—some very forced and far-sought—and some altogether fictitious. Thus for instance it is said that the name *Franc Maçon* was chosen in allusion to the connection of the Templars with Palestine. And thus we are required to believe that the eldest Free-masons of Great Britain styled themselves at first Frank Masons : as if this had any warrant from history : or, supposing even that it had, as if a name adopted on such a ground could ever have been dropped. The simple fact is—that the French were the people who first introduced the seeming allusion to Franks by translating the English name *Free-mason* into *Franc Maçon*; which they did because the word *libre* would not so easily blend into composition with the word *Maçon*. So also the late Mr. Von Born, having occasion to express the word Free-masons in Latin, rendered it *Franco-murarii*. Not to detain the reader, however, with a separate examination of each particular allegation, I will content myself with observing that the capital mythus of the masonic master's degree tallies but in one half with the execution of the grand-master of the Templars, or even of the Sub-Prior of Montfaucon (*Charles de Monte Carmel*). The grand-master was indeed murdered, as the grand-master of the Free-masons is described to have been ; but not, as the latter, by treacherous journeymen : moreover, the latter rose from the grave, still lives, and triumphs ; which will hardly be said of *James Burg de Mollay*. Two arguments, however, remain to be noticed, both out of respect to the literary eminence of those who have alleged them, and also because they seem intrinsically of some weight.

2. The English word *masonry*. This word, or (as it ought in that case to be written) the word *masonry*, is derived, according to Lessing, from the Anglo-Saxon word *massoney*—a secret commensal society ; which last word again comes from *mase*, a table. Such table societies and *compotuses* were very common amongst our forefathers—especially amongst the princes and knights of the middle ages ; the weightiest affairs were there transacted, and peculiar buildings were

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appropriated to their use. In particular, the *massonies* of the Knights Templars were highly celebrated in the thirteenth century. One of them was still subsisting in London at the end of the 17th century—at which period, according to Lessing, the public history of the Freemasons first commences. This society had its house of meeting near St. Paul's Cathedral, which was then rebuilding. Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, was one of its members. For thirty years, during the building of the cathedral, he continued to frequent it. From this circumstance the people, who had forgotten the true meaning of the word *massoney*, took it for a society of architects with whom Sir Christopher consulted on any difficulties which arose in the progress of the work. This mistake Wren turned to account. He had formerly assisted in planning a society which should make speculative truths more useful for purposes of common life. The very converse of this idea now occurred to him—viz., the idea of a society which should raise itself from the praxis of civil life to speculation. "In the former," thought he, "would be examined all that was useful amongst the true; in this, all that is true amongst the useful. How if I should make some principles of the *masonry* exoteric? How if I should disguise that which cannot be made exoteric under the hieroglyphics and symbols of *masonry*, as the people pronounce the word; and extend this masonry into a Free-masonry, in which all may take a share?" In this way, according to Lessing, did Wren scheme; and in this way did Free-masonry arise. Afterwards, however, from a conversation which he had with Nicolai, it appears that Lessing had thus far changed his first opinion (as given in the *Ernst und Falk*) that he no longer supposed Sir Christopher simply to have modified a *massoney*, or society of Knights Templars, which had subsisted secretly for many centuries, and to have translated their doctrines into an exoteric shape, but rather to have himself first established such a *massoney*—upon some basis of analogy, however, with the elder *massoneys*.

To an attentive examiner of this conjecture of Lessing's, it will appear that it rests entirely upon the presumed identity of meaning between the word *massoney* and the word *masonry* (or masonry as it afterwards became, according to the allegation, through a popular mistake of the meaning). But the very meaning and etymology ascribed to *massoney* (viz., a secret club or *compotus*, from *mase*, a table) are open to much doubt. Nicolai, a friend of Lessing's, professes as little to know any authority for such an explanation as myself, and is disposed to derive the word *massoney* from *massonya*, which in the Latin of the middle ages meant first a club (*clava*, in French *massue*); secondly, a key (*clavis*), and a secret society (a club). For my part I think both the etymologies false. *Massoney* is doubtless originally the same word with *maison* and *magione*; and the primitive etymon of all three words is clearly the Latin word *mansio*, in the sense of the middle ages. It means simply a residence or place of abode, and was naturally applied to the dwelling-house of the Templars. Their meetings were held *in mansione Templariorum*, i.e. in the massoney of the Templars. On the suppression of the

order, their buildings still remained, and preserved the names of temples, templar mansions, etc., just as at this day we find many *convents* in Hanover, though they are no longer occupied by monks or nuns; and in Italy there are even yet churches to be found which are denominated *de la Mason*, which Paciaudi properly explains by *della Magione*—these churches having been attached to the dwellings of the Knights Templars. It is therefore very possible that a Templar *Massoney* may have subsisted in London, in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's church, up to the end of the seventeenth century. Some notice of such a fact Lessing perhaps stumbled on in the course of his reading. He mistook the building for a secret society of Templars that still retained a traditional knowledge of the principles peculiar to the ancient order of Knights Templars; next he found that Sir Christopher Wren had been a frequenter of this *massoney*. He therefore was a Knight Templar, but he was also an architect; and by him the Templar doctrines had been moulded into a symbolic conformity with his own art, and had been fitted for diffusion among the people. Such is the way in which a learned hypothesis arises; and on this particular hypothesis may be pronounced what Lessing said of many an older one—Dust! and nothing but dust! In conclusion, I may add what Nicolai has already observed, that Lessing was wholly misinformed as to the history and chronology of Free-masonry. So far from arising out of the ashes of the Templar traditions at the end of the seventeenth century, we have seen that it was fully matured in the forty-sixth year of that century, and therefore long before the rebuilding of St. Paul's. In fact, Sir Christopher Wren was himself elected Deputy Grand-master of the Free-masons in 1666: and in less than twenty years after (*viz.* in 1685) he became Grand-master.

3. *Baphomet*.—But, says Mr. Nicolai, the Templars had a secret, and the Free-masons have a secret; and the secrets agree in this, that no uninitiated person has succeeded in discovering either. Does not this imply some connection originally between the two orders; more especially if it can be shown that the two secrets are identical? Sorry I am, my venerable friend, to answer—No. Sorry I am, in your old days, to be under the necessity of knocking on the head a darling hypothesis of yours, which has cost you, I doubt not, much labour of study and research—much thought—and, I fear also, many many pounds of candles. But it is my duty to do so; and indeed, considering Mr. Nicolai's old age and his great merits in regard to German literature, it would be my duty to show him no mercy, but to lash him with the utmost severity for his rotten hypothesis—if my time would allow it. But to come to business. The Templars, says old Nicolai, had a secret. They had so; but what was it? According to Nicolai it consisted in the denial of the Trinity, and in a scheme of natural religion opposed to the dominant Popish Catholicism. Hence it was that the Templars sought to make themselves independent of the other Catholic clergy; the novices were required to abjure the divinity of Christ, and even to spit upon a crucifix and trample it under foot. Their Anti-Trinitarianism Mr. Nicolai ascribes to their connection

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with the Saracens, who always made the doctrine of the Trinity a matter of reproach to the Franks. He supposes that, during periods of truce in captivity, many Templars had, by communication with learned Mohammedans, become enlightened to the errors and the tyranny of Popery; but at the same time strengthening their convictions of the falsehood of Mahometanism, they had retained nothing of their religious doctrines but Monotheism. These heterodoxies, however, under the existing power of the hierarchy and the universal superstition then prevalent, they had the strongest reasons for communicating to none but those who were admitted into the highest degree of their order—and to them only symbolically. From these data, which may be received as tolerably probable and conformable to the depositions of the witnesses on the trial of the Templars, old Mr. Nicolai flatters himself that he can unriddle the mystery of mysteries—viz., Baphomet (Baffomet, Baphemet, or Baffometus); which was the main symbol of the Knights Templars in the highest degrees. This Baphomet was a figure representing a human bust, but sometimes of monstrous and caricature appearance, which symbolized the highest object of the Templars; and therefore upon the meaning of Baphomet hinges the explanation of the great Templar mystery.

First then Mr. Nicolai tells us what Baphomet was *not*. It was not Mohammed. According to the genius of the Arabic language out of Mohammed might be made Mahomet or Bahomet, but not Baphomet. In some Latin historians about the period of the Crusades, Bahomet is certainly used for Mahomet, and in one writer perhaps Baphomet (viz., in the *Epistola Anselmi de Ribodimonte ad Manassem Archiepiscopum Remensem*, of the year 1099, in Dachery's *Spicilegium*, Tom. ii. p. 431.—“Sequenti die aurorâ apparente altis vocibus *Baphomet* invocaverunt; et nos Deum nostrum in cordibus nostris deprecantes impetum fecimus in eos, et de muris civitatis omnes expulimus.” Nicolai, supposing that the cry of the Saracens was in this case addressed to their own prophet, concludes that *Baphomet* is an error of the press for *Bahomet*, and that this is put for *Mahomet*. But it is possible that *Baphomet* may be the true reading: for it may not have been used in devotion for Mahomet, but scoffingly as the known watch-word of the Templars). But it contradicts the whole history of the Templars—to suppose that they had introduced into their order the worship of an image of Mahomet. In fact, from all the records of their trial and persecution, it results that no such charge was brought against them by their enemies. And moreover, Mahometanism itself rejects all worship of images.

Secondly, not being Mahomet, what *was* it? It was, says Mr. Nicolai, *Βαφη μνρς*, *i.e.*, as he interprets it, the word *Baphomet* meant the *baptism of wisdom*; and the image so called represented God the universal father, *i.e.*, expressed the *unity* of the divine being. By using this sign therefore under this name, which partook much of a Gnostic and Cabbalistic spirit, the Templars indicated their dedication to the truths of natural religion.

ROSICRUCIANS AND FREE-MASONS.

Now, in answer to this learned conceit of Mr. Nicolai's, I would wish to ask him—

First, in an age so barbarous as that of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when not to be able to read or write was no disgrace, how came a body of rude warriors like the Templars to descend into the depths of Gnosticism?

Secondly, if by the image called Baphomet they meant to represent the unity of God, how came they to designate it by a name which expresses no attribute of the deity, but simply a mystical ceremony amongst themselves (viz., the baptism of wisdom)?

Thirdly, I will put a home question to Mr. Nicolai; and let him parry it if he can: How many heads had Baphomet? His own conscience will reply—Two. Indeed, a whole length of Baphomet is recorded which had also four feet; but, supposing these to be disputed, Mr. Nicolai can never dispute away the two heads. Now what sort of a symbol would a two-headed image have been for the expression of unity of being? Answer me that, Mr. Nicolai. Surely the rudest skulls of the twelfth century could have expressed their meaning better.

Having thus upset my learned brother's hypothesis, I now come forward with my own. Through the illumination which some of the Templars gained in the East as to the relations in which they stood to the Pope and Romish church, but still more perhaps from the suggestions of their own great power and wealth opposed to so rapacious and potent a supremacy, there gradually arose a separate Templar interest no less hostile to the Pope and clergy of Rome than to Mahomet. To this separate interest they adapted an appropriate scheme of theology; but neither the one nor the other could be communicated with safety except to their own superior members: and thus it became a mystery of the order. Now this mystery was symbolically expressed by a two-headed figure of *Baphomet*: i.e., of the Pope and Mahomet together. So long as the Templars continued orthodox, the watchword of their undivided hostility was *Mahomet*: but, as soon as the Pope became an object of jealousy and hatred to them, they devised a new watchword which should covertly express their double-headed enmity by intertwisting the name of the Pope with that of Mahomet.* This they effected by cutting off the two first letters of *Mahomet*, and substituting *Bap* or *Pap*—the first syllable of *Papa*. Thus arose the compound word Baphomet; and hence it was that the image of Baphomet was figured with two heads, and was otherwise monstrous in appearance. When a Templar was initiated into the highest degree of the order, he was shown this image of Baphomet, and received a girdle with certain ceremonies which referred to that figure. At sight of this figure in the general chapters of the order, the

* Those who are acquainted with the German Protestant writers about the epoch of the Reformation, will remember the many fanciful combinations extracted from the names Pabst (Pope) and Mahomet by all manner of dislocations and inversions of their component letters.

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knights expressed their independence of the church and the church creed, by testifying their abhorrence of the crucifix, and by worshipping the sole God of heaven and earth. Hence they called a newly initiated member a "friend of God, who could now speak with God if he chose," *i.e.*, without the intermediation of the Pope and the church. Upon this explanation of Baphomet, it becomes sufficiently plain why the secret was looked upon as so inviolable that even upon the rack it could not be extorted from them. By such a confession the order would have exposed itself to a still more cruel persecution, and a more inevitable destruction. On the other hand, upon Mr. Nicolai's explanation, it is difficult to conceive why, under such extremities, the accused should not have confessed the truth. In all probability the court of Rome had good information of the secret tendency of the Templar doctrines; and hence no doubt it was Pope Clement V. proceeded so furiously against them.

Now then I come to my conclusion, which is this: If the Knights Templars had no other secret than one relating to a *political* interest which placed them in opposition to the Pope and the claims of the Roman Catholic clergy on the one hand, and to Mahomet on the other—then it is impossible that there can have been any affinity or resemblance whatsoever between them and the Free-masons; for the Free-masons have never in any age troubled themselves about either Mahomet or the Pope. Popery* and Mahometanism are alike indifferent to the Free-masons, and always have been. And in general the object of the Free-masons is not political. Finally, it is in the highest degree probable that the secret of the Knights Templars perished with their order: for it is making too heavy a demand on our credulity—to suppose that a secret society never once coming within the light of history can have propagated itself through a period of four centuries—*i.e.*, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, in which century it has been shown that Free-masonry first arose.

KANT ON NATIONAL CHARACTER,

IN RELATION TO

THE SENSE OF THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

"MY purpose," says Kant, "is not to portray the characters of different nations in detail: I sketch only a few features, which may express the feeling, in those characters, for the Sublime and the Beautiful. In such a portraiture it is evident that only a tolerable

* In rejecting Roman Catholic candidates for admission into their order—the reader must remember that the Free-masons objected to them not as Roman Catholics, but as persons of intolerant principles.—*Translator.*

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accuracy can be demanded; that the prototypes of the features selected are prominent only in the great crowd of those that make pretensions to refined feelings; and that no nation is entirely wanting in minds which unite the best qualities of both feelings. Any blame, therefore, which may touch the character of a nation in the course of these strictures ought not to offend any one—the blame being of such a nature that every man may toss off the ball to his neighbour. Whether these national distinctions are contingently dependent on the colour of the times and the quality of the government, or are bound to the climate by a certain necessity, I do not here inquire.”

Among the nations of our quarter of the globe, the Italians and the French are in my opinion those who are most distinguished for the sense of the Beautiful—the Germans, the English, and the Spaniards for the sense of the Sublime. Holland may be set down as a country in which neither feeling is very observable. The Beautiful is either fascinating and affecting, or gay and enlivening. The first contains something of the Sublime; and the mind, whilst under the influence of this class of beauty, is meditative and enraptured; but under the influence of the other, laughing and joyous. The first kind of beauty seems to be most congenial to the Italian taste; the second to the French. The Sublime, where it is expressed by the national character, takes either a more terrific character, which verges a little to the Adventurous and Romantic; or secondly, it is a feeling for the Noble; or thirdly, for the Magnificent. Upon certain grounds I feel warranted in ascribing the first style of feeling to the Spaniard, the second to the Englishman, and the third to the German. The feeling for the Magnificent is not natively so original as the rest: and, although a spirit of imitation may easily be connected with any other feeling, yet it is more peculiarly connected with the glittering Sublime: for this is a mixed feeling, composed of the sense for the Beautiful and the Sublime, in which each considered separately is colder—and the mind more at leisure to attend to examples, and stands more in need of examples to excite and support it. The German, therefore, has less feeling for the Beautiful than the Frenchman, and less for the Sublime than the Englishman: but in those cases where it is necessary that both should appear united, the result will be more congenial to his mind; and he will also more readily avoid those errors into which an extravagant degree of either feeling exclusively is apt to fall. The taste which I have attributed to different nations is confirmed by the choice which they severally make amongst the arts and sciences. The Italian genius has distinguished itself especially in Music, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. All these fine arts meet with an equally*

* To the judicious reader it need not be said how strikingly in opposition to facts is Kant's judgment on the French taste in the Fine Arts. What the French poetry is most men know: the French music is the jest of Europe: and, if we except the single name of Poussin, there is no other in any of the Fine Arts which can impress any ear with much reverence.

refined culture in France, although their beauty is here less touching. Taste, in reference to the poetic or rhetoric ideal, tends in France more to the Beautiful, in England more to the Sublime. Elegant playfulness, comedy, laughing satire, amorous trifling, and the light, cursory, and fugitive style of writing, are in France native and original. In England, on the contrary, the natural product of the national mind are thoughts of profound meaning, tragedy, epic poetry, and generally the massy gold of wit, which under the French hammer is beat out to thin leaves of greater surface. In Germany the fine thinking of the nation even yet gleams through a covering of false tinsel. Formerly this reproach existed to a shocking degree; but latterly, by better models, and the good sense of the people, the national style has been raised to a character of higher grace and nobility; but the grace has less naiveté than it has amongst the French, and the nobility not so firm and confident a movement as it has amongst the English. The tendency of the Dutch taste to a painful elaborateness of arrangement and to a prettiness, which is apt to settle into heaviness and distraction, does not allow us to presume much sensibility for the artless and freer movements of the genius, the products of which are only disfigured by too anxious a fear of faults. To all the arts and sciences nothing can be more hostile than the romantic or barbaresque taste; for this distorts nature itself, which is the universal prototype of the noble and the beautiful: and hence it is that the Spanish nation has shown little feeling for the fine arts or the sciences.

The national mind is in any case best expounded by the direction of its moral feelings: I shall therefore next consider the feelings of different nations in relation to the Sublime and Beautiful from this point of view. The *Spaniard* is serious, reserved, and punctiliously faithful to his word. There are few more upright merchants in the world than the Spanish. The Spaniard has a proud soul, and more sympathy with grandeur in actions than with those qualities of action which come more under the title of the Beautiful. Not much of benignity or gentleness is to be found in his composition; and hence he is often harsh and even cruel. The *auto da fe* keeps its ground in Spain not so much through superstition as through the national passion for a barbaresque grandeur, which is affected by the solemnities of a dreadful procession, in the course of which the *San Benito*, painted over with devilish forms, is delivered up to the flames which a hideous bigotry has lit. It cannot be so properly said that the Spaniard is prouder or more amorous than those of other nations, as that he displays both passions in a more barbaresque manner. To leave the plow standing still, and to strut about in a long sword and cloak until the traveller is past; or in a bull-fight, where the beauties of the land are for once seen unveiled, to proclaim the lady of his affections by a special salute—and then to seek to do honour to this lady by precipitating himself into a dangerous contest with a savage animal, are strange acts, and far remote from nature. The *Italian* seems to have a mixed temperament, composed partly of the French and partly of the Spanish: he has more sensibility to the Beautiful than the Spaniard, and to the

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Sublime than the Frenchman : and by this clue, I am of opinion that the other features of his moral character may be explained. The *Frenchman*, in regard to all moral feelings, has a domineering sense of the Beautiful. He has a fine address, is courteous and obliging. He readily assumes a confidential tone ; is playful and unconstrained in conversation ; and he only who has the polite feelings of a Frenchman, can enter into the full meaning of the expression—*a man or a lady of good tone*. Even the sublimer feelings of a Frenchman—and he has many such—are subordinated to his sense of the Beautiful, and derive their strength from their fusion with these. He is passionately fond of wit, and will make no scruple of sacrificing a little truth to a happy conceit. On the other hand, where there is no opportunity for wit, a Frenchman displays a spirit of as radical and profound investigation as men of any nation whatever : for instance, in mathematics, and in the other profound and austere sciences. In the metaphysics, however, the ethics, and the theology of this nation, it is impossible to be too much upon one's guard. A delusive glitter commonly prevails in such works, which cannot stand the test of sober examination. A Frenchman loves the audacious in all his opinions : but he, who would arrive at the truth, had need to be—not audacious, but cautious. French history tends naturally to memoirs and anecdotes, in which there is no improvement to desire but that they were—true. A *bon-mot* has not that fugitive value in France which it has elsewhere ; it is eagerly propagated, and treasured up in books, as if it were the weightiest of events. The Frenchman is a peaceable citizen, and revenges himself for any oppressive acts of the * Farmers-General by satires or by parliamentary remonstrances—which, having fulfilled their purposes by shedding a patriotic *eclat* over the fathers of the people, are dismissed to be celebrated by the poets. The great object to which the meritorious qualities and national capacities of this people are mainly referred, is the female sex. Not that woman is in France more loved or esteemed than elsewhere, but because it is woman that furnishes the occasion for exhibiting in the best attitude the darling talents of wit, good breeding, and polished manners ; in fact, a vain person loves in either sex nobody but himself ; all other persons are simply the engines by which he makes the most favourable display of his own advantages. As the French are not wanting in noble qualities, which, however, can be animated and excited only by the feeling of the beautiful—it is evident that the fair sex would have it in its power to animate the men to noble actions beyond what is seen in any other part of the world, if there were any disposition to favour this direction of the national temper. Pity that the lilies do not spin !—The fault, to which the character of this nation most verges, is the tendency to trifling, or (to express it by a more courteous expression) to levity. Matters of weight are treated as jests ; and trifles serve for the most serious occupation of the faculties. In old

* The reader must remember that this essay was written as early as 1764.

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age the Frenchman is still singing songs of pleasure, and to the best of his power is still gallant to the women. In speaking thus, I have high authorities to warrant me from amongst the French themselves; and I shall shelter myself from any displeasure which I might else incur by pleading the sanction of a Montesquieu and a D'Alembert. The *Englishman*, at the commencement of every acquaintance, is cold and reserved; and towards all strangers is indifferent. He has little inclination to show any complaisance or obligingness in trifles; on the other hand, where he feels sincere friendship, he is disposed to express it by important services. He gives himself very little trouble to display wit in conversation, or to recommend himself by any politeness of manner: on the other hand, his demeanour expresses high good sense and sobriety of mind. The Englishman is bad at imitation; he asks little about other people's opinions, and follows nothing but his own taste and humour. In relation to women he does not manifest the French spirit of courtly homage, but nevertheless testifies far more of sincere respect for them; indeed he pushes this too far, and in the married state usually allows his wife an unlimited influence. He is firm, at times even to obstinacy; bold, and resolute even to rashness; and he acts in general upon principle in a degree amounting almost to obduracy. He is prone to fall into eccentricity of habits or opinions, not from vanity—but because he has a slight regard for what others say or think, and because he is not forward to put any force on his own inclinations out of complaisance or out of imitation: on this account he is rarely so much beloved as the Frenchman; but when he is once known, much more respected. The *German* has a mixed temper, composed of the English and French, but partaking much more of the first; and, whenever a German discovers a closer resemblance to the Frenchman, it is undoubtedly an artificial or mimical resemblance. He has a happy equilibrium of sensibility to the Sublime and the Beautiful: and if he does not rival the Englishman in the first nor the Frenchman in the second, yet he surpasses either separately in so far as he combines them both. He discovers more urbanity in social intercourse than the Englishman; and if he does not bring into company so much wit and agreeable vivacity as the Frenchman, he manifests more modesty and good sense. In love, as in every other direction of taste, he is tolerably methodic; and, because he combines the sense of the Beautiful with the sense of the Sublime, he is cold enough, in contemplating either separately, to keep his head free for considerations of decorum, of pomp, and show. Hence it is that, in his civil relations no less than in love, family—rank—and titles, are matters of supreme importance. He inquires far more earnestly than either the Frenchman or the Englishman—what people will think of him: and, if there is any one feature of his character which calls aloud for a capital improvement, it is this very weakness—which is the cause that he shrinks with timidity from the hardness of originality even when he has all the talents for it; and, through this over-anxiety about the opinions of others, his moral qualities lose all ground of stability, and become fickle as the weather,

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hollow, and artificial. The *Dutchman* is of a regular and painstaking temper; and, looking only to the useful, he has little sensibility to that which in a finer sense is either Beautiful or Sublime. A great man is equivalent in his vocabulary to a rich man; by a friend he means a correspondent; and a visit is exceedingly tedious to him, unless it returns some nett profit. He is the ideal contrast to the Frenchman as well as to the Englishman; and may be briefly described as a phlegmatic German.

If we make an attempt to apply these thoughts to any particular case,—as for instance to the feeling for honour and distinction,—the following national differences discover themselves. The sensibility to honour is, in the Frenchman vanity; in the Spaniard arrogance; in the Englishman pride; in the German haughtiness; and in the Dutchman (*sit venia verbo!*) pomposity. These expressions may seem at first sight to be equipollent; but they denote very remarkable differences. Vanity courts approbation, is inconstant and changeable, but its outward demeanour is courteous. The arrogant man is bloated with a false and pleasurable conceit of himself, which he takes little trouble to support by the approbation of others; his deportment is stiff and unbending. Pride is, strictly speaking, nothing more than a greater consciousness of one's own merits; and this consciousness may often be very justly founded; whence it is that we talk of a "noble pride;" but we can never attribute to a man a noble arrogance, because this always indicates an ill-founded and exaggerated self-estimation: the deportment of the proud man towards others is cold and expressive of indifference. The haughty man is a proud man, that is at the same time a vain one.* The approbation, however, which he solicits from others, must be shown in testimonies of respect. Therefore it is that he would willingly glitter with titles—genealogies and external pageantry. The German beyond all other people is infected with this infirmity. The words 'Gracious,' 'High-born,' 'Well-born,' and the rest of that bombastic diction, make the German language stiff and unwieldy—and stand in the way of that beautiful simplicity which other nations have been able to communicate to their style. The characteristic of the haughty man's demeanour in company is—ceremoniousness. The pompous man is he who expresses his self-conceit by clear marks of contempt for others. The characteristic of his behaviour is coarseness. This wretched temper is of all the furthest removed from polished taste, because obviously and unequivocally stupid: for assuredly it is no rational means of gratifying the passion for honour—to challenge everybody about one by undisguised contempt to hatred and caustic ridicule.

Religion, in our quarter of the globe, is not the offspring of

* It is by no means necessary that a haughty man should be at the same time an arrogant man—*i.e.*, should make an exaggerated and fanciful estimate of his advantages: it is possible that he may value himself at no higher rate than his just worth. His error lies in a false taste which presides over his manner of giving expression and importance to his claims externally.

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taste—but has a more venerable derivation. Hence it is only the aberrations of men in religion, and that which may be regarded as strictly of human origin, which can furnish any means of determining the differences of national characters. These aberrations I arrange under the following classes—credulity, superstition, fanaticism, and indifference. *Credulity* is, for the most part, the characteristic of the uninformed part of every nation, although they have no remarkable fineness of feelings. Their convictions depend merely upon hearsay and upon plausible appearances; and with the impulses to these convictions no refinement of feeling is blended. Illustrations of this must be sought for amongst the nations of the north. The credulous man, when his taste is at all barbaresque, becomes superstitious. Nay, this taste is of itself a ground of credulity; and if we suppose the case of two men, one of them infected with this taste, and the other of a colder and less passionate frame of mind,—the * first, even though he should possess a much more powerful understanding, will nevertheless be sooner seduced by his predominant feeling to believe anything unnatural than the other—whom not his discernment but his common-place and phlegmatic feelings have preserved from this aberration of the judgment. The superstitious man places between himself and the supreme object of his adoration certain mighty and marvellous men—giants, if I may so express myself, of religion—whom nature obeys, whose adjuring voice opens and shuts the iron gates of Tartarus, and who, whilst with their heads they reach the heavens, plant their feet upon the earth. Intellectual culture will on this account have great obstacles to overcome in Spain; not so much from the ignorance with which it has to contend, as because it is thwarted by a perverted taste which never feels itself in a state of elevated emotion unless where its object is barbaresque. *Fanaticism* is a sort of devout temerity, and is occasioned by a peculiar pride and an excess of self-confidence—with the view of stepping nearer to the divine nature, and raising itself above the ordinary and proscribed course of things. The fanatic talks of nothing but immediate revelations, and of direct intuitions; whereas the superstitious man spreads before these great images a veil of wonder-working saints, and rests his whole confidence upon the imaginary and inimitable perfections of other persons participating a common nature with himself. I have before remarked that the intellectual aberrations carry signs along with them of the national character of feeling; and hence it is that fanaticism has been chiefly found (formerly at least) in

* By the way, it has been noticed as a singular fact that so wise a nation as the English are notwithstanding easily moved to put faith in any marvellous and absurd statement which is boldly advanced; and many examples of this are on record. But a bold style of intellect like the English, previously trained by an extensive experience in which many inexplicable difficulties occur to a meditative mind, bursts more vigorously through all the little jealous considerations and scruples by which a weak and mistrustful intellect is checked and fettered in its assents; and thus the inferior mind, without any merit of its own, is sometimes preserved from error.—*Note of Kant's.*

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Germany and in England, and is to be regarded as an unnatural product of the noble feeling which belongs to the characters of these two nations. And let it be observed that fanaticism is not by many degrees so injurious as superstition, although at first it is more outrageous; for the fervours of a fanatical mind cool and effervesce by degrees, and agreeably to the general analogies of nature must at length subside to the ordinary level of temperature: whereas superstition roots itself continually deeper and deeper in a quiet and passive frame of mind, and robs the fettered being of all the confidence requisite for ever liberating itself from a pestilent delusion. Finally, the vain and frivolous man is always without any powerful feeling for the Sublime: his religion, therefore, is unimpassioned and generally an affair of fashion which he goes through with the utmost good-breeding and entire cold-heartedness. This is practical *indifference*, to which the French national mind seems to be the most inclined: from this to the profanest mockery of religion there is but one step: and, to say the truth, estimated by its inner value—indifference seems but trivially preferable to the entire rejection of religion.

If we throw a hasty glance over the other quarters of the world, we find the Arabs—the noblest people of the East, but of a temperament in respect to taste which tends much to the barbaresque and the unnaturally romantic. The Arab is hospitable, magnanimous, and observant of his word; but his fictions, and his history, and his whole feelings are veined and coloured with the marvellous. His inflamed imagination presents objects in unnatural and distorted images; and even the propagation of his religion was a great romance. If the Arabs are as it were the Asiatic Spaniards, the *Persians* are the Asiatic Frenchmen. They are good poets, courteous, and of tolerably refined taste. They are not rigorous followers of Islam; and they allow to their own voluptuous tendencies a pretty latitudinarian interpretation of the Koran. The *Japanese* may be regarded partially as the Englishman of the Oriental world; but hardly for any other qualities than their firmness, which degenerates into obstinacy, their courage, and their contempt of death. In all other respects they show few marks of the grand English style of mind. The nations of *India* discover a domineering taste for fooleries of that class which run into the barbaresque. Their religion is made up of fooleries. Idols of hideous forms—the invaluable tooth of the mighty ape Hanumann, the unnatural penances of the Fakir (the mendicant friar of Paganism), are all in this taste. The self-immolations of women, on the same funeral pile which consumes the corpses of their husbands, are abominable instances of the barbaresque. What senseless fooleries are involved in the prolix and elaborate compliments of the Chinese! Even their paintings are senseless, and exhibit marvellous forms that are nowhere to be seen in nature. They have, also, more than any people on earth besides, traditional fooleries that are consecrated by ancient usage; such, for instance, as the ceremony still retained at Peking, during an eclipse of the sun or the moon, of driving away the dragon that is attempting to swallow up those

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heavenly bodies—a ceremony derived from the elder ages of grossest ignorance, and still retained in defiance of better information.

The negroes of Africa have from nature no feeling which transcends the childish level. Mr. Hume challenges any man to allege a single case in which a negro has shown the least talent; and maintains that, out of all the hundreds of thousands of Blacks who have been transported from their native homes to other countries, not one (though many* have been manumitted) has been found that has ever performed anything great either in art, science, or any other creditable path of exertion; whereas among the Whites many are continually rising to distinction from the lowest classes of the people: so radical is the difference between these two races of men—a difference which seems to be not less in regard to the intellectual faculties than in regard to colour. The religion which is so widely diffused amongst them—viz., the Fetich, is probably that form of idolatry which descends as profoundly into imbecile folly as human nature can tolerate. A bird's feather, a cow's horn, a cockle-shell, or any other trifle, is no sooner consecrated by a few words than it becomes an object of adoration, and of abjuration in the taking of oaths. The Blacks are very vain, but after a negro fashion; and so talkative that it is necessary to cudgel them asunder.

Amongst all savages there are no tribes which discover so elevated a character as those of North America. They have a strong passion for honour; and whilst in chase of it, they pursue wild adventures for hundreds of miles; they are exceedingly cautious to avoid the slightest violations of it when an enemy as stern as themselves, having succeeded in making them prisoners, endeavours to extort from their agonies sighs of weakness and of fear. The Canadian savage is veracious and upright. The friendship which he contracts is as romantic and as enthusiastic as anything which has descended to us from the fabulous times of antiquity. He is proud in excess, is sensible of the whole value of freedom, and even through the period of education he brooks no treatment which could subject him to a degrading submission. Lycurgus in all probability gave laws to just such savages; and if a great lawgiver were to arise amongst the Six Nations, the world would behold a Spartan republic arise amongst the savages of the new world; as in fact the voyage of the Argonauts is not very dissimilar to the military expeditions of the Indians; and Jason has little advantage of Attakakullakulla except in the honour of a Grecian name. All these savages have little sensibility to the Beautiful in a moral sense; and the magnanimous forgiveness of an injury, which is at the same time noble and beautiful, is wholly unknown to savages as a virtue, and despised as a miserable weak-

* *How many, Mr. Professor Kant? And at what age? Be this as it may, common sense demands that we should receive evidence to the intellectual pretensions of the Blacks from the unprejudiced judges who have lived amongst them, not from those who are absurd enough to look for proofs of negro talent in the shape of books.*

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ness. Courage is the supreme merit of the savage; and Revenge his sweetest pleasure. The other natives of this quarter of the globe show few traces of a temperament open to the finer impressions of sentiment; and indeed the general characteristic of this division of mankind is an extraordinary defect of sensibility.

If we examine the state of the sexual relations in these various regions of the earth, we find that the European only has discovered the secret of adorning the sensual attractions of a mighty passion with so many flowers, and of interweaving it with so much of moral feeling, that he has not only exalted its fascinations, but has also brought it entirely within the limits of social decorum. The Orientalist is, in this point, of very false taste. Having no idea of the morally Beautiful that may be connected with this instinct, he forfeits even the better part of the mere sensual pleasure; and his Harem becomes to him a perpetual source of inquietude. Woman on her part, degraded to the level of the mere instrument and means of sensual pleasures, loses all her dignity—and consequently her personal rights. Whether as an unmarried virgin, or as the wife of a jealous and intractable brute, she is in the East eternally a prisoner. Amongst the Blacks, what can a man look for better than what in fact is everywhere found—that is to say, the whole female sex in a state of the profoundest slavery? A faint-hearted man is always a severe master to his weaker dependants; just as with us, that man is sure to play the tyrant in his own kitchen who has hardly courage enough to look anybody in the face when he steps out of doors. Père Labat indeed tells us—that a negro gentleman, whom he had been reproaching with his tyrannical treatment of his women, returned this answer: “You Whites are downright fools: for you first of all allow your wives too much liberty; and then you complain when they abuse it—and make your heads ache.” At first sight it might seem as if there was something in this remark which merited a little attention: but, to cut the matter short, the fellow was a Black—black as soot from head to foot; an unanswerable proof that what he said was bestially stupid. Of all savages there are none amongst whom women enjoy more real consideration and influence than the noble savages of North America. In this point, indeed, perhaps the Canadian women have the advantage of those even in our refined quarter of the globe. I do not mean that any submissive attentions and homage are there paid to women: these are mere forms of hollow compliment. No, the Canadian women enjoy actual power: they meet and deliberate upon the weightiest ordinances of the nation—whether regarding peace or war. Upon the result of their debates they dispatch delegates to the male council; and commonly it is their voice which prevails. This privilege, however, they purchase dearly: all the household concerns are thrown on their shoulders; and they take their share in all the hardships and toils of the men.

Finally, if we cast a glance over the page of history, we perceive the taste of men—like a Proteus—everlastingly assuming new and variable forms. The ancient times of the Greeks and Romans exhi-

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bited unequivocal marks of a legitimate feeling for the Beautiful as well as the Sublime in Poetry, Sculpture, Architecture, Legislation, and even in Morals. The government of the Roman Emperors changed the noble as well as the beautiful simplicity into the magnificent and gorgeous—and at length into that spurious glitter of finery which still survives for our instruction in their rhetoric, their poetry, and even in the history of their manners. Gradually, and in sympathy with the general decline of the state, even this bastard relique of the purer taste was extinguished. The Barbarians, after that they had established their power on the ruins of the empire, introduced a peculiar form of corrupt taste which is styled the Gothic—and is built upon the passion for the childish. This passion displayed itself not merely in architecture, but in the sciences and in the general spirit of the manners and usages. The highest point to which human genius was able to soar in its attempt to master the sublime was the Barbaresque. Romances, both temporal and spiritual, were then exhibited on the stage of nations; and oftentimes a disgusting and monstrous abortion of both in combination—monks, with the mass-book in one hand, and the warlike banner in the other, followed by whole armies of deluded victims destined to lay their bones in other climates and in a holier soil; consecrated warriors, solemnly dedicated by vow to outrage and the perpetration of crimes; and in their train a strange kind of heroic visionaries, who styled themselves knights—and were in search of adventures, tournaments, duels, and romantic achievements. During this period, Religion together with the Sciences was disfigured by miserable follies; and we have occasion to observe that taste does not easily degenerate on one side without giving clear indications of corruption in everything else that is connected with the finer feelings. The conventual vows transformed a large body of useful citizens into busy idlers, whose dreaming style of life fitted them to hatch a thousand scholastic absurdities—which thence issued to the world and propagated their species. Finally, after that the genius of man has by a species of Palingenesis toiled up from an almost entire desolation to its former heights, we behold in our own days the just taste for the Beautiful and the Noble blooming anew as well in the arts and sciences as in moral sentiment; and we have now nothing left to wish for—but that the false glitter, with its easy and specious delusions, may not debauch us imperceptibly from the grandeur of simplicity; more especially that the still undiscovered secret of education may be extricated from ancient abuses—so as to raise betimes the moral sensibilities in the bosom of every youthful citizen to efficient and operative feelings; and for this happy result—that all culture and refinement of taste may no longer terminate in the fugitive and barren pleasure of pronouncing judgment with more or less good taste, upon what is external to ourselves and alien from our highest interests.

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I AM myself, and always have been, a member of the Church of England, and am grieved to hear the many attacks against the Church [frequently most illiberal attacks] which not so much religion as political rancour gives birth to in every third journal that I take up. This I say to acquit myself of all dishonourable feelings, such as I would abhor to co-operate with, in bringing a very heavy charge against that great body in its literary capacity. Whosoever has reflected on the history of the English constitution must be aware that the most important stage of its development lies within the reign of Charles I. It is true that the judicial execution of that prince has been allowed by many persons to vitiate all that was done by the heroic parliament of November, 1640; and the ordinary histories of England assume as a matter of course that the whole period of parliamentary history through those times is to be regarded as a period of confusion. Our constitution, say they, was formed in 1688-9. Meantime it is evident to any reflecting man that the Revolution simply re-affirmed the principles developed in the strife between the two great parties which had arisen in the reign of James I., and had ripened and had come to issue with each other in the reign of his son. Our constitution was not a birth of a single instant, as they would represent it, but a gradual growth and development through a long tract of time. In particular, the doctrine of the king's vicarious responsibility in the person of his ministers, which first gave a sane and salutary meaning to the doctrine of the king's personal irresponsibility ["The king can do no wrong"], arose undeniably between 1640 and 1648. This doctrine is the main pillar of our constitution, and perhaps the finest discovery that was ever made in the theory of government. Hitherto the doctrine *that the king can do no wrong* had been used not to protect the indispensable sanctity of the king's constitutional character, but to protect the wrong. Used in this way, it was a maxim of Oriental despotism, and fit only for a nation where law had no empire. Many of the illustrious patriots of the Great Parliament saw this, and felt the necessity of abolishing a maxim so fatal to the just liberties of the people. But some of them fell into the opposite error of supposing that this abolition could be effected only by the direct negation of it; *their* maxim accordingly was—"The king *can* do wrong" *i.e.*, is responsible in his own person. In this great error even the illustrious wife of Colonel Hutchinson participated;* and accordingly she taxes those of her own party who scrupled to accede to the new maxim, and

* This is remarked by her editor and descendant, Julius Hutchinson, who adds some words to this effect:—"That *if* the patriots of that day were the inventors of the maxim [*the king can do no wrong*], we are much indebted to them." The patriots certainly did not invent the maxim, for they found it already current: but they gave it its new and constitutional sense. I refer to the book, however, as I do to almost all books in these notes, from memory; writing most of

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still adhered to the old one, with unconscientious dealing. But she misapprehended their meaning, and failed to see where they laid the emphasis: the emphasis was not laid, as it was by the royal party, on the words "can do no *wrong*"—but, on "The king:" that is, wrong may be done; and in the king's name; but it cannot be the king who did it [the king cannot constitutionally be supposed the person who did it]. By this exquisite political refinement the old tyrannical maxim was disarmed of its sting; and the entire redress of all wrong, so indispensable to the popular liberty, was brought into perfect reconciliation with the entire inviolability of the sovereign, which is no less indispensable to the popular liberty. There is, moreover, a double wisdom in the new sense: for not only is one object [the redress of wrong] secured in conjunction with another object [the king's inviolability] hitherto held irreconcilable—but even with a view to the first object alone a much more effectual means is applied, because one which leads to no schism in the state, than could have been applied by the blank negation of the maxim; *i.e.*, by lodging the responsibility exactly where the executive power [*ergo* the power of resisting this responsibility] was lodged. Here, then, is one example in illustration of my thesis—that the English constitution was in a great measure gradually evolved in the contest between the different parties in the reign of Charles I. Now, if this be so, it follows that for constitutional history no period is so important as that: and indeed, though it is true that the Revolution is the great era for the constitutional historian, because he there first finds the constitution fully developed as the "bright consummate *flower*," and, what is equally important, he there first finds the principles of our constitution *ratified* by a competent authority—yet to trace the *root* and growth of the constitution, the three reigns immediately preceding are still more properly the objects of his study. Briefly, the *root* of our constitutional settlement was in the three reigns of Charles I., of Charles II., and of James II.; but its manifestation by fruits and blossoms was in 1689. In proportion, then, as the reign of Charles I. is important to the history of our constitution, in that proportion are those to be taxed with the most dangerous falsifications of our history who have misrepresented either the facts or the principles of those times. Now I affirm that the clergy of the Church of England have been in a perpetual conspiracy since the era of the restoration to misrepresent both. As an illustration of what I mean I refer to the common edition of *Hudibras*, by Dr. Grey; for the proof I might refer to some thousands of books. Dr. Grey's is a disgusting case: for he swallowed with the most anile credulity every story, the most extravagant that the

them in situations where I have no access to books. By the way, Charles I., who used the maxim in the most odious sense, furnished the most colourable excuse for his own execution. He constantly maintained the irresponsibility of his ministers; but if that were conceded, it would then follow that the king must be made responsible in his own person:—and that construction led of necessity to his trial and death.

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malice of those times could invent, against either the Presbyterians or the Independents : and for this I suppose, amongst other deformities, his notes were deservedly ridiculed by Warburton. But, amongst hundreds of illustrations more respectable than Dr. Grey's, I will refer the reader to a work of our own days, the *Ecclesiastical Biography* [in part a republication of *Walton's Lives*], edited by the present Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who is held in the highest esteem wherever he is known, and is, I am persuaded, perfectly conscientious, and as impartial as in such a case it is possible for a high churchman to be. Yet so it is that there is scarcely one of the notes having any political reference to the period of 1640—1660 which is not disfigured by unjust prejudices ; and the amount of the moral which the learned editor grounds upon the documents before him is this,—that the young student is to cherish the deep abhorrence and contempt of all who had any share on the parliamentary side in the “confusions” of the period from 1640 to 1660 : that is to say, of men to whose immortal exertions it was owing that the very Revolution of 1688, which Dr. W. will be the first to applaud, found us with any such stock of political principles or feelings as could make a beneficial revolution possible. Where, let me ask, would have been the willingness of some Tories to construe the flight of James II. into a virtual act of abdication, or to consider even the most formal act of abdication binding against the king, had not the great struggle of Charles's days gradually substituted in the minds of all parties a rational veneration of the king's *office* for the old superstition in behalf of the king's *person*, which would have protected him from the effects of any acts, however solemnly performed, which affected injuriously either his own interests or the liberties of his people. *Tempora mutantur : nos et mutantur in illis.* Those whom we find in fierce opposition to the popular party in 1640 we find still in the same personal opposition fifty years after, but an opposition resting on far different principles : insensibly the principles of their antagonists had reached even them ; and a courtier of 1689 was willing to concede more than a patriot of 1630 would have ventured to ask. Let me not be understood to mean that true patriotism is at all more shown in supporting the rights of the people than those of the king ; as soon as both are defined and limited, the last are as indispensable to the integrity of the constitution as the first ; and popular freedom itself would suffer as much, though indirectly, from an invasion of Cæsar's rights, as by a more direct attack on itself. But in the 17th century the rights of the people were as yet *not* defined ; throughout that century they were gradually defining themselves—and, as happens to all great practical interests, defining themselves through a course of fierce and bloody contests. For the kingly rights are almost inevitably carried too high in ages of imperfect civilization ; and the well-known laws of Henry VII., by which he either broke or gradually sapped the power of the aristocracy, had still more extravagantly exalted them. On this account it is just to look upon democratic or popular politics as

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identical in the 17th century with patriotic politics. In later periods the democrat and the patriot have sometimes been in direct opposition to each other; at that period they were inevitably in conjunction. All this, however, is in general overlooked by those who either write English history or comment upon it. Most writers of or upon English history proceed either upon servile principles or upon no principles; and a good *Spirit of English History*, that is, a history which should abstract the tendencies and main results [as to laws, manners, and constitution] from every age of English history, is a work which I hardly hope to see executed. For it would require the concurrence of some philosophy with a great deal of impartiality. How idly do we say, in speaking of the events of our own time which affect our party feelings—"We stand too near to these events for an impartial estimate; we must leave them to the judgment of posterity!" For it is a fact that, of the many books of memoirs written by persons who were not merely contemporary with the great civil war, but actors and even leaders in its principal scenes—there is hardly one which does not exhibit a more impartial picture of that great drama than the histories written at this day. The historian of Popery does not display half so much zealotry and passionate prejudice in speaking of the many events which have affected the power and splendour of the Papal See for the last thirty years, and under his own eyes, as he does when speaking of a reformer who lived three centuries ago—of a Bible translator into a vernacular tongue who lived five centuries ago—of an Antipope, or a Charlemagne or a Gregory the Great still further removed from himself. The recent events he looks upon as accidental and unessential; but in the great enemies or great founders of the Romish temporal power, and in the history of their actions and their motives, he feels that the whole principle of the Romish cause and its pretensions are at stake. Pretty much under the same feeling have modern writers written with a rancorous party spirit of the political struggles in the 17th century: here they fancy that they can detect the *incunabula* of the revolutionary spirit: here some have been so sharp-sighted as to read the features of pure Jacobinism; and others* have gone so far as to assert that all the atrocities of the French

* Amongst these Mr. D'Israeli (the father of the Right Honourable Benjamin D'Israeli) in one of the latter volumes of his *Curiosities of Literature* has dedicated a chapter or so to formal proof of this proposition. A reader who is familiar with the history of that age comes to the chapter with a previous indignation, knowing what sort of proof he has to expect. This indignation is not likely to be mitigated by what he will there find. Because some one madman, fool, or scoundrel makes a monstrous proposal—which dies of itself unsupported, and is in violent contrast to all the acts and the temper of those times—this is to sully the character of the parliament and three-fourths of the people of England. If this proposal had grown out of the spirit of the age, that spirit would have produced many more proposals of the same character and acts corresponding to them. Yet upon this one infamous proposal, and two or three scandalous anecdotes from the libels of the day, does the whole *onus* of Mr. D'Israeli's parallel depend. *Tantum rem tam negligenter?*—In the general character of an Englishman, I have a right to complain that so heavy an attack upon the honour of England and her most virtuous

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Revolution had their direct parallelisms in acts done or countenanced by the virtuous and august Senate of England in 1640! Strange distortion of the understanding which can thus find a brotherly resemblance between two great historical events, which of all that ever were put on record stand off from each other in most irreconcilable enmity,—the one originating, as Coleridge has observed, in excess of principle : the other in the utter defect of all moral principle whatever ; and the progress of each being answerable to its origin ! Yet so it is. And not a memoir-writer of that age is reprinted in this but we have a preface from some red-hot Anti-Jacobin warning us with much vapid commonplace from the mischiefs and eventual anarchy of too rash a spirit of reform, as displayed in the French Revolution,—not by the example of that French Revolution, but by that of our own in the age of Charles I. The following passage from the Introduction to Sir William Waller's *Vindication*, published in 1793, may serve as a fair instance : "He" (Sir W. Waller) "was indeed at length sensible of the misery which he had contributed to bring on his country" (by the way, it is a suspicious circumstance that Sir William* first became sensible that his country was miserable when he became sensible that he himself was not likely to be again employed ; and became fully convinced of it when his party lost their ascendancy), "he was convinced, by fatal experience, that anarchy was a bad step towards a perfect government ; that the subversion of every establishment was no safe foundation for a permanent and regular constitution ; he found that pretences of reform were held up by the designing to dazzle the eyes of the unwary, etc. ; he found, in short, that reformation by popular insurrection must end in the destruction, and cannot tend to the formation, of a regular government." After a good deal more of this well-meaning cant, the Introduction concludes with the following sentence—the writer is addressing the Reformers of 1793, amongst whom—"Both leaders and followers," he says, "may together reflect that upon speculative and visionary reformers" (*i.e.*, those of 1640) "the severest punishment which God in his vengeance ever yet inflicted, was to curse them with the complete gratification of their own inordinate desires." I quote this passage, not as containing

patriots in her most virtuous age should be made with so much levity : a charge so solemn in its matter should have been prosecuted with a proportionate solemnity of manner. Mr. D'Israeli refers with just applause to the opinions of Mr. Coleridge : I wish that he would have allowed a little more weight to the striking passage in which that gentleman contrasts the French Revolution with the English Revolution of 1640—8. However, the general tone of honour and upright principle which marks Mr. D'Israeli's work encourages me and others to hope that he will cancel the chapter—and not persist in wounding the honour of a great people for the sake of a parallelism which, even if it were true, is a thousand times too slight and feebly supported to satisfy the most accommodating reader.

* Sir William and his cousin Sir Hardress Waller were both remarkable men. Sir Hardress had no conscience at all ; Sir William a very scrupulous one ; which, however, he was for ever tampering with—and generally succeeded in reducing into compliance with his immediate interest. He was, however, an accomplished gentleman ; and as a man of talents worthy of the highest admiration.

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anything singular, but for the very reason that it is *not* singular: it expresses, in fact, the universal opinion: notwithstanding which I am happy to say that it is false. What "complete gratification of their own desires" was ever granted to the "reformers" in question? On the contrary, it is well known (and no book illustrates that particular fact so well as Sir William Waller's) that as early as 1647 the army had too effectually subverted the just relations between itself and parliament not to have suggested fearful anticipations to all discerning patriots of that unhappy issue which did in reality blight their prospects. And when I speak of an "unhappy issue," I would be understood only of the immediate issue: for the remote issue was the Revolution of 1688, as I have already asserted. Neither is it true that even the immediate issue was "unhappy" to any extent which can justify the ordinary language in which it is described. Here, again, is a world of delusions. We hear of "anarchy," of "confusions," of "proscriptions," of "bloody and ferocious tyranny." All is romance; there was no anarchy, no confusions, no proscriptions, no tyranny in the sense designed. The sequestrations, forfeitures, and punishments of all sorts which were inflicted by the conquering party on their antagonists went on by due course of law; and the summary justice of courts-martial was not resorted to in England: except for the short term of the two wars, and the brief intermediate campaign of 1648, the country was in a very tranquil state. Nobody was punished without an open trial; and all trials proceeded in the regular course, according to the ancient forms, and in the regular courts of justice. And as to "tyranny," which is meant chiefly of the acts of Cromwell's government, it should be remembered that the Protectorate lasted not a quarter of the period in question (1640—1660); a fact which is constantly forgotten even by very eminent writers, who speak as though Cromwell had drawn his sword in January 1640, cut off the king's head, instantly mounted his throne, and continued to play the tyrant for the whole remaining period of his life. Secondly, as to the *kind* of tyranny which Cromwell exercised, the misconception is ludicrous: continental writers have a notion, well justified by the language of English writers, that Cromwell was a ferocious savage, who built his palace of human skulls and desolated his country. Meantime, he was simply a strong-minded, rough-built Englishman, with a character thoroughly English, and exceedingly good-natured. Grey valued himself upon his critical knowledge of English history; yet how thoughtlessly does he express the abstract of Cromwell's life in the line on the village Cromwell,—"*Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood!*" How was Cromwell guilty of his country's blood? What blood did he cause to be shed? A great deal was shed, no doubt, in the wars (though less, by the way, than is imagined): but in those Cromwell was but a servant of the parliament; and no one will allege that he had any hand in causing a single war. After he attained the sovereign power no more domestic wars arose: and as to a few persons who were executed for plots and conspiracies against his person, they were condemned upon evidence openly given and by

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due course of law. With respect to the general character of his government, it is evident that, in the unsettled and revolutionary state of things which follows a civil war, some critical cases will arise to demand an occasional "vigour beyond the law," such as the Roman government allowed in allowing the dictatorial power. But in general Cromwell's government was limited by law: and no reign in that century, prior to the Revolution, furnishes fewer instances of attempts to tamper with the laws—to overrule them—to twist them to private interpretations, or to dispense with them. As to his major-generals of counties, who figure in most histories of England as so many *Ali Pachas* that impaled a few prisoners every morning before breakfast—or rather as so many ogres that ate up good Christian men, women, and children alive, they were disagreeable people, who were disliked much in the same way as our commissioners of the income-tax were disliked in the memory of us all; and heartily they would have laughed at the romantic and bloody masquerade in which they are made to figure in the English histories. What, then, was the "tyranny" of Cromwell's government, which was confessedly complained of even in those days? The word "tyranny" was then applied not so much to the mode in which his power was administered (except by the prejudiced) as to its origin. However mercifully a man may reign, yet if he have no right to reign at all, we may in one sense call him a tyrant; his power not being justly derived, and resting upon an unlawful (*i.e.*, a military) basis. As a usurper, and one who had diverted the current of a grand national movement to selfish and personal objects, Cromwell was and will be called a tyrant; but not in the more obvious sense of the word. Such are the misleading statements which disfigure the History of England in its most important chapter. They mislead by more than a simple error of fact: those which I have noticed last involve a moral anachronism; for they convey images of cruelty and barbarism such as could not co-exist with the national civilisation at that time; and whosoever has not corrected this false picture by an acquaintance with the English literature of that age must necessarily image to himself a state of society as rude and uncultured as that which prevailed during the wars of York and Lancaster—*i.e.*, about two centuries earlier. But those with which I introduced this article are still worse, because they involve an erroneous view of constitutional history, and a most comprehensive act of ingratitude: the great men of the Long Parliament paid a heavy price for their efforts to purchase for their descendants a barrier to irresponsible power and security from the anarchy of undefined regal prerogative: in these efforts most of them made shipwreck of their tranquillity and peace; that such sacrifices were made unavailingly (as it must have seemed to themselves), and that few of them lived to see the "good old cause" finally triumphant, does not cancel their claims upon our gratitude, but rather strengthen them by the degree in which it aggravated the difficulty of bearing such sacrifices with patience. But whence come these falsifications of history? I believe from two causes; first (as I have already said), from the erro-

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neous tone impressed upon the national history by the irritated spirit of the clergy of the Established Church: to the religious zealotry of those times—the church was the object of especial attack; and its members were naturally exposed to heavy sufferings; hence their successors are indisposed to find any good in a cause which could lead to such a result. It is their manifest right to sympathize with their own order in that day; and in such a case it is almost their duty to be incapable of an entire impartiality. Meantime they have carried this much too far; the literature of England must always be in a considerable proportion lodged in their hands; and the extensive means thus placed at their disposal for injuriously colouring that important part of history they have used with no modesty or forbearance. There is not a page of the national history, even in its local subdivisions, which they have not stained with the atrabilious hue of their wounded remembrances: hardly a town in England, which stood a siege for the king or the parliament, but has some printed memorial of its constancy and its sufferings; and in nine cases out of ten the editor is a clergyman of the Established Church, who has contrived to deepen “the sorrow of the time” by the harshness of his commentary. Surely it is high time that the wounds of the seventeenth century should close in the nineteenth; that history should take a more commanding and philosophic station; and that brotherly charity should now lead us to a saner view of constitutional politics, or a saner view of politics to a more comprehensive charity. The other cause of this falsification springs out of a selfishness which has less claim to any indulgence, viz., the timidity with which the English Whigs of former days and the party to whom they* succeeded, constantly shrank from acknowledging any alliance with the great men of the Long Parliament under the nervous horror of being confounded with the regicides of 1649. It was of such urgent importance to them, for any command over the public support, that they should acquit themselves of any sentiment of lurking toleration for regicide, with which their enemies never failed to load them, that no mode of abjuring it seemed sufficiently emphatic to them: hence it was that Addison, with a view to the interest of his party, thought fit when in Switzerland to offer a puny insult to the memory of General Ludlow: hence it is that even in our own days no writers have insulted Milton with so much bitterness and shameless irreverence as the Whigs; though it is true that some few Whigs, more, however, in their literary than their political character, have stepped forward in his vindication. At this moment I recollect a passage in the writings of a modern Whig bishop,† in which, for the sake of creating a charge of falsehood against Milton, the author has grossly mistranslated a passage in the *Defensio pro Pop. Anglicano*:

* Until after the year 1688 I do not remember ever to have found the term Whig applied except to the religious characteristics of that party; whatever reference it might have to their political distinctions was only secondary and by implication.

† Watson, Bishop of Llandaff.

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and if that bishop were not dead, I would here take the liberty of rapping his knuckles—were it only for breaking Priscian's head. To return to the clerical feud against the Long Parliament—it was a passage in a very pleasing work of this day (*Ecclesiastical Biography*) which suggested to me the whole of what I have now written. Its learned editor (Doctor Wordsworth, brother of the great poet), who is incapable of uncandid feelings except in what concerns the interests of his order, has adopted the usual tone in regard to the men of 1640 throughout his otherwise valuable annotations: and somewhere or other (in the Life of Hammond, according to my remembrance) he has made a statement to this effect: That the custom prevalent among children in that age of asking their parents' blessing was probably first brought into disuse by the Puritans. Is it possible to imagine a perversity of prejudice more unreasonable? The unamiable side of the patriotic character in the seventeenth century was unquestionably its religious bigotry; which, however, had its ground in a real fervour of religious feeling and a real strength of religious principle somewhat exceeding the ordinary standard of the nineteenth century. But however palliated, their bigotry is not to be denied; it was often offensive from its excess, and ludicrous in its direction. Many harmless customs, many ceremonies and rituals that had a high positive value, their frantic intolerance quarrelled with: and for my part, I heartily join in the sentiment of Charles II., applying it as *he* did, but a good deal more extensively, that their religion "was not a religion for a gentleman:" indeed all sectarianism, but especially that which has a modern origin, arising and growing up within our own memories unsupported by a grand traditional history of persecution, conflicts, and martyrdoms, lurking moreover in blind alleys, holes, corners, and tabernacles, must appear spurious and mean in the eyes of him who has been bred up in the grand classic forms of the Church of England or the Church of Rome. But because the bigotry of the Puritans was excessive and revolting, is *that* a reason for fastening upon them all the stray evils of omission or commission for which no distinct fathers can be found? The learned editor does not pretend that there is any positive evidence, or presumption even, for imputing to the Puritans a dislike to the custom in question: but because he thinks it a good custom, his inference is, that nobody could have abolished it but the Puritans. Now, who does not see that if this had been amongst the usages discountenanced by the Puritans, it would on that account have been the more pertinaciously maintained by their enemies in church and state? Or even if this usage were of a nature to be prohibited by authority—as the public use of the liturgy, organs, surplices, etc.—who does not see that with regard to *that*, as well as to other Puritanical innovations, there would have been a reflux of zeal at the restoration of the king which would have established them in more strength than ever? But it is evident to the unprejudiced that the usage in question gradually went out in submission to the altered spirit of the times. It was one feature of a general system of manners, fitted by its piety and simplicity for a pious and simple age, and which

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therefore even the seventeenth century had already outgrown. It is not to be inferred that filial affection and reverence have decayed amongst us because they no longer express themselves in the same way. In an age of imperfect culture all passions and emotions are in a more elementary state, speak a plainer language, and express themselves *externally*: in such an age the frame and constitution of society is more picturesque; the modes of life rest more undisguisedly upon the basis of the absolute and original relation of things—the son is considered in his sonship, the father in his fatherhood; and the manners take an appropriate colouring. Up to the middle of the seventeenth century there were many families in which the children never presumed to sit down in their parent's presence. But with us, in an age of more complete intellectual culture, a thick disguise is spread over the naked foundations of human life; and the instincts of good taste banish from good company the expression of all the profounder emotions. A son, therefore, who should kneel down in this age to ask his papa's blessing on leaving town for Brighton or Bath, would be felt by himself to be making a theatrical display of filial duty, such as would be painful to him in proportion as his feelings were sincere. All this would have been evident to the learned editor in any case but one which regarded the Puritans: they were, at any rate, to be molested; in default of any graver matter, a mere fanciful grievance is searched out. Still, however, nothing was effected; fanciful or real, the grievance must be connected with the Puritans: here lies the offence, there lie the Puritans: it would be very agreeable to find some means of connecting the one with the other; but how shall this be done? Why, in default of all other means, the learned editor *assumes* the connection. He leaves the reader with an impression that the Puritans are chargeable with a serious wound to the manners of the nation in a point affecting the most awful of the household charities; and he fails to perceive that for this whole charge his sole ground is that it would be very agreeable to him if he *had* a ground. Such is the power of the *esprit de corps* to palliate and recommend as colourable the very weakest logic to a man of acknowledged learning and talent. In conclusion, I must again disclaim any want of veneration and entire affection for the Established Church; the very prejudices and injustice with which I tax the English clergy have a generous origin; but it is right to point the attention of historical students to their strength and the effect which they have had. They have been indulged to excess; they have disfigured the grandest page in English history; they have hid the true descent and tradition of our constitutional history; and, by impressing upon the literature of the country a false conception of the patriotic party in and out of Parliament, they have stood in the way of a great work,—a work which, according to my ideal of it, would be the most useful that could just now be dedicated to the English public,—viz., a *philosophic record of the revelations of English History*. The English Constitution, as proclaimed and ratified (but not created) in 1688—9, is in its kind the noblest work of the human mind working in conjunction with Time, and what in such a case

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we may allowably call Providence. Of this *chef d'œuvre* of human wisdom it were desirable that we should have a proportionable history. For such a history, the great positive qualification would be a philosophic mind: the great negative qualification would be this [which to the Established clergy may now be recommended as a fit subject for their magnanimity], viz., complete conquest over those prejudices which have hitherto discoloured the greatest era of patriotic virtue, by contemplating the great men of that era under their least happy aspect,—namely, in relation to the Established Church.

Now that I am on the subject of English History, I will notice one of the thousand misstatements of Hume's, which becomes a memorable one from the stress which he has laid upon it, and from the manner and situation in which he has introduced it. Standing in the current of a narrative, it would have merited a silent correction in an unpretending note: but it occupies a much more assuming station; for it is introduced in a philosophical essay; and being relied on for a particular purpose with the most unqualified confidence, and being alleged in opposition to the very highest authority (viz., the authority of an eminent person contemporary with the fact), it must be looked on as involving a peremptory defiance to all succeeding critics who might hesitate between the authority of Mr. Hume, at the distance of a century from the facts, and Sir William Temple, speaking to them as a matter within his personal recollections. Sir William Temple had represented himself as urging, in a conversation with Charles II., the hopelessness of any attempt on the part of an English king to make himself a despotic and absolute monarch except, indeed, through the affections of his people.* This general thesis he had supported by a variety of arguments; and, amongst others, he had described himself as urging this, that even Cromwell had been unable to establish himself in unlimited power, though supported by a military force of *eighty thousand men*. Upon this Hume calls the reader's attention to the extreme improbability there must beforehand appear to be in supposing that Sir W. Temple—speaking of so recent a case, with so much official knowledge of that case at his command, uncontradicted moreover by the king, whose side in the argument gave him an interest in contradicting Sir William's argument, and whose means of information were paramount to those of all others—could under these circumstances be mistaken. Doubtless the reader will reply to Mr. Hume, the improbability is extreme and scarcely to be invalidated by any possible counter-authority, which, at best, must terminate in leaving an equilibrium of opposing evidence. And yet, says Mr. Hume, Sir William was unquestionably wrong, and grossly wrong. Cromwell

* Sir William had quoted to Charles a saying from Gourville (a Frenchman whom the king esteemed, and whom Sir William himself considered the only foreigner he had ever known that understood England) to this effect: "That a king of England, who will be the man of his people, is the greatest king in the world; but if he will be something more, by G—— he is nothing at all."

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never had an army at all approaching to the number of eighty thousand. Now here is a sufficient proof that Hume had never read Lord Clarendon's account of his own life: this book is not so common as his *History of the Rebellion*; and Hume had either not met with it, or had neglected it. For, in the early part of this work, Lord Clarendon, speaking of the army which was assembled on Blackheath to welcome the return of Charles II., says that it amounted to fifty thousand men; and when it is remembered that this army was exclusive of the troops in all garrisons, of the forces (six thousand at least) left by Monk in Scotland, and, above all, of the entire army in Ireland, it cannot be doubted that the whole would amount to the number stated by Sir William Temple. Indeed Charles II. himself, in the year 1678 (*i.e.*, about four years after this conversation), as Sir W. Temple elsewhere tells us, "in six weeks' time raised an army of twenty thousand men, the completest, and in all appearance the bravest, troops that could be anywhere seen, and might have raised many more; and it was confessed by all the Foreign Ministers that no king in Christendom could have made and completed such a levy as this appeared in such a time." William III., again, about eleven years afterwards, raised twenty-three regiments with the same ease and in the same space of six weeks. It may be objected indeed to such cases, as in fact it *was* objected to the case of William III. by Howlett in his sensible *Examination of Dr. Price's Essay on the Population of England*, that, in an age when manufactures were so little extended, it could never have been difficult to make such a levy of men, provided there were funds for paying and equipping them. But, considering the extraordinary funds which were disposable for this purpose in Ireland, etc., during the period of Cromwell's Protectorate, we may very safely allow the combined authority of Sir William Temple, of the king, and of that very prime minister (Clarendon) who disbanded Cromwell's army, to outweigh the single authority of Hume at the distance of a century from the facts. Upon any question of fact, indeed, Hume's authority is none at all; for he never pretended to any research.

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MISS HAWKINS'S ANECDOTES.*

THIS orange we mean to squeeze for the public use, Where an author is poor, this is wrong; but Miss Hawkins being upon her own acknowledgment rich (p. 125), keeping "a carriage, to the *propriété* of which she is not indifferent" (p. 253), and being able to give away manors worth more than £1000 per annum (p. 140), it is

* *Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs.* Collected by Letitia Matilda Hawkins. London: 1823.

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most clear that her interests ought to bend to those of the public; the public being really in very low circumstances, and quite unable to buy books of luxury and anecdote.

Who is the author, and what is the book? The author has descended to us from the last century, and has heard of little that has happened since the American War. She is the daughter of Sir John Hawkins, known to the world, 1st, as the historian of music; 2nd, as the acquaintance and biographer of Dr. Johnson; 3rd, as the object of some vulgar gossip and calumnies made current by Mr. Boswell. Her era being determined, the reader can be at no loss to deduce the rest: her chronology known, all is known. She belongs to the *literati* of those early ages who saw Dr. Johnson in the body, and conversed in the flesh with Goldsmith, Garrick, Bennet, Langton, Wilkes and liberty, Sir Joshua Hawkesworth, etc., etc. All of these good people she "*found*" (to use her own lively expression) at her father's house: that is, upon her earliest introduction to her father's drawing-room at Twickenham, most of them were already in possession. Amongst the "etc. etc.," as we have classed them, were some who really ought not to have been thus slurred over, such as Bishop Percy, Tyrwhitt, Dean Tucker, and Hurd: but others absolutely pose us. For instance, does the reader know anything of one *Israel Mauduit*? We profess to know nothing; no, nor at all the more for his having been the author of *Considerations on the German War* (p. 7): in fact, there have been so many German wars since Mr. Mauduit's epoch, and the public have since then been called on to "consider" so many "considerations," that Miss Hawkins must pardon us for declaring that the illustrious Mauduit (though we remember his name in Lord Orford's Memoires) is now defunct, and that his works have followed him. Not less defunct than Mauduit is the not less illustrious Brettell. Brettell! What Brettell? *What* Brettell! Why, "Wonderful old Colonel Brettell of the Middlesex Militia (p. 10), who, on my requesting him, at eighty-five years of age, to be careful in getting over a five-barred gate, replied, Take care of what? Time was when I could have jumped over it. "Time was!" he says, *was*; but how will *that* satisfy posterity? What proof has the nineteenth century that he did it, or could have done it? So much for Brettell and Mauduit. But last comes one who "hight Costard:" and here we are posed indeed. Can this be Shakspeare's Costard—everybody's Costard—the Costard of *Love's Labour's Lost*? But how is that possible? says a grave and learned friend at our elbow. I will affirm it to be impossible. How can any man celebrated by Shakspeare have visited at Twickenham with Dr. Johnson? *That* indeed, we answer, deserves consideration: yet, if he can, where would Costard be more naturally found than at Sir John Hawkins's house, who had himself annotated on Shakspeare, and lived in company with so many other annotators, as Percy, Tyrwhitt, Stevens, etc.? Yet again, at p. 10, and at p. 24, he is called "the learned Costard." Now this *is* an objection; for Shakspeare's Costard, the old Original Costard, is far from learned. But what of *that*? He had plenty of time to mend his manners, and

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fit himself for the company of Dr. Johnson: and at p. 80, where Miss Hawkins again affirms that his name was "always preceded by the epithet *learned*," she candidly admits that "he was a feeble, ailing, emaciated man, who had all the appearance of having sacrificed his health to his studies," as well he might, if he had studied from Shakspeare's time to Dr. Johnson's. With all his learning, however, Costard could make nothing of a case which occurred in Sir John Hawkins's grounds; and we confess that we can make no more of it than Costard. "In a paddock," says Miss Hawkins, "we had an oblong piece of water supplied by a sluice. Keeping poultry, this was very convenient for ducks: on a sudden, a prodigious consternation was perceived among the ducks: they were with great difficulty persuaded to take to the water; and, when there, shuddered, grew wet, and were drowned. They were supposed diseased; others were bought at other places; but in vain! none of *our* ducks could swim. I remember the circumstance calling out much thought and conjecture. The learned George Costard, Dr. Morton, and the medical advisers* of the neighbourhood, were consulted: every one had a different supposition; and I well recollect my own dissatisfaction with all I heard. It was told of course to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. Mrs. Garrick would not give credit to it: Garrick himself was not incredulous; and after a discussion, he turned to my father with his jocose impetuosity, and said, "There's my wife, who will not believe the story of these ducks, and yet she believes in the eleven thousand virgins." Most probably the ducks were descended from that "which Samuel Johnson trod on," which, "if it had lived and had not died, had surely been an odd one:" its posterity therefore would be odd ones. However, Costard could make nothing of it; and to this hour the case is an unsolved problem, like the longitude of the north-west passage. But enough of Costard.

Of Lord Orford, who, like Costard, was a neighbour and an acquaintance of her father's, Miss Hawkins gives us a very long account; no less than thirty pages (pp. 87-117) being dedicated to him on his first introduction. Amongst his eccentricities, she mentions that "he made no scruple of avowing his thorough want of taste for *Don Quixote*." This was already known from the *Walpoliana*; where it may be seen that his objection was singularly disingenuous, because built on an incident (the windmill adventure), which, if it were as extravagant as it seems (though it has been palliated by the peculiar appearance of Spanish mills), is yet of no weight, because not *characteristic* of the work: it contradicts its general character. We shall extract her account of Lord Orford's person and *abord*, his dress and his address, which is remarkably lively and picturesque, as might have been expected from the pen of a female observer, who was at that time young.

"His figure was, as every one knows, not merely tall, but more

* From this it should seem that Costard was a duck doctor; we remember also a *History of Astronomy* by one Costard. These facts we mention merely as hints for inquiry, to the editors of the next *Varicrum Shakspeare*.

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properly *long*, and slender to excess; his complexion, and particularly his hands, of a most unhealthy paleness. I speak of him before the year 1772. His eyes were remarkably bright and penetrating, very dark and lively; his voice was not strong; but his tones were extremely pleasant, and, if I may so say, highly gentlemanly. I do not remember his common gait: he always entered a room in that style of affected delicacy which fashion had then made most natural; *chapeau-bras* between his hands, as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm; knees bent; and feet on tip-toe, as if afraid of a wet floor. His dress in visiting was most usually (in summer when I most saw him) a lavender suit; the waistcoat embroidered with a little silver, or of white silk worked in the tambour; partridge silk stockings; and gold buckles; ruffles and frill generally lace. I remember when a child thinking him very much under-dressed, if at any time, except in mourning, he wore hemmed cambric. In summer, no powder; but his wig combed straight, and showing his very smooth pale forehead, and queued behind; in winter, powder." What an amusing old coxcomb! *

Of Dr. Johnson we have but one anecdote; but it is very good and good in the best way—because characteristic; being, in fact, somewhat brutal, and very witty. "Miss Knight, the author of *Dinarbas*, and of *Marcus Flaminius*, used to pay him a farewell visit on quitting England for the Continent: this lady (then a young lady) is remarkably large in person; so the old savage dismisses her with the following memorial of his good-nature:—*Go, go, my dear: for you are too big for an island.*" As may be supposed, the Doctor is no favourite with Miss Hawkins: but she is really too hard upon our old friend; for she declares "that she never heard him say in any visit six words that could compensate for the trouble of getting to his den; and the disgust of seeing such squalidness as she saw nowhere else." One thing at least Miss Hawkins might have learned from Dr. John-

* Further on in the volume we have five more pages (pp. 307-312) on the same noble author: to say nothing of three beginning at p. 278, which are imagined by Miss Hawkins to concern Horace Walpole, but which in fact relate, by every word and syllable, to his brother Sir Edward Walpole, and to him only. In both the first and last introduction of Lord Orford, Miss Hawkins contrives to be most amusingly and perversely wrong in all her criticisms, both as relates to his works and to his place in the public esteem. 1. Lord Orford's tragedy is not the "noxious performance" which she supposes, nor is it a work of any genius. It has no merits which can ever bring it upon the stage; nor, if it were brought upon the stage, would it therefore be "time for the virtuous to fly their country, and leave it a prey to wild beasts." In his *choice* of a subject, Lord Orford showed a singular defect of judgment; in his *treatment* of it he is not intentionally immoral. With depraved taste and feeble sensibilities he is chargeable; but not, as Miss Hawkins asserts, with an act of enormous indecency." 2. The *Castle of Otranto* is not "a new creation in literature," as she seems to concede (p. 309): on the contrary, it is a most weak and extravagant fiction, in which the coarse, the clumsy, the palpable, and the material, are substituted for the aerial, the spiritual, and the shadowy: the supernatural agency being, as Mr. Hazlitt has most happily expressed it (*Lectures on the Comic Writers*, p. 253), "the pasteboard machinery of a pantomime." 3. With respect to the Chatterton case, Miss Hawkins is wide

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son; and let her not suppose that we say it in ill-nature: she might have learned to weed her pages of many barbarisms of language which now disfigure them; for instance, the barbarism of "compensate *for* the trouble"—in the very sentence before us—instead of "compensate the trouble."

Dr. Farmer disappointed Miss Hawkins by "the homeliness of his external." But surely when a man comes to that supper at which he does not eat but is eaten, we have a deeper interest in his wit, which may chance to survive him, than in his beauty, which posterity cannot possibly enjoy any more than the *petits soupers* which it adorned. Had the Doctor been a very Adonis, he could not have done Miss Hawkins so much service as by two of his *propos* which she records: One was, that on a report being mentioned, at her father's table, of Sir Joshua Reynolds having shared the gains arising from the exhibition of his pictures with his man-servant, who was fortunately called Ralph, Dr. Farmer quoted against Sir Joshua these two lines from Hudibras:

"A squire he had whose name was Ralph,
Who in the adventure went his half."

The other was that, speaking of Dr. Parr, he said that "he seemed to have been at a feast of learning (for *learning*, read *languages*) from which he had carried off all the scraps." Miss Hawkins does not seem to be aware that this is taken from Shakspeare: but, what is still more surprising, she declares herself "absolutely ignorant whether it be praise or censure." All we shall say on that question is, that we most seriously advise her not to ask Dr. Parr.

Of Paul Whitehead, we are told that his wife "was so nearly idiotic, that she would call his attention in conversation to look at a cow, not as one of singular beauty, but in the words—'Mr. Whitehead, there's a cow.'" On this Miss Hawkins moralizes in a very eccentric way: "He took it," says she, "most patiently, as he did all such

of the truth by a whole climate. She dates Lord Orford's declension "in the public favour from the time when he resisted the imposition of Chatterton;" and she thinks it "not the usual justice of the world to be angry at a resistance proved so reasonable." But, first, Lord Orford has *not* declined in the public favour; he ranks higher now than he did in Chatterton's lifetime, or his own: his reputation is the same in kind as the *genuine* reputation of Voltaire: both are very spirited memoir-writers; and, of the two, Lord Orford is the more brilliant. The critique of his posthumous memoirs by Miss Hawkins's brother, expresses his pretensions very ably. Secondly, if he had declined, it could not have been in the way supposed. Nobody blamed Lord Orford for resisting the imposition of Chatterton. He was right in refusing to be hoaxed: he was not right in detaining Chatterton's papers; and if he did this, not through negligence or inattention, but presuming on Chatterton's rank (as Chatterton himself believed and told him), his conduct was infamous. Be this as it may, his treatment of Chatterton whilst living, was arrogant, supercilious, and with little or no sensibility to his claims as a man of genius; of Chatterton when dead, brutal, and of inhuman hypocrisy; he himself being one of the few men in any century who had practised at a mature age that very sort of forgery which, in a boy of seventeen, he represented as unpardonable.

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trials of his temper." Trials of his temper! why, was he jealous of the cow? Had he any personal animosity to the cow? Not only, however, was Paul very patient (at least under his bovine afflictions, and his "trials" in regard to horned cattle), but also Paul was very devout; of which he gave this pleasant assurance: "When I go," said he, "into St. Paul's, I admire it as a very fine, grand, beautiful building; and, when I have contemplated its beauty, I come out: but, if I go into Westminster Abbey, d—n me, I'm all devotion." So, by his own account, Paul appears to have been a very pretty fellow; d—d patient and d—d devout.

For practical purposes, we recommend to all physicians the following anecdote, which Sir Richard Jebb used to tell of himself: as Miss Hawkins observes, it makes even rapacity comical, and it suggests a very useful and practical hint. "He was attending a nobleman, from whom he had a right to expect a fee of five guineas; he received only three. Suspecting some trick on the part of the steward, from whom he received it, he at the next visit contrived to drop the three guineas. They were picked up, and again deposited in his hand: but he still continued to look on the carpet. His lordship asked if all the guineas were found. 'There must be two guineas still on the carpet,' replied Sir Richard, 'for I have but three.' The hint was taken as he meant."

But of all medical stratagems, commend us to that practised by Dr. Munckley, who had lived with Sir J. Hawkins during his bachelor days in quality of "chum:" and a chum he was, in Miss Hawkins's words, "not at all calculated to render the chum state happy." This Dr. Munckley, by the by, was so huge a man-mountain, that Miss Hawkins supposes the blank in the well-known epigram,

"When — walks the streets, the paviers cry,
'God bless you, Sir!' and lay their rammers by."

to have been originally filled up with his name,—but in this she is mistaken. The epigram was written before he was born; and for about 140 years has this empty epigram, like other epigrams *to be let*, been occupied by a succession of big men: we believe that the original tenant was Dr. Ralph Bathurst. Munckley, however, *might* have been the original tenant, if it had pleased God to let him be born eighty years sooner: for he was quite as well qualified as Bathurst to draw down the blessings of paviers, and to play the part of a "three-man beetle."* Of this Miss Hawkins gives a proof which is droll enough: "accidentally encountering suddenly a stout manservant in a narrow passage they literally stuck." Each, like Horatius Coclès, in the words of Seneca, *solus implevit pontis angustias*. One of them, it is clear, must have backed; unless, indeed, they are sticking there yet. It would be curious to ascertain *which* of them backed. For the dignity of science, one would hope it was not Munckley. Yet we fear he was capable of any meanness, if Miss Hawkins reports

* 'Fillip me with a three-man beetle.'—*Falstaff, Henry IV.*

accurately his stratagems upon her father's purse : a direct attack failing, he attacked it indirectly. But Miss Hawkins shall tell her own tale. "He was extremely rapacious, and a very bad economist ; and, soon after my father's marriage, having been foiled in his attempt to borrow money of him, he endeavoured to atone to himself for this disappointment by protracting the duration of a low fever in which he attended him ; making unnecessary visits, and with his hand ever open for a fee." Was there ever such a fellow on this terraqueous globe ? Sir John's purse not yielding to a storm, he approaches by mining and sapping, under cover of a low fever. Did this Munckley really exist ; or is he but the coinage of Miss Hawkins's brain ? If the reader wishes to know what became of this "great" man, we will gratify him. He was "foiled," as we have seen, "in his attempt to borrow money" of Sir J. H. : he was also soon after "foiled" in his attempt to live. Munckley, big Munckley, being "too big for an island," we suppose, was compelled to die : he gave up the ghost : and what seems very absurd both to us and to Miss Hawkins, he continued talking to the last, and went off in the very act of uttering a most prosaic truism, which yet happened to be false in his case : for his final words were, that it was "hard to be taken off just then, when he was beginning to get into practice." Not at all, with such practices as his : where men enter into partnerships with low fevers, it is very fit that they should "back" out of this world as fast as possible ; as fast as, in all probability, he had backed down the narrow passage before the stout man-servant. So much for Munckley—big Munckley.

It does not strike us as any "singular feature" (p. 273), in the history of Bartleman, the great singer, "that he lived to occupy the identical house in Berners Street in which his first patron resided." Knowing the house, its *pros* and *cons*, its landlord, etc., surely it was very natural that he should avail himself of his knowledge for his own convenience. But it *is* a very singular fact (p. 160), that our Government should, "merely for want of caution, have sent the *Culloden* ship of war to convoy Cardinal York from Naples." This we suppose Miss Hawkins looks upon as ominous of some disaster ; for she considers it "*fortunate*" that his Eminence "had sailed before it arrived." Of this same Cardinal York, Miss Hawkins tells us further, that a friend of hers having been invited to dine with him, as all Englishmen were while he kept a table, "found him, as all others did, a good-natured, almost superannuated gentleman, who had his round of civilities and jokes. He introduced some roast beef, by saying that it might not be as good as that in England ; *for*, said he, *you know we are but pretenders.*" Yes, the Cardinal was a pretender ; but his beef was "legitimate ;" unless, indeed, his bulls pretended to be oxen.

On the subject of the Pretender, by the way, we have (at p. 63) as fine a *bon-mot* as the celebrated toast of Dr. Byron, the Manchester Jacobite. "The Marchioness (the Marchioness of Tweeddale) had been Lady Frances Carteret, a daughter of the Earl of Granville, and

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had been brought up by her Jacobite aunt, Lady Worsley, one of the most zealous of that party. The Marchioness herself told my father that, on her aunt's upbraiding her when a child with not attending prayers, she answered that she heard her ladyship did not pray for the king. 'Not pray for the king?' said Lady Worsley; 'who says this? I will have you and those who sent you know that I *do* pray for the king; but I do not think it necessary to tell God Almighty *who* is king.'

This is *naïveté*, which becomes wit to the bystander, though simply the natural expression of the thought to him who utters it. Another instance, no less lively, is the following, mentioned at Strawberry Hill, by "the sister of one of our first statesmen, now deceased." "She had heard a boy, humoured to excess, tease his mother for the remains of a favourite dish: mamma at length replied, 'Then do take it, and have done teasing me.' He then flew into a passion, roaring out, 'What do you give it me for? I wanted to have snatched it.'"

The next passage we shall cite relates to a very eminent character indeed, truly respectable, and entirely English—viz., Plum-pudding. The obstinate and inveterate ignorance of Frenchmen on this subject is well known. Their errors are grievous, pitiable, and matter of scorn and detestation to every enlightened mind. In civilisation, in trial by jury, and many other features of social happiness, it has been affirmed that the French are two centuries behind us. We believe it. But with regard to plum-pudding, they are at least five centuries in arrear. In the *Omniana*, we think it is, Mr. Southey has recorded one of their insane attempts at constructing such a pudding: the monstrous abortion, which on that occasion issued to the light, the reader may imagine; and will be at no loss to understand that volley of "*Diables*," "*Sacres*," and "*Morbleus*," which it called forth, when we mention that these deluded Frenchmen made cheese the basis of their infernal preparation. Now under these circumstances of national infatuation, how admirable must have been the art of an English party, who, in the very city of Paris (that centre of darkness on this interesting subject), and in the very teeth of Frenchmen, did absolutely extort from French hands a real English plum-pudding: yes! compelled a French apothecary, unknowing what he did, to produce an excellent plum-pudding, and had the luxury of a hoax into the bargain. Verily the *ruse* was *magnifique*; and though it was nearly terminating in bloodshed, yet, doubtless so superb a story would have been cheaply purchased by one or two lives. Here it follows in Miss Hawkins's own words:—"Dr. Schonberg of Reading, in the early part of his life, spent a Christmas at Paris with some English friends. They were desirous to celebrate the season in the manner of their own country, by having, as one dish at their table, an English plum-pludding; but no cook was found equal to the task of compounding it. A clergyman of the party had indeed an old receipt-book; but this did not sufficiently explain the process. Dr. Schonberg, however, supplied all that was wanting, by throwing the recipe into the form of a prescription, and sending it to an apothecary, to be made up. To prevent all possibility

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of error, he directed that it should be boiled in a cloth, and sent in the same cloth, to be applied at an hour specified. At this hour it arrived, borne by the apothecary's assistant, and preceded" (sweet heavens!) "by the apothecary himself, drest, according to the professional formality of the time, with a sword. Seeing, when he entered the apartment, instead of signs of sickness, a table well filled, and surrounded by very merry faces, he perceived that he was made a party in a joke that turned on himself, and indignantly laid his hand on his sword; but an invitation to taste his own cookery appeased him; and all was well."

This story we pronounce altogether unique: for, as on the one hand, the art was divine by which the benefits of medical punctuality and accuracy were pressed into the service of a Christmas dinner; so, on the other hand, it is strictly and satirically probable, when told of a French apothecary; for who but [a Frenchman, whose pharmacopœia still teems with the monstrous compounds of our ancestors, could have believed that such a preparation was seriously designed for a cataplasm.

In our next extracts we come upon ground rather tender and unsafe for obstinate sceptics. We have often heard of learned doctors, from Shrewsbury, suppose, going by way of Birmingham to Oxford; and at Birmingham, under the unfortunate ambiguity of "the Oxford coach," getting into that *from* Oxford, which, by nightfall, safely restores the astonished doctor to astonished Shrewsbury. Such a case is sad and pitiful; but what is that to the case (p. 164) of Wilkes the painter, who, being "anxious to get a likeness" of "good Dr. Foster" (the same whom Pope has honoured with the couplet,—

"Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well")

"attended his meeting one Sunday evening;" and very naturally, not being acquainted with Dr. Foster's person, sketched a likeness of the clergyman whom he found officiating; which clergyman happened unfortunately to be—not the doctor—but Mr. Morris, an occasional substitute of his. The mistake remained undiscovered: the sketch was elaborately copied in a regular picture: the picture was elaborately engraved in mezzotinto: and to this day the portrait of one Mr. Morris "officiates" for that of the celebrated Dr. Foster. Living and dead he was Dr. Foster's substitute. Even this, however, is a trifle to what follows: the case "of a Baronet, who must be nameless, who proposed to visit Rome, and previously to learn the language; but by some mistake, or imposition, engaged a German, who taught only his own language, and proceeded in the study of it vigorously for three months before he discovered his error." With all deference to the authority of Horace Walpole, from whom the anecdote originally comes, we confess that we are staggered; and must take leave, in the stoical phrase, to "suspend;" in fact, we must consult our friends before we can contract for believing it: at present, all we shall say

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about it is, that we greatly fear the Baronet "must," as Miss Hawkins observes, "be nameless."

We must also consult our friends on the propriety of believing the little incident which follows, though attributed to "a very worthy modest young man;" for it is remarkable that of this very modest young man is recorded but one act, viz., the most impudent in the book. "He was walking in the Mall of St. James's Park, when they met two fine young women, drest in straw hats, and, at least to appearance, unattended. His friend offered him a bet that he did not go up to one of those rustic beauties, and salute her. He accepted the bet; and in a very civil manner, and probably explaining the cause of his boldness, he thought himself sure of success, when he became aware that it was the Princess Caroline, daughter of George II., who, with one of her sisters, was taking the refreshment of a walk in complete disguise. In the utmost confusion he bowed, begged pardon, and retreated; whilst their Royal Highnesses, with great good-humour, laughed at his mistake."

We shall conclude our extracts with the following story, as likely to interest our fair readers:—

"Lady Lucy Meyrick was by birth the Lady Lucy Pitt, daughter to the Earl of Londonderry, and sister to the last who bore that title. She was, of course, nearly related to all the great families of that name; and losing her parents very early in life, was left under the guardianship of an uncle, who lived in James Street, Bnckingham Gate. This house was a most singularly uncouth dismal dwelling, in appearance very much of the Vanburgh style of building; and the very sight of it would justify almost any measure to get out of it. It excited every one's curiosity to ask, What is this place? What can it be for? It had a front of very dark heavy brick-work; very small windows, with sashes immensely thick. In this gay mansion, which looked against the blank window side of the large house in St. James's Park, twenty years ago Lord Milford's, but backwards into a market-gardener's ground, was Lady Lucy Meyrick to reside with her uncle and his daughter, a girl a little older than herself. The young ladies, who had formed a strict friendship, were kept under great restraint, which they bore as two lively girls may be supposed to have done. Their endurances soon reached the ears of two Westminster scholars of one of the Welsh families of Meyrick, who, in the true spirit of Knight-errantry, concerted with them a plan for escaping, which they carried into effect. Having gone thus far, there was nothing for the courteous knights to do, but to marry the fair damsels to whom they had rendered this essential service; and for this purpose they took them to the Fleet, or to May-Fair, in both which places marriages were solemnized in the utmost privacy. Here the two couples presented themselves; a baker's wife attending upon the ladies. Lady Lucy was then, and to the end of her life, one of the smallest women I ever saw: she was at the same time not more than fourteen years of age; and, being in the dress of a child, the person officiating objected to performing the ceremony for her. This extra

ordinary scrupulosity was distressing; but her ladyship met it by a lively reply—that her cousin might be married first, and then lend her her gown, which would make her look more womanly; but I suppose her right of precedence was regarded; for she used to say herself that she was at last married in the baker's wife's gown. Yet even now, if report be true, an obstacle intervened: the young ladies turned fickle; not, indeed, on the question 'to be or not to be' married, but on their choice of partners; and I was assured that they actually changed—Lady Lucy taking to herself, or acquiescing in taking, the elder brother. What their next step was to have been I know not: the ladies, who had not been missed, returned to their place of endurance; the young gentlemen to school, where they remained, keeping the secret close. When the school next broke up, they went home: and, probably, whilst waiting for courage to avow, or opportunity to disclose, or accident to betray for them the matter, a newly-arrived guest fresh from London, in reply, perhaps, to the usual question—What news from town? reported an odd story of two Westminster scholars, names unknown, who had (it was said) married two girls in the neighbourhood of the school. The countenances of the two lads drew suspicions upon them; and, confession being made, Lady Lucy was fetched to the house of her father-in-law. His lady, seeing her so very much of a child in appearance, said, on receiving her, in a tone of vexation—'Why, child, what can we do with you? Such a baby as you are, what can you know?' With equal humility and frankness Lady Lucy replied—'It is very true, Madam, that I am very young and very ignorant; but whatever you will teach me I will learn.' All the good lady's prejudice was now overcome; and Lady Lucy's conduct proved the sincerity of her submission. She lived seven years in Wales under the tuition of her mother-in-law, conforming to the manners, tempers, and prejudices of her new relations."

We have now "squeezed" a volume of 351 pages, according to our promise: we hope Miss Hawkins will forgive us. She must also forgive us for gently blaming her diction. She says (p. 277), "I read but little English." We thought as much; and wish she read more. The words "duple" (p. 145), and "decadence" (p. 123), point to another language than English: as to "*maux*" (p. 254), we know not what language it belongs to, unless it be Coptic.

It is certainly not "too big for an island;" but it will not do for this island, and we beg it may be transported. Miss Hawkins says a worse thing, however, of the English language than that she reads it but little: "Instead of admiring my native language," says she, "I feel fettered by it." That may be: but her inability to use it without difficulty and constraint is the very reason why she ought not to pronounce upon its merits: we cannot allow of any person's deciding on the value of an instrument until he has shown himself master of its powers in their whole compass. For some purposes (and these the highest), the English language is a divine instrument: no language is so for all.

When Miss Hawkins says that she reads "little English," the

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form of the expression implies that she reads a good deal of some more favoured language : may we take the liberty of asking—what ? It is not Welsh, we hope ? nor Syriac ? nor Sungskrita ? We say *hope*, for none of these will yield her anything for her next volume : throughout the Asiatic Researches no soul has been able to unearth a Sanscrit bon-mot. Is it Latin ? or Greek ? Perhaps both : for, besides some sprinklings of both throughout the volume, she gives us at the end several copies of Latin and Greek verses. These, she says, are her brother's : be they whose they may, we must overhaul them. The Latin are chiefly Sapphics, the Greek chiefly Iambics ; the following is a specimen of the Sapphics :—

“ One a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns ;
If your daughters will not eat them, give them to your sons.
But, if you have none of those pretty little elves,
You cannot do better than eat them yourselves.”

“ Idem Latine redditum a Viro Clariss. Henrico Hawkins.

“ Asse placentam cupiasne solam ?
Asse placentas cupiasne binas ?
Ecce placentæ, teneræ, tepentes,
Et cruce gratæ.

“ Respuant natæ ? dato, quæso, natis :
Parvulos tales tibi si negârint
Fata, tu tandem (superest quid ultra ?)
Sumito præsto est.”

Our opinion of this translation is that it is worthy of the original. We hope this criticism will prove satisfactory. At the same time without offence to Mr. Hawkins, may we suggest that the baker's man has rather the advantage in delicacy of expression and structure of verse ? He has also distinguished clearly the alternative of sons and daughters, which the unfortunate ambiguity of “ *natis* ” has prevented Mr. Hawkins from doing. Perhaps Mr. Hawkins will consider this against a future edition. Another, viz., a single hexameter, is entitled, “ *De Amandâ, clavibus amissis.* ” Here we must confess to a signal mortification, the table of “ *Contents* ” having prepared us to look for some sport ; for the title is there printed (by mistake, as it turns out), “ *De Amandâ, clavis amissis,* ” i.e., *On Amanda, upon the loss of her cudgels* ; whereas it ought to have been *clavibus amissis*, on the loss of her keys. Shenstone used to thank God that his name was not adapted to the vile designs of the punster : perhaps some future punster may take the conceit out of him on that point by extracting a compound pun from his name combined with some other word. The next best thing, however, to having a name, or title, that is absolutely pun-proof, is the having one which yields only to Greek puns, or Carthaginian (i.e., *Punic*) puns. Lady Moira has that felicity, on whom Mr. Hawkins has thus punned very seriously in a Greek hexameter :—

“ On the death of the Countess of Moira's new-born infant.

“ Μοιρα καλη, μ' ετεκες μ' ανελες μεν, Μοιρα κραταιη.”

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Of the iambics we shall give one specimen :—

“Impromptu returned with my lead pencil, which I had left on his table.

“Βοηθός εἰμι· καλλιῶ παντ' ἐξ εἰμὸν.
Ἐκ τοῦ μολιβδίου ἡ νοήσις ἐρχεται.”

The thought is pretty: some little errors there certainly are, as in the contest with the baker's man; and in this, as in all his iambics (especially in the three from the Arabic), some little hiatuses in the metre, not adapted to the fastidious race of an Athenian audience. But these little hiatuses, these “little enormities” (to borrow a phrase from the sermon of a country clergyman), *will* occur in the best regulated verses. On the whole, our opinion of Mr. Hawkins, as a Greek poet, is, that in seven hundred, or say seven hundred and fifty years—he may become a pretty—yes, we will say a *very* pretty poet: as he cannot be more than one-tenth of that age at present, we look upon his performances as singularly promising. *Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.**

To return to Miss Hawkins; there are some blunders in facts up and down her book: such, for instance, as that of supposing Sir Francis Drake to have commanded in the succession of engagements with the Spanish Armada of 1588, which is the more remarkable as her own ancestor was so distinguished a person in those engagements. But, upon the whole, her work, if weeded of some trifling tales (as what relates to the young Marquis of Tweeddale's dress, etc.), is creditable to her talents. Her opportunities of observation have been great; she has generally made good use of them; and her tact for the ludicrous is striking and useful in a book of this kind. We hope that she will soon favour us with a second volume; and, in that case, we cannot doubt that we shall again have an orange to squeeze for the public use.

* Seriously, however, Mr. Hawkins's translation of Lord Erskine's celebrated punning epigram on Dr. Lettson is “very clever,” as Miss Hawkins thinks it, and wants only a little revision. She is mistaken, however, in supposing that Lord Erskine meant to represent Dr. Lettson “as illiterate;” the bad grammar was indispensable to the purpose of working the name—*J. Lettson*—into the texture of the verse; which is accomplished with great ingenuity both in the English and the Greek.

NOTES FROM THE POCKET BOOK OF
A LATE OPIUM EATER.

I.—WALKING STEWART.

MR. STEWART the traveller, commonly called "Walking Stewart," was a man of very extraordinary genius. He has generally been treated by those who have spoken of him in print as a madman. But this is a mistake, and must have been founded chiefly on the titles of his books. He was a man of fervid mind, and of sublime aspirations: but he was no madman; or, if he was, then I say that it is so far desirable to be a madman. In 1798 or 1799, when I must have been about thirteen years old, Walking Stewart was in Bath, where my family at that time resided. He frequented the pump-room, and I believe all public places, walking up and down, and dispersing his philosophic opinions to the right and the left, like a Grecian philosopher. The first time I saw him was at a concert in the Upper Rooms; he was pointed out to me by one of my party as a very eccentric man who had walked over the habitable globe. I remember that Madame Mara was at that moment singing; and Walking Stewart, who was a true lover of music (as I afterwards came to know), was hanging upon her notes like a bee upon a jessamine flower. His countenance was striking, and expressed the union of benignity with philosophic habits of thought. In such health had his pedestrian exercises preserved him, connected with his abstemious mode of living, that, though he must at that time have been considerably above forty, he did not look older than twenty-eight; at least the face which remained upon my recollection for some years was that of a young man. Nearly ten years afterwards I became acquainted with him. During the interval, I had picked up one of his works in Bristol—viz., his "Travels to Discover the Source of Moral Motion," the second volume of which is entitled, "The Apocalypse of Nature." I had been greatly impressed by the sound and original views which, in the first volume, he had taken of the national characters throughout Europe. In particular, he was the first, and, so far as I know, the only writer who had noticed the profound error of ascribing a phlegmatic character to the English nation. "English phlegm" is the constant expression of authors, when contrasting the English with the French. Now, the truth is, that, beyond that of all other nations, it has a substratum of profound passion: and if we are to recur to the old doctrine of temperaments, the English character must be classed, not under the *phlegmatic*, but under the *melancholic*, temperament; and the French under the *sanguine*. The character of a nation may be judged of, in

this particular, by examining its idiomatic language. The French, in whom the lower forms of passion are constantly bubbling up from the shallow and superficial character of their feelings, have appropriated all the phrases of passion to the service of trivial and ordinary life : and hence they have no language of passion for the service of poetry, or of occasions really demanding it : for it has been already enfeebled by continual association with cases of an unimpassioned order. But a character of deeper passion has a perpetual standard in itself, by which, as by an instinct, it tries all cases, and rejects the language of passion as disproportionate and ludicrous where it is not fully justified. "Ah Heavens!" or "Oh my God!" are exclamations, with us, so exclusively reserved for cases of profound interest, that, on hearing a woman even (*i.e.*, a person of the sex most easily excited) utter such words, we look round, expecting to see her child in some situation of danger. But in France, "*Ah Ciel!*" and "*Oh mon Dieu!*" are uttered by every woman if a mouse does but run across the floor. The ignorant and the thoughtless, however, will continue to class the English character under the phlegmatic temperament, whilst the philosopher will perceive that it is the exact polar antithesis to a phlegmatic character. In this conclusion, though otherwise expressed and illustrated, Walking Stewart's view of the English character will be found to terminate : and his opinion is especially valuable—first, and chiefly, because he was a philosopher ; secondly, because his acquaintance with man, civilised and uncivilised, under all national distinctions, was absolutely unrivalled. Meantime, this and others of his opinions were expressed in language that, if literally construed, would often appear insane or absurd. The truth is, his long intercourse with foreign nations had given something of a hybrid tincture to his diction ; in some of his works, for instance, he uses the French word *hélas!* uniformly for the English *alas!* and apparently with no consciousness of his mistake. He had also this singularity about him, that he was everlastingly metaphysicising against metaphysics. To me, who was buried in metaphysical reveries from my earliest days, this was not likely to be an attraction, any more than the vicious structure of his diction was likely to please my scholar-like taste. All grounds of disgust, however, gave way before my sense of his powerful merits ; and, as I have said, I sought his acquaintance. Coming up to London from Oxford about 1807 or 1808, I made inquiries about him ; and found that he usually read the papers at a coffee-room in Piccadilly : understanding that he was poor, it struck me that he might not wish to receive visits at his lodgings, and therefore I sought him at the coffee-room. Here I took the liberty of introducing myself to him. He received me courteously, and invited me to his rooms, which at that time were in Sherrard Street, Golden Square—a street already memorable to me. I was much struck with the eloquence of his conversation ; and afterwards I found that Mr. Wordsworth, himself the most eloquent of men in conversation, had been equally struck, when he had met him at Paris between the years 1790 and 1792, during the early storms of the French Revolution. In Sherrard Street I visited

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him repeatedly, and took notes of the conversations I had with him on various subjects. These I must have somewhere or other; and I wish I could introduce them here, as they would interest the reader. Occasionally, in these conversations, as in his books, he introduced a few notices of his private history: in particular, I remember his telling me that in the East Indies he had been a prisoner of Hyder's; that he had escaped with some difficulty; and that, in the service of one of the native princes as secretary or interpreter, he had accumulated a small fortune. This must have been too small, I fear, at that time to allow him even a philosopher's comforts: for some part of it, invested in the French funds, had been confiscated. I was grieved to see a man of so much ability, of gentlemanly manners and refined habits, and with the infirmity of deafness, suffering under such obvious privations; and I once took the liberty, on a fit occasion presenting itself, of requesting that he would allow me to send him some books which he had been casually regretting that he did not possess—for I was at that time in the heyday of my worldly prosperity. This offer, however, he declined with firmness and dignity, though not unkindly. And I now mention it, because I have seen him charged in print with a selfish regard to his own pecuniary interest. On the contrary, he appeared to me a very liberal and generous man: and I well remember that, whilst on his own part he refused to accept of anything, he compelled me to receive as presents all the books which he published during my acquaintance with him. Two of these, corrected with his own hand—viz, the "Lyre of Apollo," and the "Sophicometer"—I have lately found amongst other books left in London; and others he forwarded to me in Westmoreland. In 1809 I saw him often. In the spring of that year I happened to be in London; and Wordsworth's tract on the Convention of Cintra being at that time in the printer's hands, I superintended the publication of it; and, at Wordsworth's request, I added a long note on Spanish affairs, which is printed in the Appendix. The opinions I expressed in this note on the Spanish character, at that time much calumniated on the retreat to Corunna, then fresh in the public mind, above all, the contempt I expressed for the superstition in respect to the French military prowess—a superstition so disonouring to ourselves, and so mischievous in its results—which was then at its height, and which gave way, in fact, only to the campaigns of 1814 and 1815, fell in, as it happened, with Mr. Stewart's political creed in those points where at that time it met with most opposition. In 1812 it was, I think, that I saw him for the last time: and, by the way, on the day of my parting with him, I had an amusing proof, in my own experience, of that sort of ubiquity ascribed to him by a witty writer in the "London Magazine." I met him and shook hands with him under Somerset House, telling him that I should leave town that evening for Westmoreland. Thence I went, by the very shortest road (*i.e.*, through Moor Street, Soho—for I am learned in many quarters of London), towards a point which necessarily led me through Tottenham Court Road: I stopped nowhere, and walked fast; yet so it was, that in Tottenham Court Road I was not overtaken by *(that*

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was comprehensible), but overtook, Walking Stewart. Certainly, as the above writer alleges, there must have been three Walking Stewarts in London. He seemed nowise surprised at this himself, but explained to me, that somewhere or other in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road there was a little theatre, at which there was dancing, and occasionally good singing, between which and a neighbouring coffee-house he sometimes divided his evenings. Singing, it seems, he could hear in spite of his deafness. In this street I took my final leave of him; it turned out such; and anticipating at the time that it would, I looked after his white hat at the moment it was disappearing, and exclaimed, "Farewell, thou half-crazy and most eloquent of men! I shall never see thy face again." At that moment, I did not intend to visit London again for some years: as it happened, I was there for a short time in 1814; and then I heard, to my great satisfaction, that Walking Stewart had recovered a considerable sum (about £14,000, I believe) from the East India Company; and, from the abstract given in the "London Magazine" of the memoir by his relation, I have since learned that he applied this money most wisely to the purchase of an annuity, and that he "persisted in living" too long for the peace of an annuity office. So fare all companies, East and West, and all annuity offices, that stand opposed in interest to philosophers! In 1814, however, to my great regret, I did not see him; for I was then taking a great deal of opium, and never could contrive to issue to the light of day soon enough for a morning-call upon a philosopher of such early hours; and in the evening, I concluded that he would be generally abroad, from what he had formerly communicated to me of his own habits. It seems, however, that he afterwards held *conversazioni* at his own rooms, and did not stir out to theatres quite so much. From a brother of mine, who at one time occupied rooms in the same house with him, I learned that, in other respects, he did not deviate in his prosperity from the philosophic tenor of his former life. He abated nothing of his peripatetic exercises; and repaired duly in the morning, as he had done in former years, to St. James's Park, where he sat in trance-like reverie amongst the cows, inhaling their balmy breath and pursuing his philosophic speculations. He had also purchased an organ, or more than one, with which he solaced his solitude, and beguiled himself of uneasy thoughts, if he ever had any.

The works of Walking Stewart must be read with some indulgence; the titles are generally too lofty and pretending, and somewhat extravagant; the composition is lax and unprecise, as I have before said; and the doctrines are occasionally very bold, incautiously stated, and too hardy and high-toned for the nervous effeminacy of many modern moralists. But Walking Stewart was a man who thought nobly of human nature: he wrote, therefore, at times, in the spirit and with the indignation of an ancient prophet against the oppressors and destroyers of the time. In particular, I remember that, in one or more of the pamphlets which I received from him at Grasmere, he expressed himself in such terms on the subject of Tyrannicide (distinguishing the cases in which it was and was not lawful) as seemed to

Wordsworth and myself every way worthy of a philosopher; but, from the way in which that subject was treated in the House of Commons, where it was at that time occasionally introduced, it was plain that his doctrine was not fitted for the luxurious and relaxed morals of the age. Like all men who think nobly of human nature, Walking Stewart thought of it hopefully. In some respects his hopes were wisely grounded; in others, they rested too much upon certain metaphysical speculations which are untenable, and which satisfied himself only, because his researches in that track had been purely self-originated and self-disciplined. He relied upon his own native strength of mind; but, in questions which the wisdom and philosophy of every age, building successively upon each other, have not been able to settle, no mind, however strong, is entitled to build wholly upon itself. In many things he shocked the religious sense—especially as it exists in unphilosophic minds: he held a sort of rude and unscientific Spinosism; and he expressed it coarsely, and in the way most likely to give offence. And indeed there can be no stronger proof of the utter obscurity in which his works have slumbered, than that they should all have escaped prosecution. He also allowed himself to look too lightly and indulgently on the afflicting spectacle of female prostitution as it exists in London and in all great cities. This was the only point on which I was disposed to quarrel with him; for I could not but view it as a greater reproach to human nature than the slave-trade, or any sight of wretchedness that the sun looks down upon. I often told him so; and that I was at a loss to guess how a philosopher could allow himself to view it simply as part of the equipage of civil life, and not less reasonably making part of the establishment and furniture of a great city as police-offices, lamp-lighting, or newspapers. Waiving, however, this one instance of something like compliance with the brutal spirit of the world, on all other subjects he was eminently unworldly, child-like, simple-minded, and upright. He would flatter no man: even when addressing nations, it is almost laughable to see how invariably he prefaces his counsels with such plain truths, uttered in a manner so offensive as must have defeated his purpose, if it had otherwise any chance of being accomplished. For instance, in addressing America, he begins thus:—"People of America! since your separation from the mother-country, your moral character has degenerated in the energy of thought and sense; produced by the absence of your association and intercourse with British officers and merchants: you have no moral discernment to distinguish between the protective power of England and the destructive power of France." And his letter to the Irish nation opens in this agreeable and conciliatory manner:—"People of Ireland! I address you as a true philosopher of nature, foreseeing the perpetual misery your irreflective character, and total absence of moral discernment, are preparing for," &c. The second sentence begins thus:—"You are sacrilegiously arresting the arm of your parent kingdom, fighting the cause of man and nature, when the triumph of the fiend of French police-terror would be your own instant extirpation." And the letter

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closes thus :—" I see but one awful alternative—that Ireland will be a perpetual moral volcano, threatening the destruction of the world, if the education and instruction of thought and sense shall not be able to generate the faculty of moral discernment among a very numerous class of the population, who detest the civic calm as sailors the natural calm, and make civic rights on which they cannot reason a pretext for feuds which they delight in." As he spoke freely and boldly to others, so he spoke loftily of himself. At p. 313 of the "Harp of Apollo," on making a comparison of himself with Socrates (in which he naturally gives the preference to himself), he styles the "Harp," &c., "this unparalleled work of human energy." At p. 315, he calls it "this stupendous work;" and lower down, on the same page, he says, "I was turned out of school, at the age of fifteen, for a dunce or blockhead, because I would not stuff into my memory all the nonsense of erudition and learning; and if future ages should discover the unparalleled energies of genius in this work, it will prove my most important doctrine—that the powers of the human mind must be developed in the education of thought and sense in the study of moral opinion, not arts and science." Again, at p. 225 of his "Sophiometer," he says, "The paramount thought that dwells in my mind incessantly is a question I put to myself—whether, in the event of my personal dissolution by death, I have communicated all the discoveries my unique mind possesses in the great master-science of man and nature." In the next page, he determines that he *has*, with the exception of one truth—viz., "the latent energy, physical and moral, of human nature as existing in the British people." But here he was surely accusing himself without ground; for, to my knowledge, he has not failed, in any one of his numerous works, to insist upon this theme at least a billion of times. Another instance of his magnificent self-estimation is, that in the title-pages of several of his works he announces himself as "John Stewart, the only man of nature* that ever appeared in the world."

By this time I am afraid the reader begins to suspect that he was crazy: and certainly, when I consider everything, he must have been crazy when the wind was at N.N.E.; for who but Walking Stewart ever dated his books by a computation drawn—not from the creation, not from the flood, not from Nabonassar, or *ab urbe condita*, not from the Hegira—but from themselves, from their own day of publication, as constituting the one great era in the history of man by the side of which all other eras were frivolous and impertinent? Thus, in a work of his, given to me in 1812, and probably published in that year, I find him incidentally recording of himself that he was at that time "arrived at the age of sixty-three, with a firm state of health acquired by temperance, and a peace of mind almost independent of the vices of

* In Bath he was surnamed the "Child of Nature;" which arose from his contrasting, on every occasion, the existing man of our present experience with the ideal or Stewartian man that might be expected to emerge in some myriads of ages—to which latter man he gave the name of the Child of Nature.

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mankind—because my knowledge of life has enabled me to place my happiness beyond the reach or contact of other men's follies and passions, by avoiding all family connections, and all ambitious pursuits of profit, fame, or power." On reading this passage, I was anxious to ascertain its date; but this, on turning to the title-page, I found thus mysteriously expressed: "In the 7000th year of Astronomical History, and the first day of Intellectual Life or Moral World, from the era of this work." Another slight indication of craziness appeared in a notion which obstinately haunted his mind, that all the kings and rulers of the earth would confederate in every age against his works, and would hunt them out for extermination as keenly as Herod did the innocents of Bethlehem. On this consideration, fearing that they might be intercepted by the long arms of these wicked princes before they could reach that remote Stewartian man or his precursor to whom they were mainly addressed, he recommended to all those who might be impressed with a sense of their importance to bury a copy or copies of each work, properly secured from damp, &c., at a depth of seven or eight feet below the surface of the earth; and on their death-beds to communicate the knowledge of this fact to some confidential friends, who, in their turn, were to send down the tradition to some discreet persons of the next generation; and thus, if the truth was not to be dispersed for many ages, yet the knowledge that here and there the truth lay buried on this and that continent, in secret spots on Mount Caucasus—in the sands of Biledulgerid—and in hiding-places amongst the forests of America, and was to rise again in some distant age, and to vegetate and fructify for the universal benefit of man,—this knowledge at least was to be whispered down from generation to generation; and, in defiance of a myriad of kings crusading against him, Walking Stewart was to stretch out the influence of his writings through a long series of *λαμπαδηφοροι* to that child of nature whom he saw dimly through a vista of many centuries. If this were madness, it seemed to me a somewhat sublime madness; and I assured him of my co-operation against the kings, promising that I would bury the "Harp of Apollo" in my own orchard in Grasmere at the foot of Mount Fairfield; that I would bury the "Apocalypse of Nature" in one of the caves of Helvellyn, and several other works in several other places best known to myself. He accepted my offer with gratitude; but he then made known to me that he relied on my assistance for a still more important service—which was this: in the lapse of that vast number of ages that would probably intervene between the present period and the period at which his works would have reached their destination, he feared that the English language might itself have mouldered away. "No!" I said, "that was not probable: considering its extensive diffusion, and that it was now transplanted into all the continents of our planet, I would back the English language against any other on earth." His own persuasion, however, was, that the Latin was destined to survive all other languages; it was to be the eternal as well as the universal language; and his desire was that I should translate his works, or some part of them, into that lan-

guage.* This I promised; and I seriously designed at some leisure hour to translate into Latin a selection of passages which should embody an abstract of his philosophy. This would have been doing a service to all those who might wish to see a digest of his peculiar opinions cleared from the perplexities of his peculiar diction, and brought into a narrow compass from the great number of volumes through which they are at present dispersed. However, like many another plan of mine, it went unexecuted.

On the whole, if Walking Stewart were at all crazy, he was so in a way which did not affect his natural genius and eloquence—but rather exalted them. The old maxim, indeed, that “Great wits to madness sure are never allied,” the maxim of Dryden and the popular maxim, I have heard disputed by Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Wordsworth, who maintain that mad people are the dullest and most wearisome of all people. As a body, I believe they are ‘o. But I must dissent from Messrs. Coleridge and Wordsworth so far as to distinguish. Where madness is connected, as it often is, with some miserable derangement of the stomach, liver, etc., and attacks the principle of pleasurable life, which is manifestly seated in the central organs of the body (*i.e.*, in the stomach and the apparatus connected with it), there it cannot but lead to perpetual suffering and distraction of thought? and there the patient will be often tedious and incoherent. People who have not suffered from any great disturbance in those organs are little aware how indispensable to the process of thinking are the momentary influxes of pleasurable feeling from the regular goings on of life in its primary function; in fact, until the pleasure is withdrawn or obscured, most people are not aware that they *have* any pleasure from the due action of the great central machinery of the system: proceeding in uninterrupted continuance, the pleasure as much escapes the consciousness as the act of respiration: a child, in the happiest stage of its existence, does not *know* that it is happy. And, generally, whatsoever is the level state of the hourly feeling is never put down by the unthinking (*i.e.*, by 99 out of 100) to the account of happiness: it is never put down with the positive sign, as equal to + *x*; but simply as = 0. And men first become aware that it *was* a positive quantity, when they have lost it (*i.e.*, fallen into - *x*). Meantime the genial pleasure from the vital processes, though not

* I was not aware until the moment of writing this passage, that Walking Stewart had publicly made this request three years after making it to myself: opening the “Harp of Apollo,” I have just now accidentally stumbled on the following passage:—“This stupendous work is destined, I fear, to meet a worse fate than the aloe, which, as soon as it blossoms, loses its stalk. This first blossom of reason is threatened with the loss of both its stalk and its soil: for, if the revolutionary tyrant should triumph, he would destroy all the English books and energies of thought. I conjure my readers to translate this work into Latin, and to bury it in the ground, communicating on their death-beds only its place of concealment to men of nature.”

From the title-page of this work, by the way, I learn that “the 7000th year of Astronomical History” is taken from the Chinese tables, and coincides (as I had supposed) with the year 1812 of our computation.

represented to the consciousness, is *imminent* in every act, impulse, motion, word, and thought: and a philosopher sees that the idiots are in a state of pleasure, though they cannot see it themselves. Now I say that, where this principle of pleasure is not attacked, madness is often little more than an enthusiasm highly exalted; the animal spirits are exuberant and in excess; and the madman becomes, if he be otherwise a man of ability and information, all the better as a companion. I have met with several such madmen; and I appeal to my brilliant friend, Professor W——, of Edinburgh, who is not a man to tolerate dulness in any quarter, and is himself the ideal of a delightful companion, whether he ever met a more amusing person than that madman who took a post-chaise jointly with him and myself, from Penrith to Carlisle, long years ago, when he and I were hastening with the speed of fugitive felons to catch the Edinburgh mail. His fancy and his extravagances, and his furious attacks on Sir Isaac Newton, like Plato's suppers, refreshed us not only for that day, but whenever they recurred to us; and we were both grieved when we heard, some time afterwards, from a Cambridge man, that he had met our clever friend in a stage-coach under the care of a brutal keeper.—Such a madness, if any, was the madness of Walking Stewart: his health was perfect; his spirits as light and ebullient as the spirits of a bird in spring-time; and his mind unagitated by painful thoughts, and at peace with himself. Hence, if he was not an amusing companion, it was because the philosophic direction of his thoughts made him something more. Of anecdotes and matters of fact he was not communicative; of all that he had seen in the vast compass of his travels he rarely availed himself in conversation. I do not remember, at this moment, that he ever once alluded to his own travels in his intercourse with me, except for the purpose of weighing down, by a statement grounded on his own great personal experience, an opposite statement of many hasty and misjudging travellers which he thought injurious to human nature: the statement was this, that, in all his countless encounters with uncivilized tribes, he had never met with any so ferocious and brutal as to attack an unarmed and defenceless man, who was able to make them understand that he threw himself upon their hospitality and forbearance.

On the whole, Walking Stewart was a sublime visionary. He had seen and suffered much amongst men; yet not too much, or so as to dull the genial tone of his sympathy with the sufferings of others. His mind was a mirror of the sentient universe—the whole mighty vision that had fled before his eyes in this world: the armies of Hyder Ali and his son Tippoo, with oriental and barbaric pageantry; the civic grandeur of England; the great deserts of Asia and America; the vast capitals of Europe; London, with its eternal agitations, the ceaseless ebb and flow of its “mighty heart;” Paris, shaken by the fierce torments of revolutionary convulsions; the silence of Lapland; and the solitary forests of Canada; with the swarming life of the torrid zone; together with innumerable recollections of individual joy and sorrow that he had participated by sympathy—

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lay like a map beneath him, as if eternally co-present to his view, so that, in the contemplation of the prodigious whole, he had no leisure to separate the parts, or occupy his mind with details. Hence came the monotony which the frivolous and the desultory would have found in his conversation. I, however, who, by accidents of experience, am qualified to speak of him, must pronounce him to have been a man of great genius, and, with reference to his conversation, of great eloquence. That these were not better known and acknowledged was owing to two disadvantages—one grounded in his imperfect education, the other in the peculiar structure of his mind. The first was this: like the late Mr. Shelley, he had a fine vague enthusiasm, and lofty aspirations, in connection with human nature generally and its hopes; and like him he strove to give steadiness, a uniform direction, and an intelligible purpose to these feelings, by fitting to them a scheme of philosophical opinions. But unfortunately the philosophic system of both was so far from supporting their own views, and the cravings of their own enthusiasm, that, as in some points it was baseless, incoherent, or unintelligible, so in others it tended to moral results from which, if they had foreseen them, they would have been themselves the first to shrink, as contradictory to the very purposes in which their system had originated. Hence, in maintaining their own system, they found themselves painfully entangled, at times, with tenets pernicious and degrading to human nature. These were the inevitable consequences of the *πρωτον ψευδος* in their speculations; but were naturally charged upon them by those who looked carelessly into their books as opinions which, not merely for the sake of consistency, they thought themselves bound to endure, but to which they gave the full weight of their sanction and patronage as to so many moving principles in their system. The other disadvantage under which Walking Stewart laboured was this: he was a man of genius, but not a man of talents; at least his genius was out of all proportion to his talents, and wanted an organ, as it were, for manifesting itself, so that his most original thoughts were delivered in a crude state, imperfect, obscure, half-developed, and not producible to a popular audience. He was partially aware of this himself; and though he claims everywhere the faculty of profound intuition into human nature, yet, with equal candour, he accuses himself of asinine stupidity, dulness, and want of talent. He was a disproportioned intellect, and so far a monster; and he must be added to the long list of original-minded men who have been looked down upon with pity and contempt by commonplace men of talent, whose powers of mind, though a thousand times inferior, were yet more manageable, more self-interpreted, and ran in channels better suited to common uses and common understandings.

N.B.—About the year 1812, I remember seeing in many of the print-shops a whole-length sketch in water colours of Walking Stewart, in his customary dress and attitude. This, as the only memorial (I presume) in that shape of a man whose memory I love, I should be very glad to possess, and therefore I take the liberty of

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publicly requesting, as a particular favour from any reader of this article who may chance to remember such a sketch in any collection of prints offered for sale, that he would cause it to be sent to the editor of the "London Magazine," who will pay for it.*

II.—MALTHUS.

"Go, my son,"—said a Swedish chancellor to his son,—“go and see with how little cost of wisdom this world is governed.” “Go,” might a scholar, in like manner say, after a thoughtful review of literature, “go and see—how little logic is required to the composition of most books.” Of the many attestations to this fact, furnished by the history of opinions in our hasty and unmeditative age, I know of none more striking than the case of Mr. Malthus, both as regards himself and his critics. About a quarter of a century ago Mr. Malthus wrote his Essay on Population, which soon rose into great reputation. And why? not for the truth it contained; *that* is but imperfectly understood even at present; but for the false semblance of systematic form with which he had invested the truth. Without any necessity he placed his whole doctrine on the following basis: man increases in a geometrical ratio—the food of man in an arithmetical ratio. This proposition, though not the main error of his work, is *one*; and therefore I shall spend a few lines in exposing it. I say then that the distinction is totally groundless: both tend to increase in a geometric ratio; both have this tendency checked and counteracted in the same way. In everything which serves for the food of man, no less than in man himself, there is a *positive* ground of increase by geometrical ratios; but in order that this positive ground may go on to its effect, there must in each case be present a certain *negative* condition (*i.e., conditio sine qua non* *); for the food, as suppose for wheat, the negative condition is soil on which it may grow, and exert its virtue of self-multiplication; for man the negative condition is food: *i.e.,* in both cases the negative condition is the same—*mutatis mutandis*: for the soil is to the wheat what the wheat is to man. Where this negative condition is present, both will increase geometrically; where it is absent, neither. And so far is it from being true that man has the advantage of the wheat, or increases according to any other law, as Mr. Malthus affirms, that, on the contrary, the wheat has greatly the advantage of man (though both increase according to the same law) But, says Mr. Malthus, you would find it impossible to increase the

* This was written by the Author, Oct., 1823.

† Once for all let me say to the readers of these memoranda, that I use the term *negative condition* as equivalent to the term *conditio sine qua non*, and both in the scholastic sense. The negative condition of X is that which being absent X cannot exist; but which being present X will not *therefore* exist, unless a positive ground of X be co-present. Briefly, if not, not; if yes, not therefore yes.

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annual supply of wheat in England by so much as the continual addition even of the existing quantity; whereas man might, on a certain supposition, go on increasing his species in a geometric ratio. What is that supposition? Why this—that the negative condition of increase, the absence of which is the actual resistance in both cases to the realization of a geometric increase, is here by supposition restored to man but *not* restored to the wheat. It is certainly true that wheat in England increases only by an arithmetical ratio; but then so does man: and the inference thus far would be, that both alike were restricted to this law of increase. “Aye, but then man,” says Mr. Malthus, “will increase by another ratio, if you allow him an unlimited supply of food.” Well, I answer, and so will the wheat; to suppose this negative condition (an unlimited supply of food) concurring with the positive principle of increase in man, and to refuse to suppose it in the wheat, is not only contrary to all laws of disputing—but is also on this account the more monstrous, because the possibility and impossibility of the negative concurring with this positive ground of increase is equal, and (what is still more to the purpose) is identical for both: wheresoever the concurrence is realized for man, there of necessity it is realized for the wheat. And, therefore, you have not only a right to demand the same concession for the wheat as for the man, but the one concession is actually involved in the other. As the soil (S) is to the wheat (W), so is the wheat (W) to man (M); *i.e.* $S : W :: W : M$. You cannot even by way of hypothesis assume any cause as multiplying the third term, which will not also pre-suppose the multiplication of the first: else you suffer W as the third term to be multiplied, and the very same W as the second term not to be multiplied. In fact, the coincidence of the negative with the positive ground of increase must of necessity take place in all countries during the early stages of society for the food of man: this coincidence must exist and gradually cease to exist for both simultaneously. The negative condition, without which the positive principle of increase in man and in the food of man is equally inefficient, is withdrawn *in fact* as a country grows populous: for the sake of argument, and as the basis of a chain of reasoning, it may be restored *in idea* to either; but not more to one than the other. That proposition of Mr. Malthus, therefore, which ascribes a different law of increase to man and to the food of man (which proposition is advanced by Mr. Malthus and considered by most of his readers as the fundamental one of his system) is false and groundless. Where the positive principle of increase meets with its complement the negative ground, there the increase proceeds in a geometrical ratio—alike in man and in his food: where it fails of meeting this complement, it proceeds in an arithmetical ratio, alike in both. And I say that wherever the geometrical ratio of increase exists for man, it exists of necessity for the food of man: and I say that wherever the arithmetical ratio exists for the food of man, it exists of necessity for man.

Lastly,—I repeat that, even where the food of man and man himself increase in the same *ratio*—(*viz.*, a geometrical ratio), yet

that the food has greatly the advantage in the *rate* of increase. For assume any cycle of years (suppose 25) as the period of a human generation and as corresponding to the annual generations of wheat, then I say that, if a bushel of wheat and a human couple (man and women) be turned out upon Salisbury plain—or, to give them more area and a better soil for the experiment, on the stage of Canada and the uncolonized countries adjacent,—the bushel of wheat shall have produced its cube,—its 4th—10th—Mth power in a number of years which shall always be fewer than the number of periods of 25 years in which the human pair shall have produced its cube—its 4th—10th—Mth power, etc. And this assertion may be easily verified by consulting any record of the average produce from a given quantity of seed corn.

II. The famous proposition, therefore, about the geometrical and arithmetical ratios, as applied to man and his food, is a radical blunder. I come now to a still more remarkable blunder, which I verily believe is the greatest logical oversight that has ever escaped any author of respectability. This oversight lies in Mr. Malthus's view of population, considered not with reference to its own internal coherency, but as an answer to Mr. Godwin. That gentleman, in common with some other philosophers,—no matter upon what arguments,—had maintained the doctrine of the “perfectibility” of man. Now, says Mr. Malthus, without needing any philosophic investigation of this doctrine, I will overthrow it by a simple statement drawn from the political economy of the human race: I will suppose that state of perfection, towards which the human species is represented as tending, to be actually established: and I will show that it must melt away before the principle which governs population. How is this accomplished? Briefly thus:—In every country the food of man either goes on increasing simply in an arithmetical ratio, or (in proportion as it becomes better peopled) is rapidly tending to such a ratio. Let us suppose this ratio everywhere established, as it must of necessity be as soon as no acre of land remains untilled which is susceptible of tillage; since no revolutions in the mere science of agriculture can be supposed capable of transmuting an arithmetic into a geometric ratio of increase. Food then increasing under this law can never go on *pari passu* with any population which should increase in a geometric ratio? Now, what is it that prevents population from increasing in such a ratio? Simply the want of food. But how? Not directly, but through the instrumentality of vice and misery in some* shape or other. These are the repressing forces which everywhere keep down the increase of man to the same ratio as that of his food—viz., to an arithmetic ratio. But vice and misery can have no existence in a state

* What is the particular shape which they put on in most parts of the earth—furnishes matter for the commentary of Mr. Malthus on his own doctrine, and occupies the greater part of his work. The materials are of course drawn from voyages and travels; but from so slender a reading in that department of literature, that the whole should undoubtedly be re-written and more learnedly supported by authorities.

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of perfection ; so much is evident *ex vi termini*. If then these are the only repressing forces, it follows that in a state of perfection there can be none at all. If none at all, then the geometric ratio of increase will take place. But, as the arithmetic ratio must still be the law for the increase of food, the population will be constantly getting ahead of the food. Famine, disease, and every mode of wretchedness will return ; and thus out of its own bosom will the state of perfection have regenerated the worst form of imperfection by necessarily bringing back the geometric ratio of human increase unsupported by the same ratio of increase amongst the food. This is the way in which Mr. Malthus applies his doctrine of population to the overthrow of Mr. Godwin. Upon which I put this question to Mr. Malthus. In what condition must the human will be supposed, if with the clear view of this fatal result (such a view as must be ascribed to it in a state of perfection), it could nevertheless bring its own acts into no harmony with reason and conscience? Manifestly it must be in a most diseased state. Ay, says Mr. Malthus, but "I take it for granted" that no important change will ever take place in that part of human nature. Be it so, I answer : but the question here is not concerning the *absolute* truth,—Is there any hope that the will of man can ever raise itself from its present condition of weakness and disorder? The question is concerning the formal or logical truth—concerning the truth *relatively* to a specific concession previously made. Mr. Malthus had consented to argue with Mr. Godwin on the supposition that a state of perfection might be and actually was attained. How comes he then to "take for granted" what in a moment makes his own concession void? He agrees to suppose a perfect state ; and at the same time he includes in this supposition the main imperfection of this world—viz., the diseased will of man. This is to concede and to retract in the same breath ; explicitly to give, and implicitly to refuse. Mr. Godwin may justly retort upon Mr. Malthus—you promised to show that the state of perfection should generate out of itself an inevitable relapse into that state of imperfection : but *your* state of perfection already includes imperfection, and imperfection of a sort which is the principal parent of almost all other imperfection. Eve, after her fall, was capable of a higher resolution than is here ascribed to the children of perfection ; for she is represented by Milton as saying to Adam,

" Miserable it is

To be to others cause of misery,
—Our own begotten ; and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed world a woeful race,
That after wretched life must be at last
Food for so foul a monster : in thy power
It lies yet, ere conception, to prevent
The race unblest—to being yet unbegot,
Childless thou art, childless remain."

P. L. Book X.

What an imperfect creature could meditate, a perfect one should

execute. And it is evident that if ever the condition of man were brought to so desirable a point as that, simply by replacing itself, the existing generation could preserve unviolated a state of perfection, it would become the duty (and, if the duty, *therefore* the inclination of perfect beings) to comply with that ordinance of the reason.*

III. Thus far on the errors of Mr. Malthus:—now let me add a word or two on the errors of his critics. But first it ought in candour to be acknowledged that Mr. Malthus's own errors, however important separately considered, are venial as regards his system; for they leave it unaffected, and might be extirpated by the knife without drawing on any consequent extirpations or even any alterations. That sacrifice once made to truth and to logic,—I shall join with Mr. Ricardo (Pol. Econ., p. 498, 2nd ed.) in expressing my persuasion “that the just reputation of the Essay on Population will spread with the cultivation of that science of which it is so eminent an ornament.” With these feelings upon Mr. Malthus's merits, it may be supposed that I do not regard his critics with much sympathy; taking them generally, they seem to have been somewhat captious, and in a thick mist as to the true meaning and tendency of the doctrine. Indeed I question whether any man amongst them could have begun his own work by presenting a just analysis of that which he was assailing; which, however, ought always to be demanded peremptorily of him who assails a systematic work, for the same reason that in the old schools of disputation the respondent was expected to repeat the syllogism of his opponent before he undertook to answer it. Amongst others, Mr. Coleridge, who probably contented himself *more suo* with reading the first and last pages of the work, has asserted that Mr. Malthus had written a 4to volume (in which shape the second edition appeared) to prove that man could not live without eating. If this were the purpose and amount of the Malthusian doctrine, doubtless an infraduo-decimo would have been a more becoming size for his speculations. But I, who have read the 4to, must assure Mr. Coleridge that there is something more in it than *that*. I shall also remind him that if a man produces a body of original and eminently useful truths, in that case the more simple—the more elementary—the more self-evident is the proposition on which he suspends the chain of those truths,—the greater is his merit. Many systems of truth which have a sufficient internal consistency, have yet been withheld from the world, or have

* Mr. Malthus has been charged with a libel on human nature for denying its ability, even in its present imperfect condition, to practise the abstinence here alluded to—provided an adequate motive to such abstinence existed. But this charge I request the reader to observe that I do not enter into. Neither do I enter into the question—whether any great change for the better in the moral nature of the man is reasonably to be anticipated. What I insist on is simply the *logical* error of Mr. Malthus in introducing into the hypothesis which he consents to assume one element which is a contradiction *in terminis* to that hypothesis. Admit that Mr. Malthus is right in denying the possibility of a perfect state of man on this earth; he cannot be right in assuming an enormous imperfection (disorder of the will) as one constituent of that perfect state.

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Lust their effect, simply because the author has been unable to bridge over the gulph between his own clear perceptions and the universal knowledge of mankind—has been unable to deduce the new truths from the old *precognita*. I say therefore that our obligations to Mr. Malthus are the greater for having hung upon a postulate, so simple as that which Mr. Coleridge alleges, so much valuable instruction both theoretic and practical as his work contains. Is it nothing for our theoretic knowledge that Mr. Malthus has taught us to judge more wisely of the pretended depopulations from battle, pestilence, and famine, with which all history has hitherto teemed? Is it nothing for our practical knowledge that Mr. Malthus has taught the lawgivers and the governors of the world to treat with contempt the pernicious counsels of political economists from Athenian days down to our own—clamouring for direct encouragements to population? Is it nothing for England that he first exposed the fundamental* vice of our Poor Laws (*viz.*, that they act as a bounty on population), and placed a light-house upon the rocks to which our course was rapidly carrying us in darkness? Is it nothing for science and the whole world that, by unfolding the laws which govern population, he has given to political economy its complement and sole desideratum: which wanting, all its movements were insecure and liable to error; which added, political economy (however imperfect as to its development) has now become, as to the *idea* of its parts, perfect and orbicular?—Is this, and more that might be alleged, nothing? I say, Mr. Coleridge,

“Is this nothing?

Why then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing:
The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing.”

Winter's Tale.

Others, who have been more just to Mr. Malthus than Mr. Coleridge, and have admitted the value of the truths brought forward, have disputed his title to the first discovery. A fuller development and a more extensive application of these truths they concede to him: but they fancy that in the works of many others before him they find the outlines of the same truths more or less distinctly expressed. And doubtless in some passages of former economists, especially of Sir James Steuart, and in one work of Wallace (*Views of Providence*, etc.), there is so near an approach made to the Malthusian doctrine, that at this day, when we are in possession of that doctrine, we feel inclined to exclaim in the children's language of blind-man's-buff—Lord! how he *burns*! But the best evidence that none of these writers did actually touch the central point of the doctrine, is this: that none of them deduced from it those corollaries as to the English poor laws—foundling-hospitals—endowments of cottages with land—and generally of all artificial devices for stimulating population, which

* Fundamental, I mean, for the political economist: otherwise for the philosopher they have a still profounder vice, in their obvious tendency to degrade the moral character of their objects in their best elements of civic respectability.

could not have escaped a writer of ability who had once possessed himself of the entire truth. In fact, such is the anarchy of thought in most writers on subjects which they have never been led to treat systematically, that it is nothing uncommon to meet with a passage written apparently under Malthusian views in one page of a writer who in the next will possibly propose a tax on celibacy—a prize for early marriages—or some other absurdity not less outrageously hostile to those views. No! let the merit of Mr. Malthus be otherwise what it may, his originality is incontestable—unless an earlier writer can be adduced who has made the same oblique applications of the doctrine, and in general who has shown with what consequences that doctrine is pregnant; separate from which consequences the mere naked doctrine, in and for itself, is but a meagre truth.

III.—ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.

IT has already, I believe, been said more than once in print, that one condition of a good dictionary would be to exhibit the *history* of each word; that is, to record the exact succession of its meanings. But the philosophic reason for this has not been given; which reason, by the way, settles a question often agitated, viz., whether the true meaning of a word be best ascertained from its etymology, or from its present use and acceptance. Mr. Coleridge says, “The best explanation of a word is often that which is suggested by its derivation” (I give the substance of his words from memory). Others allege that we have nothing to do with the primitive meaning of the word; that the question is—what does it mean now? and they appeal, as the sole authority they acknowledge, to the received—

“*Usus, penes quem est jus et norma loquendi.*”

In what degree each party is right, may be judged from this consideration—that no word can ever deviate from its first meaning *per saltum*; each successive stage of meaning must always have been determined by that which preceded. And on this one law depends the whole philosophy of the case: for it thus appears that the original and primitive sense of the word will contain virtually all which can ever afterwards arise; as in the *evolution*-theory of generation, the whole series of births is represented as involved in the first parent. Now, if the evolution of successive meanings has gone on rightly, *i.e.*, by simply lapsing through a series of close affinities, there can be no reason for recurring to the primitive meaning of the word: but, if it can be shown that the evolution has been faulty, *i.e.*, that the chain of true affinities has ever been broken through ignorance, then we have a right to reform the word, and to appeal from the usage ill-constructed to a usage better instructed. Whether we ought to exercise this right, will depend on a consideration which I will afterwards notice. Meantime I will first give a few instances of faulty evolution.

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1. *Implicit*. This word is now used in a most ignorant way ; and from its misuse it has come to be a word wholly useless : for it is now never coupled, I think, with any other substantive than these two—faith and confidence : a poor domain indeed to have sunk to from its original wide range of territory. Moreover, when we say, *implicit faith* or *implicit confidence*, we do not thereby indicate any specific kind of faith and confidence differing from other faith or other confidence : but it is a vague rhetorical word which expresses a great degree of faith and confidence ; a faith that is unquestioning, a confidence that is unlimited ; *i.e.*, in fact, a faith that *is* a faith, a confidence that *is* a confidence. Such a use of the word ought to be abandoned to women : doubtless, when sitting in a bower in the month of May, it is pleasant to hear from a lovely mouth—"I put implicit confidence in your honour : " but, though pretty and becoming to such a mouth, it is very unfitting to the mouth of a scholar : and I will be bold to affirm that no man, who had ever acquired a scholar's knowledge of the English language, has used the word in that lax and unmeaning way. The history of the word is this :—*Implicit* (from the Latin *implicitus*, involved in, folded up) was always used originally, and still is so by scholars, as the direct antithete of *explicit* (from the Latin *explicitus*, evolved, unfolded) : and the use of both may be thus illustrated.

Q. "Did Mr. A. ever say that he would marry Miss B.?"—A. "No ; not explicitly (*i.e.*, in so many words) ; but he did implicitly—by showing great displeasure if she received attentions from any other man ; by asking her repeatedly to select furniture for his house ; by consulting her on his own plans of life."

Q. "Did Epicurus maintain any doctrines such as are here ascribed to him?"—A. "Perhaps not explicitly, either in words or by any other mode of direct sanction : on the contrary, I believe he denied them, and disclaimed them with vehemence : but he maintained them implicitly : for they are involved in other acknowledged doctrines of his, and may be deduced from them by the fairest and most irresistible logic."

Q. "Why did you complain of the man ? Had he expressed any contempt for your opinion?"—A. "Yes, he had : not explicit contempt, I admit ; for he never opened his stupid mouth ; but implicitly he expressed the utmost that he could : for, when I had spoken two hours against the old newspaper, and in favour of the new one, he went instantly and put his name down as a subscriber to the old one."

Q. "Did Mr. — approve of that gentleman's conduct and way of life?"—A. "I don't know that I ever heard him speak about it : but he seemed to give it his implicit approbation by allowing both his sons to associate with him when the complaints ran highest against him."

These instances may serve to illustrate the original use of the word : which use has been retained from the sixteenth century down to our own days by an uninterrupted chain of writers. In the eighteenth century this use was indeed nearly effaced : but still in the first half of

that century it was retained by Saunderson, the Cambridge professor of mathematics (see his Algebra, etc.), with three or four others, and in the latter half by a man to whom Saunderson had some resemblance in spring and elasticity of understanding—viz., by Edmund Burke. Since his day I know of no writers who have avoided the slang and unmeaning use of the word, excepting Messrs. Coleridge and Wordsworth; both of whom (but especially the last) have been remarkably attentive to the scholarlike* use of words, and to the history of their own language.

Thus much for the primitive use of the word *implicit*. Now, with regard to the history of its transition into its present use, it is briefly this; and it will appear at once, that it has arisen through ignorance. When it was objected to a papist that his church exacted an assent to a great body of traditions and doctrines to which it was impossible that the great majority could be qualified, either as respected time—or knowledge—or culture of the understanding, to give any reasonable assent—the answer was:—"Yes; but that sort of assent is not required of a poor uneducated man; all that he has to do—is to believe in the church: he is to have faith in *her* faith: by that act he adopts for his own whatsoever the church believes, though he may never have heard of it even: his faith is implicit—*i. e.*, involved and wrapped up in the faith of the church, which faith he firmly believes to be the true faith upon the conviction he has that the church is preserved from all possibility of erring by the Spirit of God."† Now, as this sort of believing by proxy or implicit belief (in which the belief was not *immediate* in the thing proposed to the belief, but in the authority of another person who believed in that thing, and thus *mediately* in the thing itself) was constantly attacked by the learned assailants of popery,—it naturally happened that many unlearned readers of these Protestant polemics caught at a phrase which was so much bandied between the two parties: the spirit of the context sufficiently explained to them that it was used by Protestants as a term of reproach and indicated a faith that was an erroneous faith by being too easy, too submissive, and too passive: but the particular mode of this erroneousness they seldom came to understand, as learned writers naturally employed the term without explanation, presuming it to be known to

* Among the most shocking of the unscholarlike barbarisms now prevalent, I must notice the use of the word "*nice*" in an objective instead of a subjective sense: "*nice*" does not and cannot express a quality of the object, but merely a quality of the subject; yet we hear daily of "a very nice letter"—"a nice young lady," etc.—meaning a letter or a young lady that it is pleasant to contemplate: but a nice young lady means a fastidious young lady; and "a nice letter" ought to mean a letter that is very delicate in its rating and in the choice of its company.

† Thus Milton, who (in common with his contemporaries) always uses the word accurately, speaks of Ezekiel "swallowing his implicit roll of knowledge"—*i. e.*, coming to the knowledge of many truths not separately and in detail, but by the act of arriving at some one master truth which involved all the rest.—So again, if any man or government were to suppress a book, that man or government might justly be reproached as the implicit destroyer of all the wisdom and virtue that might have been the remote products of that book.

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those whom they addressed. Hence these ignorant readers caught at the last *result* of the phrase "implicit faith" rightly, truly supposing it to imply a resigned and unquestioning faith; but they missed the whole intermediate cause of meaning by which only the word "implicit" could ever have been entitled to express that result.

I have allowed myself to say so much on this word "implicit," because the history of the mode by which its true meaning was lost applies almost to all other corrupted words—*mutatis mutandis*: and the amount of it may be collected into this formula,—that the *result* of the word is apprehended and retained, but the *schematismus* by which that result was ever reached is lost. This is the brief theory of all corruption of words. The word *schematismus* I have unwillingly used, because no other word expresses my meaning. So great and extensive a doctrine however lurks in this word, that I defer the explanation of it to a separate article. Meantime a passable sense of the word will occur to everybody who reads Greek. I now go on to a few more instances of words that have forfeited their original meaning through the ignorance of those who used them.

Punctual. This word is now confined to the meagre denoting of accuracy in respect to time—fidelity to the precise moment of an appointment. But originally it was just as often, and just as reasonably, applied to space as to time; "I cannot punctually determine the origin of the Danube; but I know in general the district in which it rises, and that its fountain is near that of the Rhine." Not only, however, was it applied to time and space, but it had a large and very elegant figurative use. Thus in the *History of the Royal Society* by Sprat (an author who was finical and nice in his use of words)—I remember a sentence to this effect: "the Society gave punctual directions for the conducting of experiments;"—*i.e.*, directions which descended to the minutiae and lowest details. Again, in the once popular romance of *Parismus*, Prince of Bohemia—"She" (I forget who) "made a punctual relation of the whole matter;"—*i.e.*, a relation which was perfectly circumstantial and true to the minutest features of the case.

But, that I may not weary my reader, I shall here break off; and shortly return to this subject.

IV.—REFORMADOES.

AMONGST the numerous instances of ignorance in Mrs. Macaulay (or Macaulay Graham as I believe she was latterly), scattered up and down her history—is this:—(and by ignorance I mean ignorance of what belonged to the subject she had undertaken to treat, and ignorance which it was impossible she could have displayed if she had read the quarter of what she professed to have read, or the tenth part of what she ought to have read)—Quoting some passage about the numerous officers who had accumulated in London from the broken

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regiments, and under the self-denying ordinance, who are all classed under the head of Reformadoes, she declares that she does not understand the meaning of that term! Dr. Johnson hated her of course as a republican; and, as we all know from Boswell, contrived an occasion for insulting her. He might have confounded her still more by asking her, as she professed to have read Andrew Marvel, in what sense she explained that passage in one of the many admirable speeches and songs which he has put into the mouth of Charles II., where his Majesty tells the House of Commons that they must provide him sufficient funds, not only for such ladies as he had upon present "duty," but also for the whole staff of his "reformado concubines."

V.—PROVERBS.

As the "wisdom of nations," and the quintessential abstract of innumerable minds, proverbs must naturally be true; but how? In what sense true? Not *ἀπλως*, not absolutely and unconditionally, but in relation to that position from which they are taken. Most proverbs are hemispheres, as it were; and they imply another hemisphere with an opposite pole; and the two proverbs jointly compose a sphere—*i.e.* the entire truth. Thus, one proverb says, "Fortune favours fools:" but this is met by its anti proverb—"Sapiens dominabitur astris."—Each is true as long as the other co-exists; each becomes false, if taken exclusively.

The illustration, by the way, is not the best I might have chosen, with a little more time for consideration; but the principle here advanced of truths being in many cases no truths unless taken with their complements (to use a trigonometrical term),—and until they are rounded into a perfect figure by an opposite hemisphere,—this principle, I shall endeavour to show a little further on, is a most important one, and of very large application.

VI.—ANTAGONISM.

IN this article I mean to apply the principle of antagonism, as it is manifested in the fine arts, to the solution of a particular difficulty in Milton; and in that way to draw the attention of the reader to a great cardinal law on which philosophical criticism, whenever it arises, must hereafter mainly depend. I presume that my reader is acquainted with the meaning of the word antagonism as it is understood in the term "antagonist muscle," or in general from the term "antagonist force."

It has been objected to Milton that he is guilty of pedantry in the introduction of scientific and technical terms into the *Paradise Lost*; and the words frieze, architrave, pilaster, and other architectural

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terms, together with terms from astronomy, navigation, etc., have been cited as instances of this pedantry. This criticism I pronounce to be founded on utter psychological ignorance and narrow thinking. And I shall endeavour to justify Milton by placing in a clear light the subtle principle by which he was influenced in that practice; which principle I do not mean to say that Milton had fully developed to his own consciousness; for it was not the habit of his age or of his mind to exercise any analytic subtlety of mind; but I say that the principle was immanent in his feelings; just as his fine ear contained implicitly all the metrical rules which are latent in his exquisite versification, though it is most improbable that he ever took the trouble to evolve those to his own distinct consciousness.

VII.—TO THE LAKERS.

THOSE who visit the lakes, *not* those who reside amongst them (according to a recent use of the word) are called by the country people of that district, *lakers*; in which word there is a pleasant ambiguity and a lurking satire. For the word *lake* (from the old Gothic, *laikan*, *ludere*) is universally applied to children playing: and the simple who till the soil of Westmoreland and Cumberland, cannot view in any other light than that of childish laking, the migrating propensities of all the great people of the south, who annually come up like shoals of herrings from their own fertile pastures to the rocky grounds of the north. All the wits and *beaux esprits* of London, senators, captains, lawyers, "lords, ladies, councillors, their choice nobility," flock up from Midsummer to Michaelmas, and rush violently through the lake districts, as if their chief purpose in coming were to rush back again like the shifting of a monsoon. They commit many other absurdities, which have furnished me with matter for a pleasant paper upon them; "pleasant," as in the farce of *Taste*, Foote says, "pleasant, but wrong;" for it is too satirical: and I doubt whether I shall publish it. Meantime, that the poor people may not be driven to distraction by being ridiculed for errors which they know not how to amend, Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Wordsworth, Professor W——, and myself, with some ten or twelve others, have had a meeting, at which we have agreed to club our several quotas of wit and learning, for the production of a new Guide to the Lakes: considering what sort of cattle our competitors are, it can be no honour to us I presume, that our work will put an extinguisher on all which have preceded it; it will not be so proper to call it *a* Guide to the Lakes, as *the* Guide; not the latest and best of guides (as if there were any other worthy of the name), but the first and the only Guide. As to the parts assigned to us severally, they are not entirely cast: most of us were tolerably bouzy at our first meeting; and not much business was done: only I remember that Mr. Coleridge wished to do the metaphysics; but I disallowed of *that*, and swore I would "strike" (in the journeyman's sense) if it were

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given to any body but myself. So he does the politics: and I believe the mineralogy was assigned to Mr. W——; at least Professor W—— tells me that he has since observed him in a solitary place “smiting the rocks with a pocket-hammer,” which I know not how he will reconcile with a passage in the Excursion, rather hard upon that practice. We shall be happy to make honourable mention in verse or prose of all persons who will furnish us with embellishments for our work, plates, vignettes, etc., but of course done in a style as much superior to the wretched illustrations which accompany other Guides, as our work will be superior to theirs.

As this Guide will take some time in preparing, and the lake-season is now at its meridian, I shall mention in this place, for the information of the great numbers who wish to ascend Helvellyn, but do not feel themselves equal to the exertion of walking up, that it has been ascertained within these two or three years, that it is possible to ride up on a sure-footed horse. By the way, there is something to repay one for the labour of ascending Helvellyn; for it stands in the *centre* of the lake district; and the swelling and heaving of the billowy scene of mountains around it and below it is truly magnificent. But Skiddaw is one of the outposts of the country; and nothing that I know of is to be gained by ascending it, except perhaps a sprained ankle—or, as a man would be apt to infer from Mrs. Ratcliffe’s alarming account of that ascent, a broken neck. The purpose, however, for which most people ascend Skiddaw—and for which they leave their beds in Keswick at midnight, is to see the sun rise; which is the most absurd of all purposes. To see the sun rise *amongst* mountains is doubtless a fine thing; but this is but accomplished so as to see the oblique gleams, and the “long levelled rules” of light, which are shot through the different vistas and loop-holes of the hills, by standing below and near their base. Going up a three hours’ ascent to the top of a mountain, in order to view an appearance in the heavens, rests on the same mistake which has induced — to plant an astronomical observatory on the top of a hill at a great increase of expense; and is like standing on a pin-cushion or in pattens to see the ascent of a balloon. If a hill had stood in the way of the observatory, and directly obstructed its view, it might be well to carry it to a little distance; or, if that were not possible, to place it on the hill. Immediate obstructions cleared—the observatory will command as ample an area of sky from the plains as from the hills: and so of picturesque views. For my part, I cannot but approve the judgment of three Englishmen travelling on the Continent, who, having ascended a hill to see the sun rise, were so disappointed that they unanimately hissed him, and cried “Off! off!” as to a bad performer.

VIII.—ON SUICIDE.

IT is a remarkable proof of the inaccuracy with which most men read—that Donne's *Biathanatos* has been supposed to countenance Suicide; and those who reverence his name have thought themselves obliged to apologize for it by urging, that it was written before he entered the church. But Donne's purpose in this treatise was a pious one; many authors had charged the martyrs of the Christian church with Suicide—on the principle that if I put myself in the way of a mad bull, knowing that he will kill me, I am as much chargeable with an act of self-destruction as if I fling myself into a river. Several casuists had extended this principle even to the case of Jesus Christ; one instance of which, in a modern author, the reader may see noticed and condemned by Kant, in his *Religion innerhalb der Grenzen der blossen Vernunft*; and another of much earlier date (as far back as the 13th century, I think), in a commoner book—Voltaire's notes on the little treatise of Beccaria, *Dei delitti e delle pene*. These statements tended to one of two results: either they unsanctified the characters of those who founded and nursed the Christian church; or they sanctified suicide. By way of meeting them, Donne wrote his book: and as the whole argument of his opponents turned upon a false definition of suicide (not explicitly stated, but assumed), he endeavoured to reconstitute the notion of what is essential to create an act of suicide. Simply to kill a man is not murder: *prima facie*, therefore, there is some sort of presumption that simply for a man to kill himself—may not always be so: there is such a thing as simple homicide distinct from murder: there may, therefore, possibly be such a thing as self-homicide distinct from self-murder. There *may* be a ground for such a distinction, *ex analogia*. But, secondly, on examination, *is* there any ground for such a distinction? Donne affirms that there is; and, reviewing several eminent cases of spontaneous martyrdom, he endeavours to show that acts so motived and so circumstanced will not come within the notion of suicide properly defined.—Meantime, may not this tend to the encouragement of suicide in general, and without discrimination of its species? No: Donne's arguments have no prospective reference or application; they are purely retrospective. The circumstances necessary to create an act of mere self-homicide can rarely concur, except in a state of disordered society, and during the *cardinal* revolutions of human history: where, however, they *do* concur, there it will not be suicide. In fact, this is the natural and practical judgment of us all. We do not all agree on the particular cases which will justify self-destruction: but we all feel and involuntarily acknowledge (*implicitly* acknowledge in our admiration, though not explicitly in our words or in our principles), that there *are* such cases. There is no man, who in his heart would not reverence a woman that chose to die rather than to be dishonoured: and if we do not say that it is her duty to do so, *that* is because the moralist must condescend to the weakness and infirmities of human nature: mean and ignoble

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natures must not be taxed up to the level of noble ones. Again, with regard to the other sex, corporal punishment is its peculiar and *sexual* degradation; and if ever the distinction of Donne can be applied safely to any case, it will be to the case of him who chooses to die rather than to submit to that ignominy. *At present*, however, there is but a dim and very confined sense, even amongst enlightened men (as we may see by the debates of Parliament), of the injury which is done to human nature by giving legal sanction to such brutalising acts; and therefore most men, in seeking to escape it, would be merely shrinking from a *personal* dishonour. Corporal punishment is usually argued with a single reference to the case of him who suffers it; and *so* argued, God knows that it is worthy of all abhorrence: but the weightiest argument against it—is the foul indignity which is offered to our common nature lodged in the person of him on whom it is inflicted. *His* nature is *our* nature: and, supposing it possible that *he* were so far degraded as to be unsusceptible of any influences but those which address him through the brutal part of his nature, yet for the sake of ourselves—No! not merely for ourselves, or for the human race now existing, but for the sake of human nature, which transcends all existing participators of that nature—we should remember that the evil of corporal punishment is not to be measured by the poor transitory criminal, whose memory and offence are soon to perish: these, in the sum of things, are as nothing: the injury which can be done him, and the injury which he can do, have so momentary an existence that they may be safely neglected: but the abiding injury is to the most august interest which for the mind of man can have any existence—viz., to his own nature: to raise and dignify which, I am persuaded, is the first—last—and holiest command* which the conscience imposes on the philosophic moralist. In countries where the traveller has the pain of seeing human creatures performing the labours of brutes,†—surely the sorrow which the spectacle moves, if a wise sorrow, will not be chiefly directed to the poor degraded individual—too deeply

* On which account, I am the more struck by the ignoble argument of those statesmen who have contended in the House of Commons that such and such classes of men in this nation are not accessible to any loftier influences. Supposing that there were any truth in this assertion, which is a libel not on this nation only, but on man in general,—surely it is the duty of lawgivers not to perpetuate by their institutions the evil which they find, but to presume and gradually to create a better spirit.

† Of which degradation, let it never be forgotten that France but *thirty* years ago presented as shocking cases as any country, even where slavery is tolerated. An eye-witness to the fact, who has since published it in print, told me, that in France, before the revolution, he had repeatedly seen a woman yoked with an ass to the plough; and the brutal ploughman applying his whip indifferently to either, English people, to whom I have occasionally mentioned this as an exponent of the hollow refinement of manners in France, have uniformly exclaimed—“*That* is more than I can believe;” and have taken it for granted that I had my information from some prejudiced Englishman. But who was my informer? A Frenchman, reader,—M. Simond; and though now by adoption an American citizen, yet still French in his heart and in all his prejudices.

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degraded, probably, to be sensible of his own degradation, but to the reflection of that man's nature is thus exhibited in a state of miserable abasement; and, what is worst of all, abasement proceeding from man himself.—Now, whenever this view of corporal punishment becomes general (as inevitably it will, under the influence of advancing civilisation), I say, that Donne's principle will then become applicable to this case, and it will be the duty of a man to die rather than to suffer his own nature to be dishonoured in that way. But so long as a man is not fully sensible of the dishonour, to him the dishonour, except as a personal one, does not wholly exist. In general, whenever a paramount interest of human nature is at stake, a suicide which maintains that interest is self-homicide: but for a personal interest, it becomes self-murder. And into this principle Donne's may be resolved.

A doubt has been raised—whether brute animals ever commit suicide: to me it is obvious that they do not, and cannot. Some years ago, however, there was a case reported in all the newspapers of an old ram who committed suicide (as it was alleged) in the presence of many witnesses. Not having any pistols or razors, he ran for a short distance, in order to aid the impetus of his descent, and leaped over a precipice, at the foot of which he was dashed to pieces. His motive to the "rash act," as the papers called it, was supposed to be mere *taedium vitæ*. But, for my part, I doubted the accuracy of the report. Not long after a case occurred in Westmoreland which strengthened my doubts. A fine young blood horse, who could have no possible reason for making away with himself, unless it were the high price of oats at that time, was found one morning dead in his field. The case was certainly a suspicious one: for he was lying by the side of a stone wall, the upper part of which wall his skull had fractured, and which had returned the compliment by fracturing his skull. It was argued, therefore, that in default of ponds, etc., he had deliberately hammered with his head against the wall; this, at first, seemed the only solution: and he was generally pronounced *felo de se*. However, a day or two brought the truth to light. The field lay upon the side of a hill: and, from a mountain which rose above it, a shepherd had witnessed the whole catastrophe, and gave evidence which vindicated the character of the horse. The day had been very windy; and the young creature being in high spirits, and caring evidently as little for the corn question as for the bullion question, had raced about in all directions; and at length, descending too steep a part of the field, had been unable to check himself, and was projected by the impetus of his own descent like a battering ram against the wall.

Of human suicides, the most affecting I have ever seen recorded is one which I met with in a German book: this I shall repeat a little further on: the most calm and deliberate is the following, which is *said* to have occurred at Keswick, in Cumberland: but I must acknowledge that I never had an opportunity whilst staying at Keswick of verifying the statement. A young man of studious turn, who is said to have resided near Penrith, was anxious to qualify himself for enter-

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ing the church, or for any other mode of life which might secure to him a reasonable portion of literary leisure. His family, however, thought that under the circumstances of his situation he would have a better chance for success in life as a tradesman; and they took the necessary steps for placing him as an apprentice at some shopkeeper's in Penrith. This he looked upon as an indignity, to which he was determined in no case to submit. And accordingly, when he had ascertained that all opposition to the choice of his friends was useless, he walked over to the mountainous district of Keswick (about sixteen miles distant)—looked about him in order to select his ground—coolly walked up Lattrig (a dependency of Skiddaw)—made a pillow of sods—laid himself down with his face looking up to the sky—and in that posture was found dead, with the appearance of having died tranquilly.

IX.—MEASURE OF VALUE.

To the reader.—This article was written and printed before the author heard of the lamented death of Mr. Ricardo, which occurred in September, 1823.

It is remarkable at first sight that Mr. Malthus, to whom Political Economy is so much indebted in one chapter (*viz.*, the chapter of Population), should in every other chapter have stumbled at every step. On a nearer view, however, the wonder ceases. His failures and his errors have arisen in all cases from the illogical structure of his understanding; his success was in a path which required no logic. What is the brief abstract of his success? It is this: *he took an obvious and familiar truth, which until his time had been a barren truism, and showed that it teemed with consequences.* Out of this position—*That in the ground which limited human food lay the ground which limited human increase*—united with this other position—*That there is a perpetual nusus in the principle of population to pass that limit*, he unfolded a body of most important corollaries. I have remarked in another article on this subject—how entirely these corollaries had escaped all Mr. Malthus's* predecessors in the same track. Perhaps the most striking instance of this, which I could have alleged, is that of the celebrated French work—“*L'Ami des Hommes, ou Traité de la Population*” (written about the middle of the last century), which sets out deliberately from this principle, expressed almost in

* In a slight article on Mr. Malthus, lately published, I omitted to take any notice of the recent controversy between this gentleman—Mr. Godwin—and Mr. Booth; my reason for which was—that I have not yet found time to read it. But, if Mr. Lowe has rightly represented this principle of Mr. Booth's argument in his late work on the Statistics of England, it is a most erroneous one: for Mr. Booth is there described as alleging against Mr. Malthus that, in his view of the tendencies of the principle of population, he has relied too much on the case of the United States—which Mr. Booth will have to be an extreme case, and not according to the general rule. But of what consequence is this to Mr. Malthus? And

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the very words of Mr. Malthus,—*Que la mesure de la Subsistance est celle de la Population*;—beats the bushes in every direction about it; and yet (with the exception of one corollary on the supposed depopulating tendency of war and famine) deduces from it none but erroneous and Anti-Malthusian doctrines. That from a truth apparently so barren any corollaries were deducible—was reserved for Mr. Malthus to show. As corollaries, it may be supposed that they imply a logical act of the understanding. In some small degree, no doubt; but no more than necessarily accompanies every exercise of reason. Though inferences, they are not remote inferences, but immediate and proximate; and not dependent upon each other, but collateral. Not logic but a judicious choice of his ground placed Mr. Malthus at once in a station from which he commanded the whole truth at a glance—with a lucky dispensation from all necessity of continuous logical processes. But such a dispensation is a privilege indulged to few other parts of Political Economy, and least of all to that which is the foundation of all Political Economy—viz., the doctrine of value. Having therefore repeatedly chosen to tamper with this difficult subject, Mr. Malthus has just made so many exposures of his intellectual infirmities—which, but for this volunteer display, we might never have known. Of all the men of talents, whose writings I have read up to this hour, Mr. Malthus has the most perplexed understanding. He is not only confused himself, but is the cause that confusion is in other men. Logical perplexity is shockingly contagious; and he who takes Mr. Malthus for his guide through any tangled question, ought to be able to box the compass very well; or before he has read ten pages he will find himself (as the Westmoreland guides express it) “maffled,”—and disposed to sit down and fall a crying with his guide at the sad bewilderment into which they have both strayed. It tends much to heighten the sense of Mr. Malthus’s helplessness in this particular point, that of late years he has given himself the air too much of teasing Mr. Ricardo, one of the “ugliest customers” in point of logic that ever entered the ring. Mr. Ricardo is a most “dangerous” man; and Mr. Malthus would do well not to meddle with so “vicious” a subject, whose arm (like Neate’s) gives a blow like the kick of a horse. He has hitherto contented himself very goodnaturally with gently laying Mr. Malthus on his back; but, if he should once turn round with a serious determination to “take the conceit” out of him, Mr. Malthus would assuredly be “put into chancery,” and suffer a “punishment” that must distress his friends. Amongst those whom Mr.

how is he interested in relying on the case of America rather than that of the oldest European country? Because he assumes a perpetual *nisus* in the principle of human increase to pass a certain limit, he does not therefore hold that this limit ever is passed either in the new countries or in old (or only for a moment, and inevitably to be thrown back within it). Let this limit be placed where it may, it can no more be passed in America than in Europe; and America is not at all more favourable to Mr. Malthus’s theory than Europe. Births, it must be remembered, are more in excess in Europe than in America: though they do not make so much positive addition to the population.

Malthus has perplexed by his logic, I am not one. In matter of logic I hold myself impeccable; and, to say nothing of my sober days, I defy the devil and all the powers of darkness to get any advantage over me, even on those days when I am drunk, in relation to "Barbara, Celarent, Darii, or Ferio."

"Avoid, old Satanas!" I exclaim, if any man attempts to fling dust in my eyes by false syllogism, or any mode of dialectic sophism. And in relation to this particular subject of value, I flatter myself that in a paper expressly applied to the exposure of Mr. Malthus's blunders in his Political Economy, I have made it impossible for Mr. Malthus, even though he should take to his assistance seven worse logicians than himself, to put down my light with their darkness. Meantime, as a labour of shorter compass, I will call the reader's attention to the following blunder, in a later work of Mr. Malthus's—viz., a pamphlet of 80 pages, entitled, "The Measure of Value, stated and applied" (published in the spring of the present year). The question proposed in this work is the same as that already discussed in his Political Economy—viz., What is the measure of value. But the answer to it is different: in the Political Economy, the measure of value was determined to be a mean between corn and labour; in this pamphlet, Mr. Malthus retracts that opinion, and (finally, let us hope) settles it to his own satisfaction that the true measure is labour; not the quantity of labour, observe, which will produce X, but the quantity which X will command. Upon these two answers, and the delusions which lie at their root, I shall here forbear to comment; because I am now chasing Mr. Malthus's *logical* blunders; and these delusions are not so much logical as economic: what I now wish the reader to attend to, is the blunder involved in the question itself; because that blunder is not economic, but logical. The question is—what is the measure of value? I say then that the phrase—"measure of value" is an equivocal phrase: and, in Mr. Malthus's use of it, means indifferently that which determines value, in relation to the *principium essendi*, and that which determines value, in relation to the *principium cognoscendi*. Here, perhaps, the reader will exclaim—"Avoid, Satanas!" to me, falsely supposing that I have some design upon his eyes, and wish to blind them with learned dust. But, if he thinks *that*, he is in the wrong box: I must and will express scholastic notions by scholastic phrases; but, having once done this, I am then ready to descend into the arena with no other weapon than plain English can furnish. Let us therefore translate *measure of value* into that *which determines value*: and, in this shape, we shall detect the ambiguity of which I complain. For I say, that the word *determines* may be taken subjectively for what determines X in relation to our knowledge, or objectively for what determines X in relation to itself. Thus, if I were to ask—"what determined the length of the race-course?" and the answer were—"The convenience of the spectators, who could not have seen the horses at a greater distance," or "The choice of the subscribers," then it is plain that by the word "determined," I was understood to mean "determined objectively," *i.e.*, in relation to the existence

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of the object; in other words, what *caused* the race-course to be this length rather than another length: but, if the answer were—"An actual admeasurement," it would then be plain that by the word "determined," I had been understood to mean "determined subjectively," *i.e.*, in relation to our knowledge; what ascertained it?—Now, in the objective sense of the phrase "determiner of value," the measure of value will mean *the ground of value*: in the subjective sense, it will mean *the criterion of value*. Mr. Malthus will allege that he is at liberty to use it in which sense he pleases. Grant that he is, but not therefore in both. Has he then used it in both? He will perhaps deny that he has, and will contend that he has used it in the latter sense as equivalent to the *ascertainer* or *criterion of value*. I answer—No: for, omitting a more particular examination of his use in this place, I say that his use of any word is peremptorily and in defiance of his private explanation to be extorted from the use of the corresponding term in him whom he is opposing. Now he is opposing Mr. Ricardo; his *labour which X commands*—is opposed to Mr. Ricardo's *quantity of labour which will produce X*. Call the first A, the last B. Now, in making B the determiner of value, Mr. Ricardo means that B is the ground of value: *i.e.*, that B is the answer to the question—what makes this hat of more value than this pair of shoes? But, if Mr. Malthus means by A the same thing, then by his own confession he has used the term *measure of value* in two senses; on the other hand, if he does not mean the same thing, but simply the *criterion of value*, then he has not used the word in any sense which opposes him to Mr. Ricardo. And yet he advances the whole on that footing. On either ground, therefore, he is guilty of a logical error, which implies that, so far from answering his own question, he did not know what his own question was.

X.—FALSE DISTINCTIONS.

THE petty distinctions current in conversation and criticism are all false when they happen to regard intellectual objects; and there is no mode of error which is so disgusting to a man who has descended an inch below the surface of things; for their evil is—first, That they become so many fetters to the mind; and secondly, That they give the appearance of ambitious paradoxes to any juster distinctions substituted in their places. More error is collected in the form of popular distinctions than in any other shape; and as they are always *assumed* (from their universal currency) without the mind's ever being summoned to review them, they present incalculable hindrances to its advance in every direction. What a world of delusion, for example, lies in the hollow distinction of *Reason* and *Imagination*. I protest that I feel a sense of shame for the human intellect, and sit uneasily in my chair when I hear a man summing up his critique upon a book by saying, that "in short, it is addressed to

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the imagination and not to the reason." Yet upon this meagre and vague opposition are built many other errors as gross as itself. I will notice three—

1. *That women have more imagination than men.*—This monstrous assertion, which is made in contempt of all literature, not only comes forward as a capital element in all attempts* to characterise the female sex as contradistinguished from the male, but generally forms the *theme* on which all the rest is but a descant. A friend, to whom I was noticing this, suggested that by *Imagination* in this place was meant simply the *Fancy* in its lighter and more delicate movements. But even this will not cure the proposition—so restricted even, it is a proposition which sets all experience at defiance. For, not to be so hard upon the female sex as to ask—Where is their *Paradise Lost*? Where is their *Lear* and *Othello*?—I will content myself with asking, Where is the female *Hudibras*, or the female *Dunciad*? Or, to descend from works of so masculine a build to others of more delicate proportions, where is the female *Rape of the Lock*? Or, to adapt the question to the French literature, where is the female *Ver-Vert*? † And the same questions may be put, *mutatis mutandis*, upon all other literatures past or current. Men are shy of pressing too hard upon women—however much our sisters may be in the wrong (and they generally are in the wrong) in their disputes with us, they always take the benefit of sex—which is a stronger privilege than benefit of clergy. But supposing them to waive *that* for a moment, and imagining this case—that the two sexes were to agree to part and to “pack up their alls,” and each sex to hoist on its back its *valuable* contributions to literature, then I shall be so ungallant as to affirm,

* See, for instance, those which occur in the works of Mrs. Hannah More—a woman of great talents, and for whom I feel the greatest respect personally, having long had the pleasure of her acquaintance: her conversation is brilliant and instructive—but this has nothing to do with her philosophy.

† This little work of Gresset's occupies the same station in the French literature that the *Rape of the Lock* does in ours. For playful wit, it is the jewel of the French *Poésies Légères*. Its inferiority to the *Rape of the Lock*, however, both in plan and in brilliancy of execution, is very striking, and well expresses the general *ratio* of the French literature to ours. If in any department, common prejudice would have led us in this to anticipate a superiority on the part of the French. Yet their inferiority is hardly anywhere more conspicuous. By the way, it is very remarkable that the late Mr. Scott, who had expressly studied the French literature, should have had so little acquaintance with a writer of Gresset's eminence, as is argued by the fact of his having admitted into the *London Magazine* a mere prose abstract of the *Ver-Vert*, without any reference to the French original. This is the more remarkable because there existed already in the English language a metrical version of the *Ver-Vert* (a bad one, I dare say), which is reprinted in so notorious a book as Chalmers's *Poets*. The prose abstract is not ill executed according to my remembrance; but, still, an *abridgment* of a *jeu d'esprit*, in all parts elaborately burnished, is of itself an absurdity; to strip it of verse is no advantage; and to omit the recommendation of a celebrated name, seems to argue that it was unknown. [Gresset, the author of *Ver-Vert* and *La Chartreuse*, was born in 1709, and died in 1777. He was dismissed from the order of Jesuits in consequence of the ridicule he threw on the insipidity of monastic life. See Mason's *Poets and Prose Writers of France*.]

that the burthens would be pretty well adapted to the respective shoulders and physical powers which were to bear them ; and for no department of literature would this hold more certainly true, than for the imaginative and the fanciful part. In mathematics there exist works composed by women, to reprieve which from destruction men would be glad to pay something or other (let us not ask too curiously *how* much) ; but what poem is there in any language (always excepting those of our own day) which any man would give a trifle to save ? Would he give a shilling ? If he would, I should suspect the shilling exceedingly ; and would advise a rigorous inquiry into its character. I set aside Sappho and a few other female lyric poets ; for we have not sufficient samples of their poetry : and for modern literature I set aside the writers of short poems that take no sweep and compass, such as Lady Winchelsea, Madame Deshoulières, etc. etc. But I ask with respect to poems solemnly planned, such as keep the poet on the wing and oblige him to sustain his flight for a reasonable space and variety of course, where is there one of any great excellence which owes its existence to a woman ? I ask of any man who suffers his understanding to slumber so deeply and to benefit so little by his experience as to allow credit to the doctrine that women have the advantage of men in imagination, I ask him this startling question, which must surely make him leap up from his dream. What work of imagination, owing its birth to a woman, can he lay his hand on (I am a reasonable man, and do not ask for a hundred or a score, but will be content with one), which has exerted any memorable influence, such as history would notice, upon the mind of man ? Who is the female Æschylus, or Euripides, or Aristophanes ? Where is the female rival of Chaucer, of Cervantes, of Calderon ? Where is *Mrs.* Shakspeare ? No, no ! good women : it is sufficient honour for you that you produce *us*, the men of this planet, who produce the books (the good ones, I mean). In some sense, therefore, you are grandmothers to all the intellectual excellence that does or will exist : and let *that* content you. As to poetry in its *highest* form, I never yet knew a woman—nor will believe that any has existed—who could rise to an entire sympathy with what is most excellent in that art. High abstractions, to which poetry *κατ' ἐξόχην* is always tending, are utterly inapprehensible by the female mind ; the concrete and the individual, fleshed in action and circumstance, are all that they can reach : the *τὸ καθ' ὅλα*, the ideal, is above them. Saying this, however, I mean no disrespect to female pretensions : even intellectually they have their peculiar and separate advantages, though no balance to ours ; they have *readier* wits than men, because they are more easily impressed and excited ; and for *moral* greatness and magnanimity, under the sharpest trials of danger, pain, adversity, or temptation, there is nothing so great that I cannot believe of women. This world has produced nothing more heroic and truly noble than *Mrs.* Hutchinson of Nottingham Castle, and *Madame* Roland : and we may be assured that there are many Hutchinsons and many Rolands at all times *in posse*, that would show themselves such, if ordinary life supplied occasions : for their

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sakes I would be happy to tell or to believe any reasonable lie in behalf of their sex: but I cannot and will not lie, or believe a lie, in the face of all history and experience.

2. *That the savage has more imagination than the civilised man.*

3. *That Oriental nations have more imagination (and according to some a more passionate constitution of mind) than those of Europe.*—As to savages, their poetry and their eloquence are always of the most unimaginitive order: when they are figurative, they are so by mere necessity; language being too poor amongst savage nations to express any but the rudest thoughts; so that such feelings as are not of hourly recurrence can be expressed only by figures. Moreover, it is a mistake to suppose that merely to deal in figurative language implies any imaginitive power; it is one of the commonest expressions of the over-excitement of weakness; for there are spasms of weakness no less than spasms of strength. In all the specimens of savage eloquence which have been reported to us there is every mark of an infantine understanding: the thoughts are of the poorest order; and, what is particularly observable, are mere fixtures in the brain—having no vital principle by which they become generative or attractive of other thoughts. A Demosthenical fervour of *manner* they sometimes have; which arises from the predominance of interrogation, the suppression of the logical connections, the nakedness of their mode of *schematising* the thoughts, and the consequent rapidity with which the different parts of the harangue succeed to each other. But these characteristics of manner, which in the Athenian were the result of exquisite artifice, in them are the mere *negative* produce of their intellectual barrenness. The Athenian *forewent* the full development of the logical connection; the savage *misses* it from the unpractised state of his reasoning faculties: the Athenian was naked from choice and for effect; the savage from poverty. And, be the *manner* what it may, the *matter* of a savage oration is always despicable. But, if savages betray the *negation* of all imaginitive power (= 0), the Oriental nations betray the *negative* of that power (= -imagination). In the Koran I read that the pen, with which God writes, is made of mother-of-pearl, and is so long that an Arabian courser of the finest breed would not be able to gallop from one end to the other in a space of 500 years. Upon this it would be said in the usual style of English criticism—“Yes; no doubt, it is very extravagant: the writer’s imagination runs away with his judgment.” Imagination! How so? The imagination seeks the illimitable; dissolves the definite; translates the finite into the infinite. But this Arabian image has on the contrary translated the infinite into the finite. And so it is generally with Oriental imagery.

In all this there is something more than mere error of fact; something worse than mere error of theory; for it is thus implied that the understanding and the imaginitive faculty exist in insulation—neither borrowing nor lending; that they are strong at the expense of each other; etc. etc. And from these errors of theory arise practical errors of the worst consequence. One of the profoundest is

that which concerns the discipline of the reasoning faculties. All men are anxious, if it were only for display in conversation, to "reason" (as they call it) well. But how mighty is the error which many make about the constituents of that power! That the fancy has anything to do with it—is the last thought that would occur to them. Logic, say they, delivers the art of reasoning; and logic has surely no commerce with the fancy. Be it so: but logic, though indispensable, concerns only the *formal* part of reasoning; and is therefore only its *negative* condition: your reasoning will be bad, if it offends against the rules of logic; but it will not be good simply by conforming to them. To use a word equivocally for instance, *i.e.* in two senses, will be in effect to introduce four terms into your syllogism; and that will be enough to vitiate it. But will it of necessity be all your argument—to exterminate this dialectic error? Surely not; the *matter* of your reasoning is the grand point; and this can no more be derived from logic, than a golden globe from the geometry of the sphere. It is through the fancy, and by means of the *schemata* which that faculty furnishes to the understanding, that reasoning (good or bad) proceeds as to its positive or *material* part, on most of the topics which interest mankind: the *vis imaginatrix* of the mind is the true *fundus* from which the understanding draws: and it may be justly said in an axiomatic form—that "Tantum habet homo discursus, quantum habet phantasia."

On this doctrine, however, at another time: meantime I would ask of any reader, to whom it appears wonderful,—For what purpose he supposes the fancy to exist? If a physiologist meets with a part in the human body (as the spleen, *e.g.*) whose uses he is unable to explain, he never allows himself to pronounce it a superfluity, but takes it for granted that it performs some useful functions in the animal economy which will appear on further knowledge. But, as to the fancy, to judge by the language of most men, it should seem to make a part of our intellectual system simply for the sake of being resisted by the understanding, or of furnishing an object of invective to moralists. If, however, the reflecting reader is forced to acknowledge that such an estimate is childish and absurd as applied to any intellectual faculty, he may perhaps endeavour to make himself more particularly acquainted with the purposes of this; which in that case he will find as various and as important as those of any other whatsoever. (*N.B.*, I have here used the words Fancy—imagination—Imaginative power—as equivalent to each other; because it was not necessary for the present purpose to take notice of them in any other relation than that of contradistinction to the formal understanding, or *logos*.)

XI.—MADNESS.

I AM persuaded myself that all madness, or nearly all, takes its rise in some part of the apparatus connected with the digestive organs, most

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probably in the liver. That the brain is usually supposed to be the seat of madness has arisen from two causes : first, because the brain is universally considered the organ of thought, on which account, any disease which disturbs the thinking principle is naturally held to be seated there : secondly, because in dissections of lunatics some lesion or disorganisation of the brain has been generally found. Now, as to the first argument, I am of opinion that the brain has been considered the organ of thought chiefly in consequence of the strong direction of the attention to the head arising out of the circumstance that four of the senses, but especially that the two most intellectual of the senses, have their organs seated in that part of our structure. But if we must use the phrase "organ of thought" at all, on many grounds I should be disposed to say that the brain and the stomach-apparatus through their reciprocal action and reaction jointly make up the compound organ of thought. Secondly, as to the *post-mortem* appearances in the brains of lunatics, no fact is better ascertained in modern pathology than the *metastasis*, or translation to some near or remote organ, of a disease which had primarily affected the liver—generally from sympathy, as it is called, but sometimes, in the case of neighbouring organs, from absolute pressure when the liver is enlarged. In such cases, the sympathetic disorder, which at first is only apparent, soon becomes real, and unrealises the original one. The brain and the lungs are in all cases of diseased liver, I believe, liable beyond any other organs to this morbid sympathy; and supposing a peculiar mode of diseased liver to be the origin of madness, this particular mode we may assume to have as one part of its peculiarity a more uniform determination than other modes to this general tendency of the liver to generate a secondary disease in the brain. Admitting all this, however, it will be alleged that it merely weakens or destroys the objections to such a theory; but what is the positive argument in its behalf? I answer—my own long experience, and, latterly, my own experiments directed to this very question, under the use of opium. For some years opium had simply affected the tone of my stomach, but as this went off, and the stomach, by medicine, and exercise, etc., began to recover its strength, I observed that the liver began to suffer. Under the affection of this organ, I was sensible that the genial spirits decayed far more rapidly and deeply; and that with this decay the intellectual faculties had a much closer sympathy. Upon this I tried some scores of experiments, raising and lowering alternately, for periods of 48, 60, 72, or 84 hours, the quantity of opium. The result I may perhaps describe more particularly elsewhere—in substance it amounted to this, that as the opium began to take effect, the whole living principle of the intellectual motions began to lose its elasticity, and, as it were, to petrify; I began to comprehend the tendency of madness to eddy about one idea, and the loss of power to abstract—to hold abstractions steadily before me—or to exercise many other intellectual acts, was in due proportion to the degree in which the biliary system seemed to suffer. It is impossible in a short compass ^{to} describe all that took place; it is sufficient to say that the power of

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the biliary functions to affect and to modify the power of thinking according to the degree in which they were themselves affected, and in a way far different from the action of good or bad spirits, was prodigious, and gave me a full revelation of the way in which insanity begins to collect and form itself. During all this time my head was unaffected. And I am now more than ever disposed to think that some affection of the liver is in most cases the sole proximate cause, or if not, an indispensable previous condition of madness.

XII.—ENGLISH PHYSIOLOGY.

IN spite of our great advantages for prosecuting Physiology in England, the whole science is yet in a languishing condition amongst us; and purely for the want of first principles and a more philosophic spirit of study. Perhaps at this moment the best service which could be rendered to this subject would be to translate, and to exhibit in a very luminous aspect, all that Kant has written on the question of teleology, or the doctrine of Final Causes. Certainly the *prima philosophia* of the science must be in a deplorable condition, when it could be supposed that Mr. Lawrence's book brought forward any new arguments in behalf of materialism; or that in the old argument which he has used (an argument proceeding everywhere on a metaphysical confusion which I will notice in a separate paper) there was anything very formidable.—I have mentioned this book, however, not for the purpose of criticising it generally, but of pointing out one unphilosophic remark of a practical tendency, which may serve to strengthen prejudices that are already too strong. On examining certain African skulls, Mr. Lawrence is disposed, with many other physiologists, to find the indications of inferior intellectual faculties in the bony structure as compared with that of the Caucasian skull. In this conclusion I am disposed to coincide; for there is nothing unphilosophic in supposing a scale of intellectual gradations amongst different races of men, any more than in supposing such a gradation amongst the different individuals of the same nation. But it is in a high degree unphilosophic to suppose that nature ever varies her workmanship for the sake of absolute degradation. Through all differences of degree she pursues some difference of kind, which could not perhaps have co-existed with a higher degree. If, therefore, the negro intellect be in some of the higher qualities inferior to that of the European, we may reasonably presume that this inferiority exists for the purpose of obtaining some compensatory excellence in lower qualities that could not else have existed. This would be agreeable to the analogy of nature's procedure in other instances: for, by thus creating no absolute and entire superiority in any quarter—but distributing her gifts in parts, and making the several divisions of men the complements, as it were, of each other, she would point to that same intermixture of all

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the races with each other, which on other grounds, *à priori* as well as empirical, we have reason to suppose one of her final purposes, and which the course of human events is manifestly preparing.

XIII.—SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE.

IT is asserted that this is the age of superficial knowledge; and amongst the proofs of this assertion we find encyclopædias and other popular abstracts of knowledge particularly insisted on. But in this notion and in its alleged proofs there is equal error:—wherever there is much diffusion of knowledge, there must be a good deal of superficiality; prodigious *extension* implies a due proportion of weak *intension*; a sealike expansion of knowledge will cover large shallows as well as large depths. But in that quarter in which it is superficially cultivated the intellect of this age is properly opposed in any just comparison to an intellect without any culture at all:—leaving the deep soils out of the comparison, the shallow ones of the present day would in any preceding one have been barren wastes. Of this our modern encyclopædias are the best proof. For whom are they designed, and by whom used?—By those who in a former age would have gone to the fountain heads? No, but by those who in any age preceding the present would have drunk at no waters at all. Encyclopædias are the growth of the last hundred years; not because those who were formerly students of higher learning have descended, but because those were below encyclopædias have ascended. The greatness of the ascent is marked by the style in which the more recent encyclopædias are executed; at first they were mere abstracts of existing books—well or ill executed; at present they contain many *original* articles of great merit. As in the periodical literature of the age, so in the encyclopædias it has become a matter of ambition with the publishers to retain the most eminent writers in each several department. And hence it is that our encyclopædias now display one characteristic of this age—the very opposite of superficiality (and which on other grounds we are well assured of)—viz, its tendency in science, no less than in other applications of industry, to extreme subdivision. In all the employments which are dependent in any degree upon the political economy of nations, this tendency is too obvious to have been overlooked. Accordingly, it has long been noticed for congratulation in manufactures and the useful arts—and for censure in the learned professions. We have now, it is alleged, no great and comprehensive lawyers like Coke; and the study of medicine is subdividing itself into a distinct ministry (as it were) not merely upon the several organs of the body (oculists, aurists, dentists, chiropodists, etc.), but almost upon the several diseases of the same organ; one man is distinguished for the treatment of liver complaints of one class—a second for those of another class: one man for asthma—another for phthisis; and so on. As to the law, the evil (if it be one) lies in

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the complex state of society, which of necessity makes the laws complex: law itself is become unwieldy and beyond the grasp of one man's term of life and possible range of experience; and will never again come within them. With respect to medicine, the case is no evil but a great benefit—so long as the subdividing principle does not descend too low to allow of a perpetual reascent into the generalising principle (the *τὸ* commune) which secures the unity of the science. In ancient times all the evil of such a subdivision was no doubt realised in Egypt: for there a distinct body of professors took charge of each organ of the body, not (as we may be assured) from any progress of the science outgrowing the time and attention of the general professor, but simply from an ignorance of the organic structure of the human body and the reciprocal action of the whole upon each part and the parts upon the whole; an ignorance of the same kind which has led sailors seriously (and not merely, as may sometimes have happened, by way of joke) to reserve one ulcerated leg to their own management, whilst the other was given up to the management of the surgeon.—With respect to law and medicine then, the difference between ourselves and our ancestors is not subjective but objective; not, *i.e.*, in our faculties who study them, but in the things themselves which are the objects of study: not we (the students) are grown less, but they (the studies) are grown bigger;—and that our ancestors did not subdivide as much as we do—was something of their luck, but no part of their merit.—Simply as subdividers therefore to the extent which now prevails, we are less superficial than any former age. In all parts of science the same principle of subdivision holds: here, therefore, no less than in those parts of knowledge which are the subject of distinct civil professions, we are of necessity more profound than our ancestors; but, for the same reason, less comprehensive than they. Is it better to be a profound student, or a comprehensive one? In some degree this must depend upon the direction of the studies: but generally, I think, it is better for the interests of knowledge that the scholar should aim at profundity, and better for the interests of the individual that he should aim at comprehensiveness. A due balance and equilibrium of the mind is but preserved by a large and multiform knowledge: but knowledge itself is but served by an exclusive (or at least paramount) dedication of one mind to one science. The first proposition is perhaps unconditionally true: but the second with some limitations. There are such people as Leibnizes on this earth; and their office seems not that of planets—to revolve within the limits of one system, but that of comets (according to the theory of some speculators)—to connect different systems together. No doubt there is much truth in this: a few Leibnizes in every age would be of much use: but neither are many men fitted by nature for the part of Leibnitz; nor would the aspect of knowledge be better, if they were. We should then have a state of Grecian life amongst us, in which every man individually would attain in a moderate degree all the purposes of the sane understanding—but in which all the purposes of the sane understanding would be but moderately attained. What I mean is this:—let all the

objects of the understanding in civil life or in science be represented by the letters of the alphabet ; in Grecian life each man would separately go through all the letters in a tolerable way ; whereas at present each letter is served by a distinct body of men. Consequently the Grecian individual is superior to the modern ; but the Grecian whole is inferior : for the whole is made up of the individuals ; and the Grecian individual repeats himself. Whereas in modern life the whole derives its superiority from the very circumstances which constitute the inferiority of the parts : for modern life is *cast* dramatically ; and the difference is as between an army consisting of soldiers who should each individually be competent to go through the duties of a dragoon—of a hussar—of a sharp-shooter—of an artillery-man—of a pioneer, etc., and an army on its present composition, where the very inferiority of the soldier as an individual—his inferiority in compass and versatility of power and knowledge—is the very ground from which the army derives its superiority as a whole—viz., because it is the condition of the possibility of a total surrender of the individual to one exclusive pursuit.—In science, therefore, and (to speak more generally) in the whole evolution of the human faculties, no less than in Political Economy, the progress of society brings with it a necessity of sacrificing the ideal of what is excellent for the individual to the ideal of what is excellent for the whole. We need, therefore, not trouble ourselves (except as a speculative question) with the comparison of the two states ; because, as a practical question, it is precluded by the overruling tendencies of the age—which no man could counteract except in his own single case, *i.e.*, by refusing to adapt himself as a part to the whole, and thus foregoing the advantages of either one state or the other.*

* The latter part of what is here said coincides, in a way which is rather remarkable, with a passage in an interesting work of Schiller's which I have since read (on the *Aesthetic Education of Men*, in a series of letters, vid. letter the 6th). "With us, in order to obtain the representative *word* (as it were) of the total species, we must spell it out by the help of a series of individuals. So that, on a survey of society as it actually exists, one might suppose that the faculties of the mind do really in actual experience show themselves in as separate a form, and in as much insulation, as psychology is forced to exhibit them in its analysis. And thus we see not only individuals, but whole classes of men, unfolding only one part of the germs which are laid in them by the hand of nature. In saying this I am fully aware of the advantages which the human species of modern ages has, when considered as a unity, over the best of antiquity ; but the comparison should begin with the individuals—and then let me ask, where is the modern individual that would have the presumption to step forward against the Athenian individual—man to man, and to contend for the prize of human excellence?—The polytypic nature of the Grecian republics, in which every individual enjoyed a separate life, and, if it were necessary, could become a whole, has now given place to an artificial watch-work, where many lifeless parts combine to form a mechanic whole. The state and the church, laws and manners, are now torn asunder ; labour is divided from enjoyment, the means from the end, the exertion from the reward. Chained for ever to a little individual fraction of the whole, man himself is moulded into a fraction : and, with the monotonous whirling of the wheel which he turns everlastingly in his ear, he never develops the harmony of his being ; and, instead

XIV.—MANUSCRIPTS OF MELMOTH.

A LADY who had been educated by Melmoth (the translator, author of *Fitzosborn's Letters*, etc.) told me, about the year 1813, that she had a trunk full of his manuscripts. As an article of literary gossip, this may as well be made known: for some author, writing a biographical dictionary, may be interested in knowing all that can be now known of Melmoth—and may even wish to examine his manuscripts, which from the liberality of the lady) I am confident would be readily lent. For my part, I never looked into *Fitzosborn's Letters* since my boyhood; but the impression I then derived from them was—that Melmoth was a fribble in literature, and one of the “sons of the feeble.” Accordingly, I shrunk myself even from the “sad civility” of asking to look at the manuscripts. Melancholy lot of an author—that, after a life of literary toil, he must be destined to no better fate than that of inflicting an emotion of pure disgust upon a literary man, when he is

of imaging the totality of human nature, becomes a bare abstract of his business or the science which he cultivates. The dead letter takes the place of the living understanding; and a practised memory becomes a surer guide than genius and sensibility. Doubtless the power of genius, as we all know, will not fetter itself within the limits of its occupation; but talents of mediocrity are all exhausted in the monotony of the employment allotted to them; and that man must have no common head who brings with him the geniality of his powers unstripped of their freshness; by the ungenial labours of life to the cultivation of the genial.”—After insisting at some length on this wise, Schiller passes to the other side of the contemplation, and proceeds thus:—“It suited my immediate purpose to point out the injuries of this condition of the species, without displaying the compensations by which nature has balanced them. But I will now readily acknowledge that, little as this practical condition may suit the interests of the individual, yet the species could in no other way have been progressive. Partial exercise of the faculties (literally ‘one-sidedness in the exercise of the faculties’) leads the individual undoubtedly into error, but the species into truth. In no other way than by concentrating the whole energy of our spirit, and by converging our whole being, so to speak, into a single faculty, can we put wings, as it were, to the individual faculty, and carry it by this artificial flight far beyond the limits within which nature has else doomed it to walk. Just as certain as it is that all human beings could never, by clubbing their visual powers together, have arrived at the power of seeing what the telescope discovers to the astronomer; just so certain it is that the human intellect would never have arrived at an analysis of the infinite, or a *Critical Analysis of the Pure Reason* (the principal work of Kant, unless individuals had dismembered (as it were) and insulated this or that specific faculty, and had thus armed their intellectual sight by the keenest abstraction, and by the submersion of the other powers of their nature.—Extraordinary men are formed, then, by energetic and over-excited spasms, as it were, in the individual faculties, though it is true that the equable exercise of all the faculties in harmony with each other can alone make happy and perfect men.”—After this statement, from which it should seem that in the progress of society nature has made it necessary for man to sacrifice *his own* happiness to the attainment of *her* ends in the development of his species, Schiller goes on to enquire whether this evil result cannot be remedied, and whether “the totality of our nature, which art has destroyed, might not be re-established by a higher art”—but this, as leading to a discussion beyond the limits of my own, I omit.

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told that he may have the sight of "a great trunkful" of his manuscripts! However, the lady was to some degree in the wrong for calling it "a *great* trunk;" if she had said "a *little* trunk" I might, perhaps, have felt some curiosity. The Sybil was the first literary person who understood the doctrine of market price; and all authors, unless they write for money to meet an immediate purpose, should act upon her example, and irritate the taste for whatever merit their works may have, by cautiously abstaining from overstocking the market.

XV.—SCRIPTURAL ALLUSION EXPLAINED.

IN p. 50 of the "Annotations" upon Glanville's *Lux Orientalis*,* the author (who was, I believe, Henry More the Platonist) having occasion to quote from the Psalms—"The sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night," in order to illustrate that class of cases where an ellipsis is to be suggested by the sense rather than directly indicated, says, "The word *burn* cannot be repeated, but some other more suitable verb is to be supplied." A gentleman, however, who has lately returned from Upper Egypt, etc., assures me that the moon *does* produce an effect on the skin which may as accurately be expressed by the word "burn" as any solar effect. By sleeping a few hours under the light of a full moon—which is as much shunned in some parts of the East as sleeping on the wet ground with us, or standing bareheaded under the noonday sun in Bengal—my informant brought a severe complaint upon his eyes.

* This *Lux Orientalis* was first published about 1662, but republished with Annotations in 1682.

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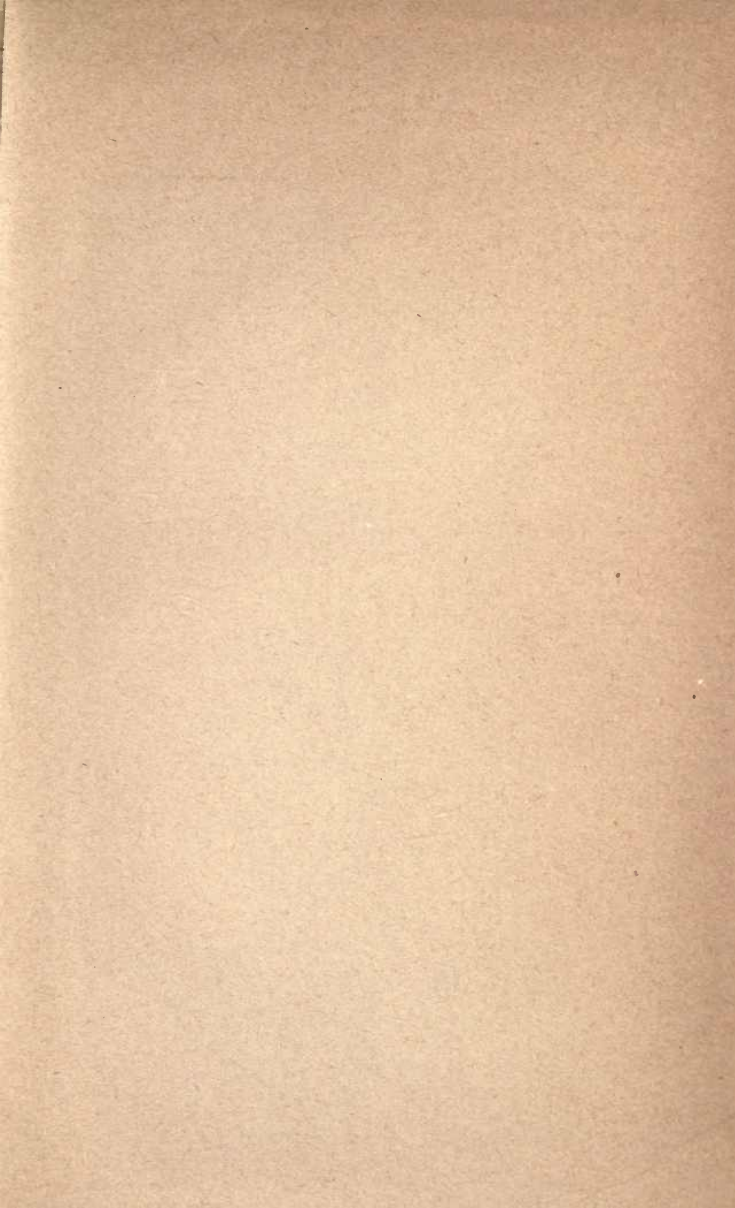
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